THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrate ly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº nj. Franklin

OCTOBER 26, 1907

5c. THE COPY

A NEW STORY—By Gilbert Parker

THE TABLE TELLS THE STORY

A Comparison of Non-Participating Premium Rates Between

THE PRUDENTIAL

and

The Average Rates of One Hundred and Two Other Life Insurance Companies of the World.

The Premium Rates

on The Prudential's

NEW LOW COST POLICY

Are the Lowest

consistent with Liberality and Safety offered to the public by any Company of corresponding size, importance and responsibility throughout the World.

Policy Conditions in Plain English.

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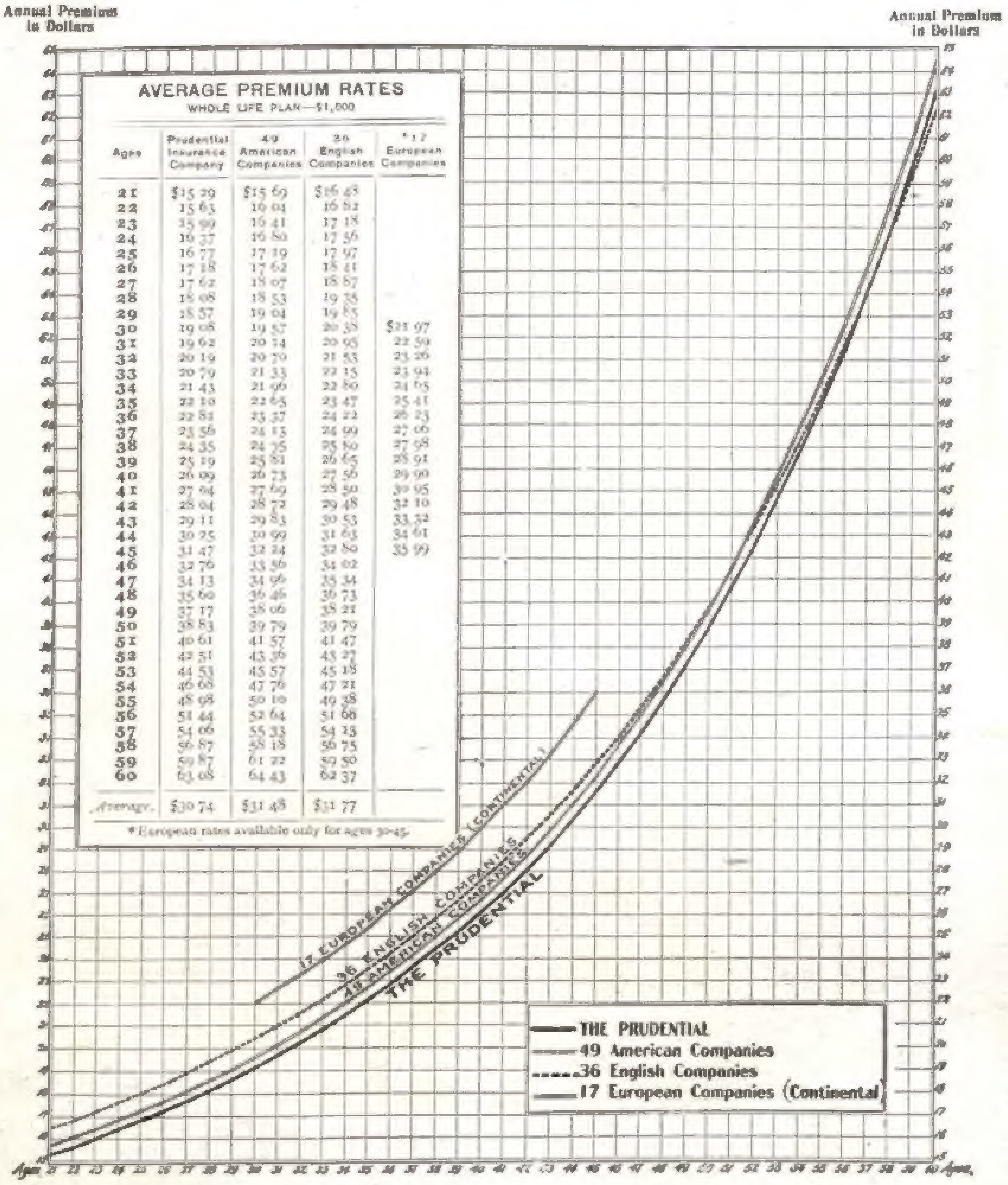
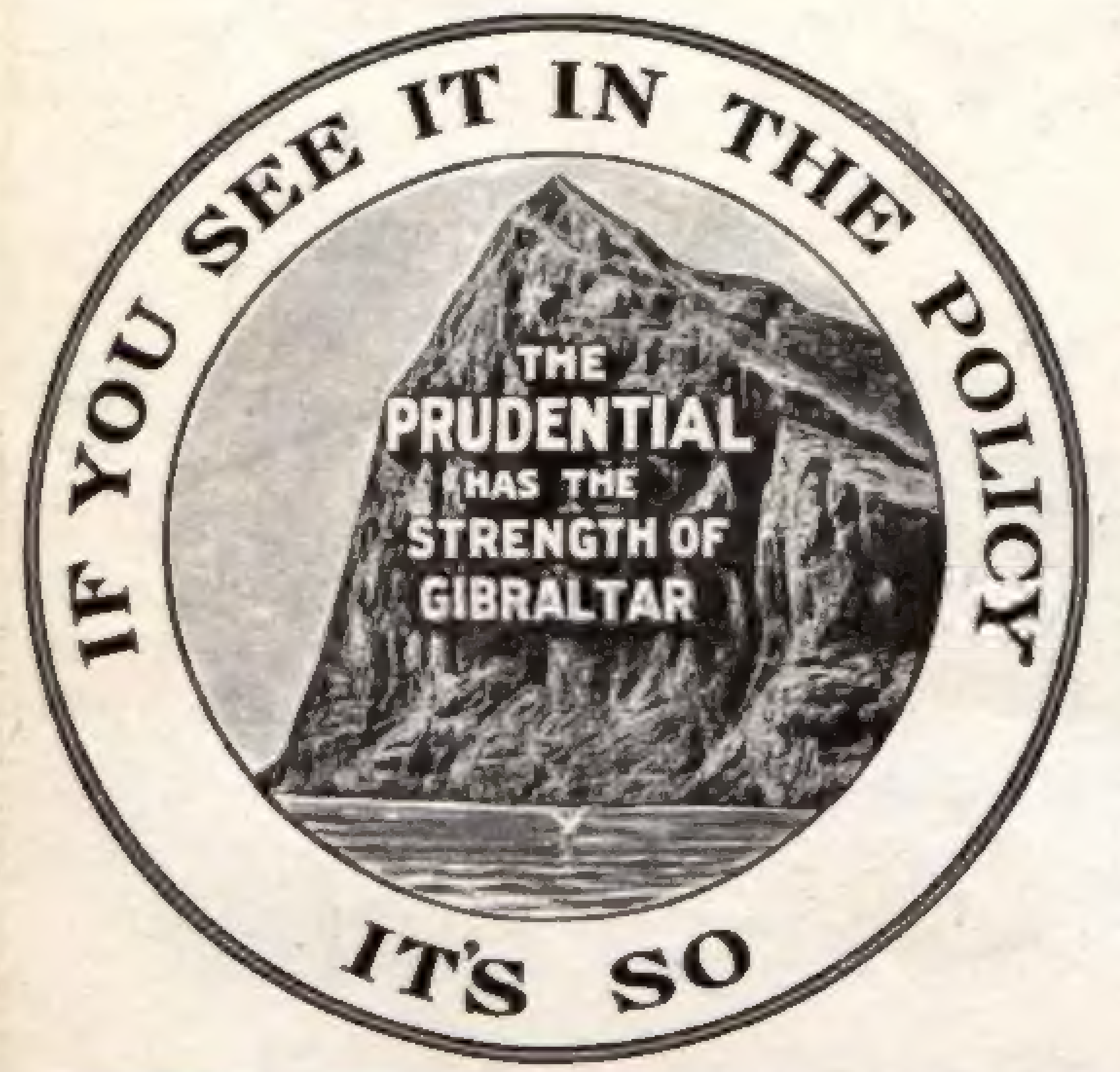


AVERAGE PREMIUM RATES
WHOLE LIFE PLAN—$1,000

Ages	Prudential Insurance Company	49 American Companies	36 English Companies	*17 European Companies
21	$15 29	$15 69	$16 43	
22	15 63	16 04	16 82	
23	15 99	16 41	17 18	
24	16 37	16 80	17 56	
25	16 77	17 19	17 97	
26	17 18	17 62	18 41	
27	17 62	18 07	18 87	
28	18 08	18 53	19 35	
29	18 57	19 04	19 85	
30	19 08	19 57	20 38	$21 97
31	19 62	20 14	20 95	22 59
32	20 19	20 70	21 53	23 26
33	20 79	21 33	22 15	23 94
34	21 43	21 96	22 80	24 65
35	22 10	22 65	23 47	25 41
36	22 81	23 37	24 22	26 23
37	23 56	24 13	24 99	27 06
38	24 35	24 95	25 80	27 98
39	25 19	25 81	26 65	28 91
40	26 09	26 73	27 56	29 90
41	27 04	27 69	28 50	30 95
42	28 04	28 72	29 48	32 10
43	29 11	29 83	30 53	33 32
44	30 25	30 99	31 63	34 61
45	31 47	32 24	32 80	35 99
46	32 76	33 56	34 02	
47	34 13	34 96	35 34	
48	35 60	36 46	36 73	
49	37 17	38 06	38 21	
50	38 83	39 79	39 79	
51	40 61	41 57	41 47	
52	42 51	43 56	43 27	
53	44 53	45 57	45 18	
54	46 68	47 76	47 21	
55	48 98	50 10	49 38	
56	51 44	52 64	51 66	
57	54 06	55 33	54 15	
58	56 87	58 18	56 75	
59	59 87	61 22	59 50	
60	63 08	64 43	62 37	
Average.	$30 74	$31 48	$31 77	

* European rates available only for ages 30-45.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IT'S SO

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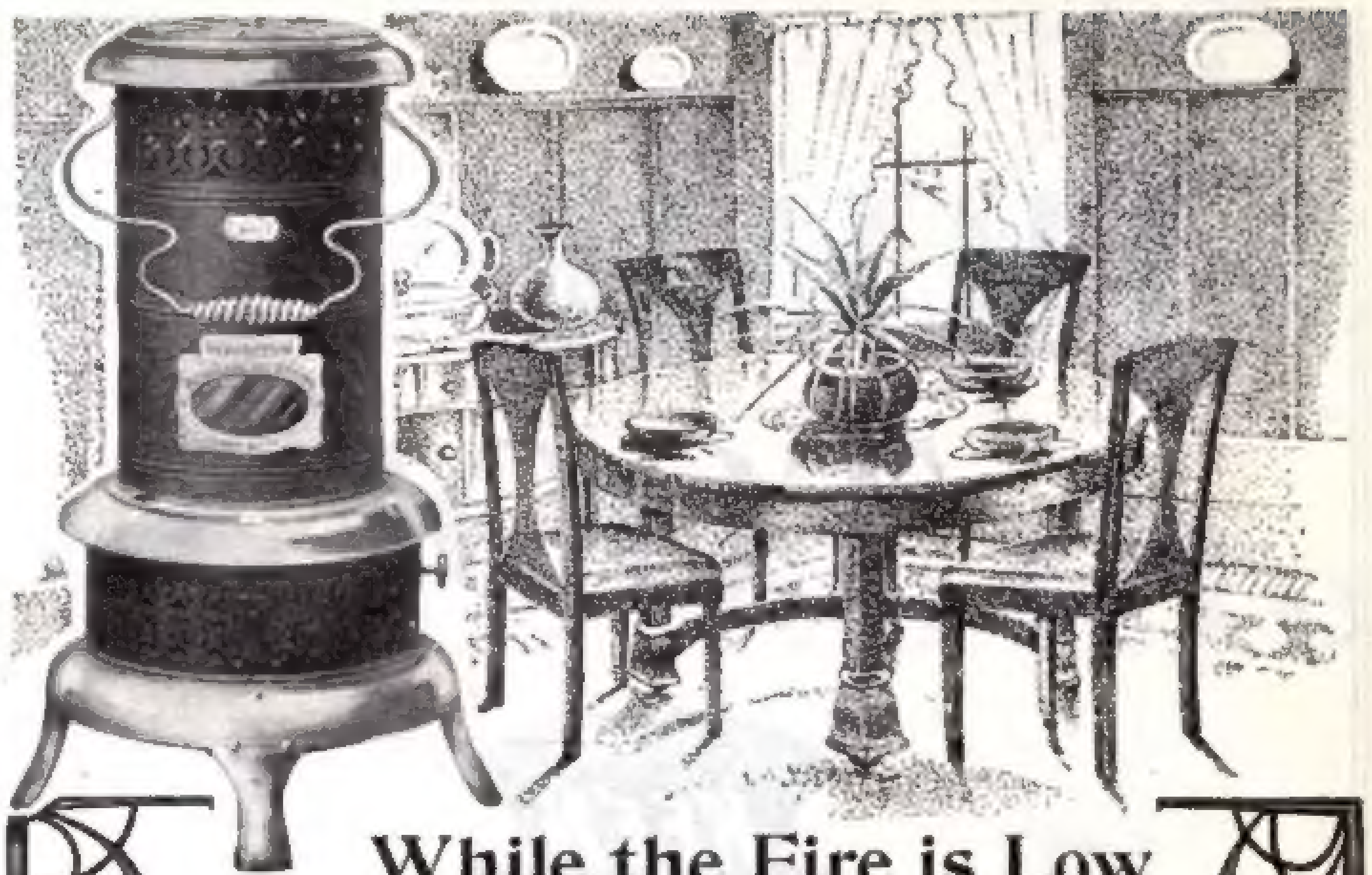

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A hot breakfast in a cozy warm room starts one right for the day. A cold dining room spoils the enjoyment of the meal. The dining room or any room in the house can be heated in a few minutes with a

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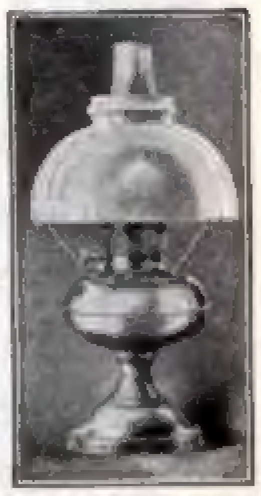

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If you cannot get heater and lamp at your dealer's, write to our nearest agency.

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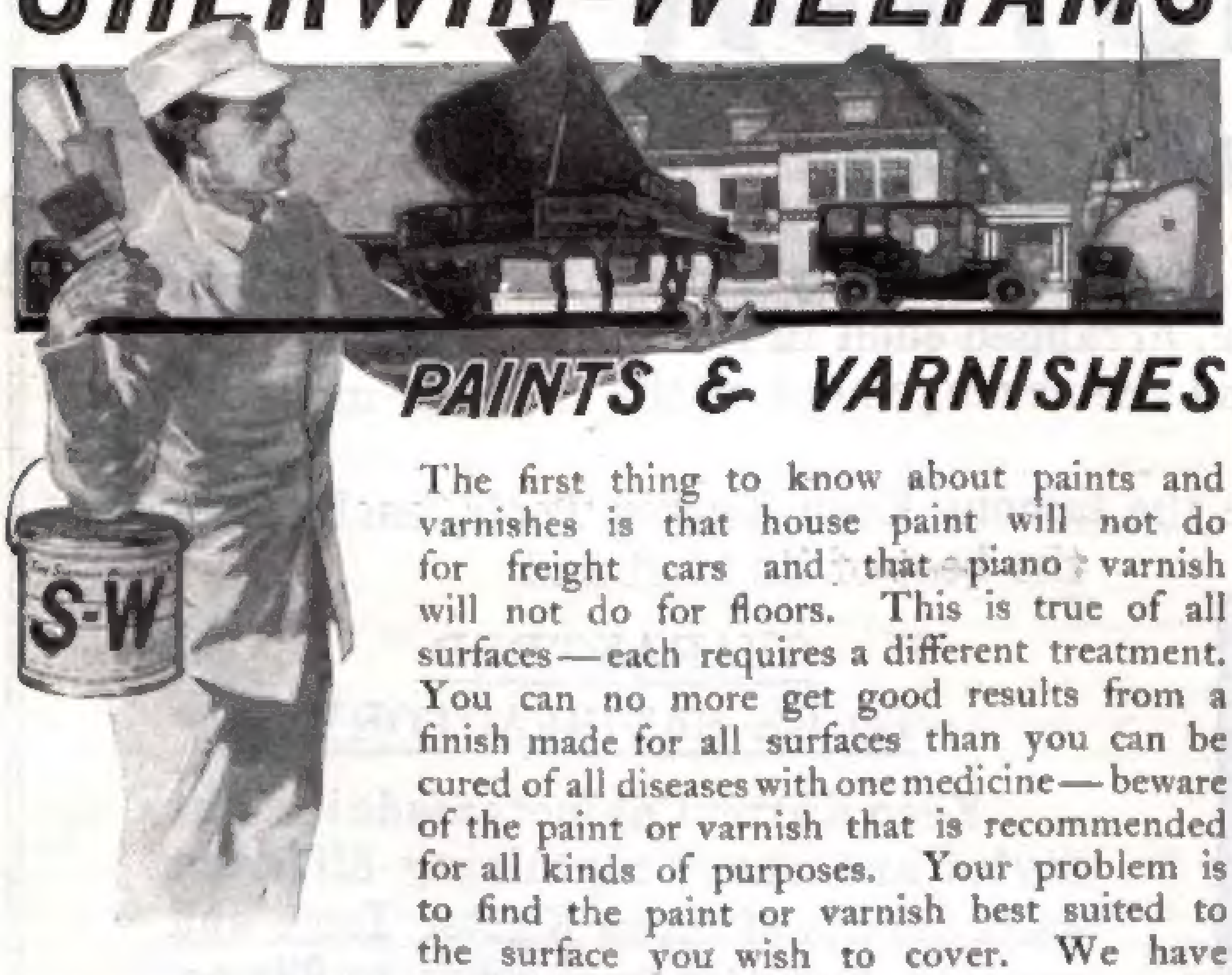

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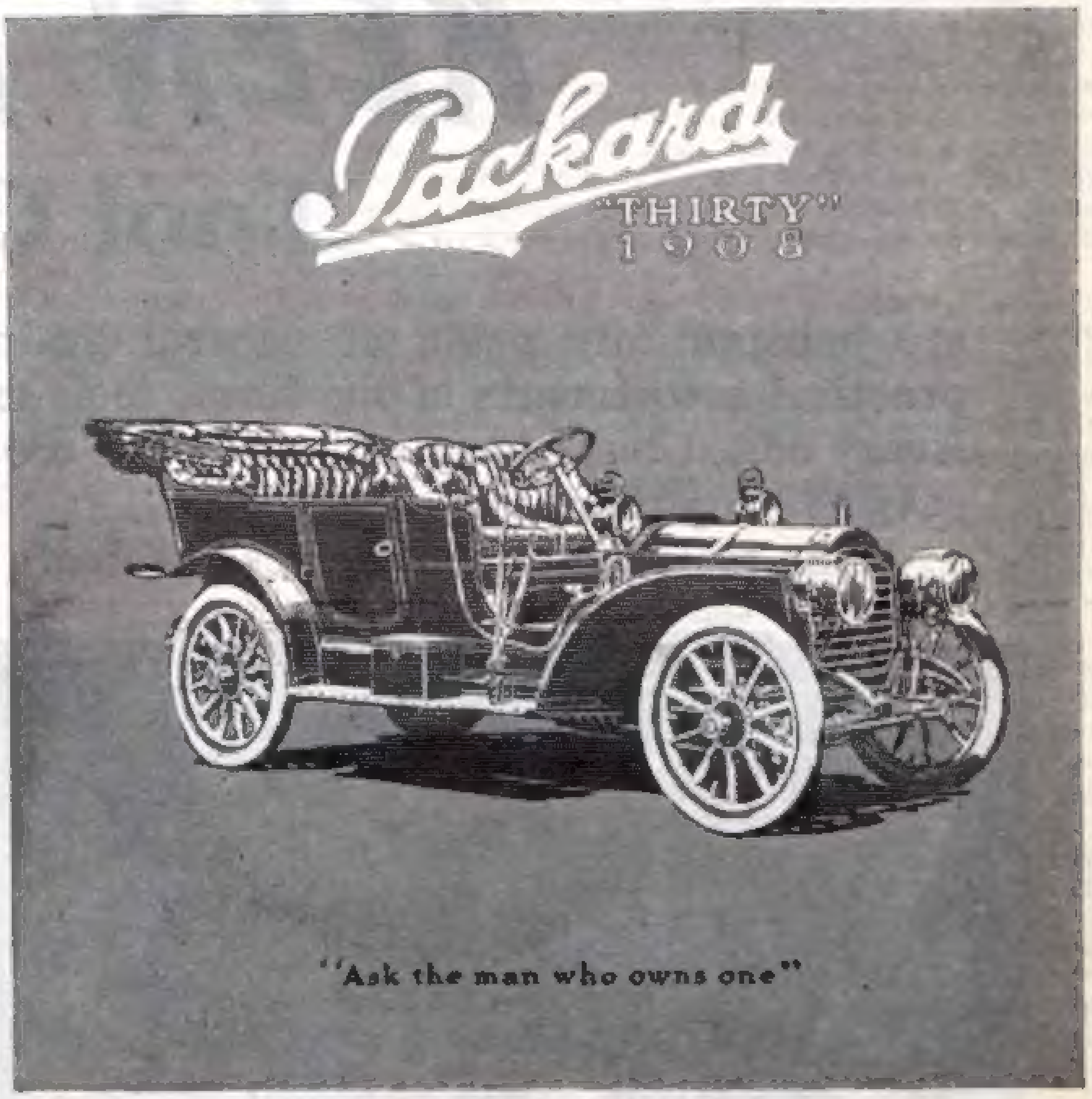
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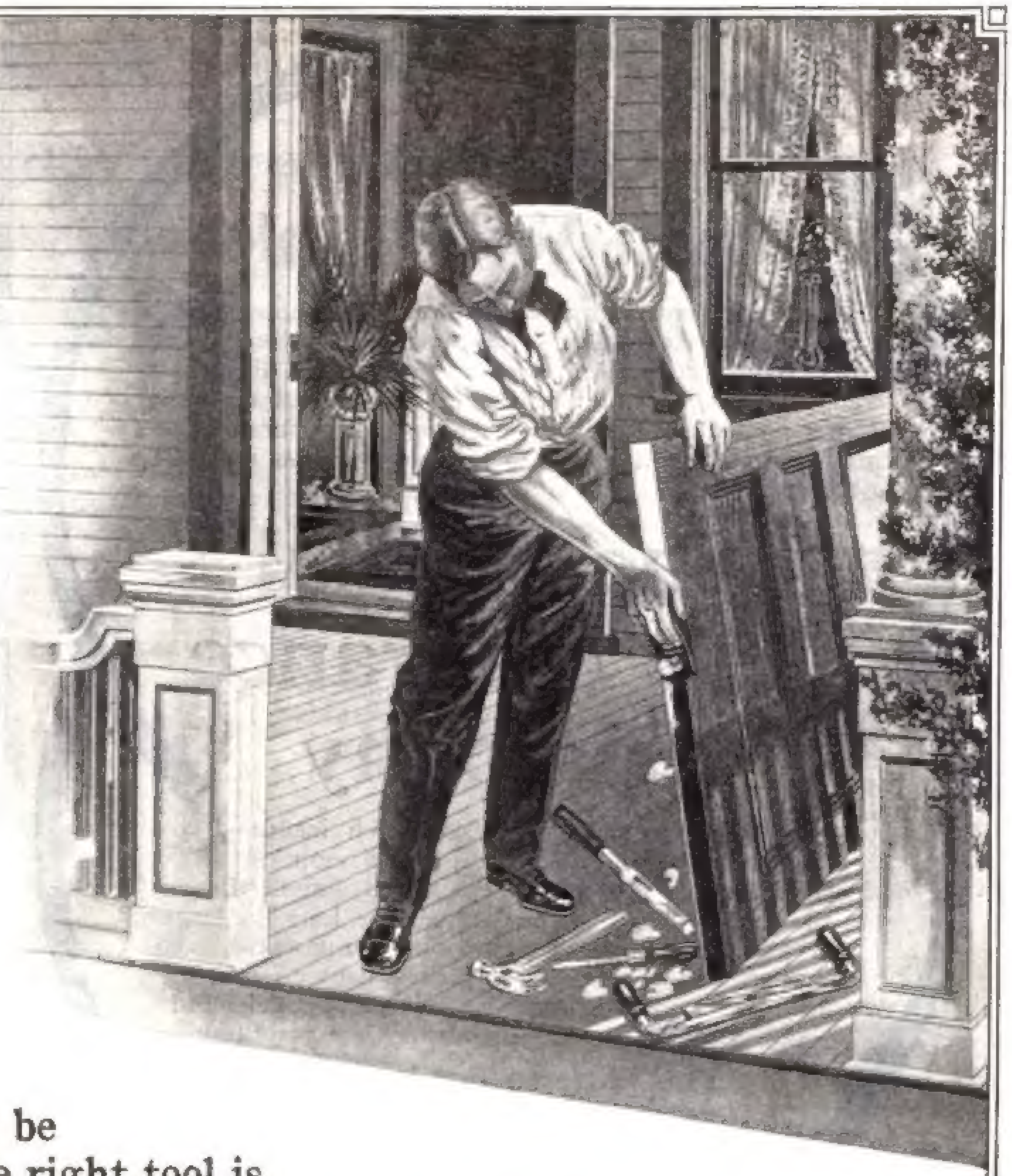
1908
"Ask the man who owns one"

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

HOME TOOLS



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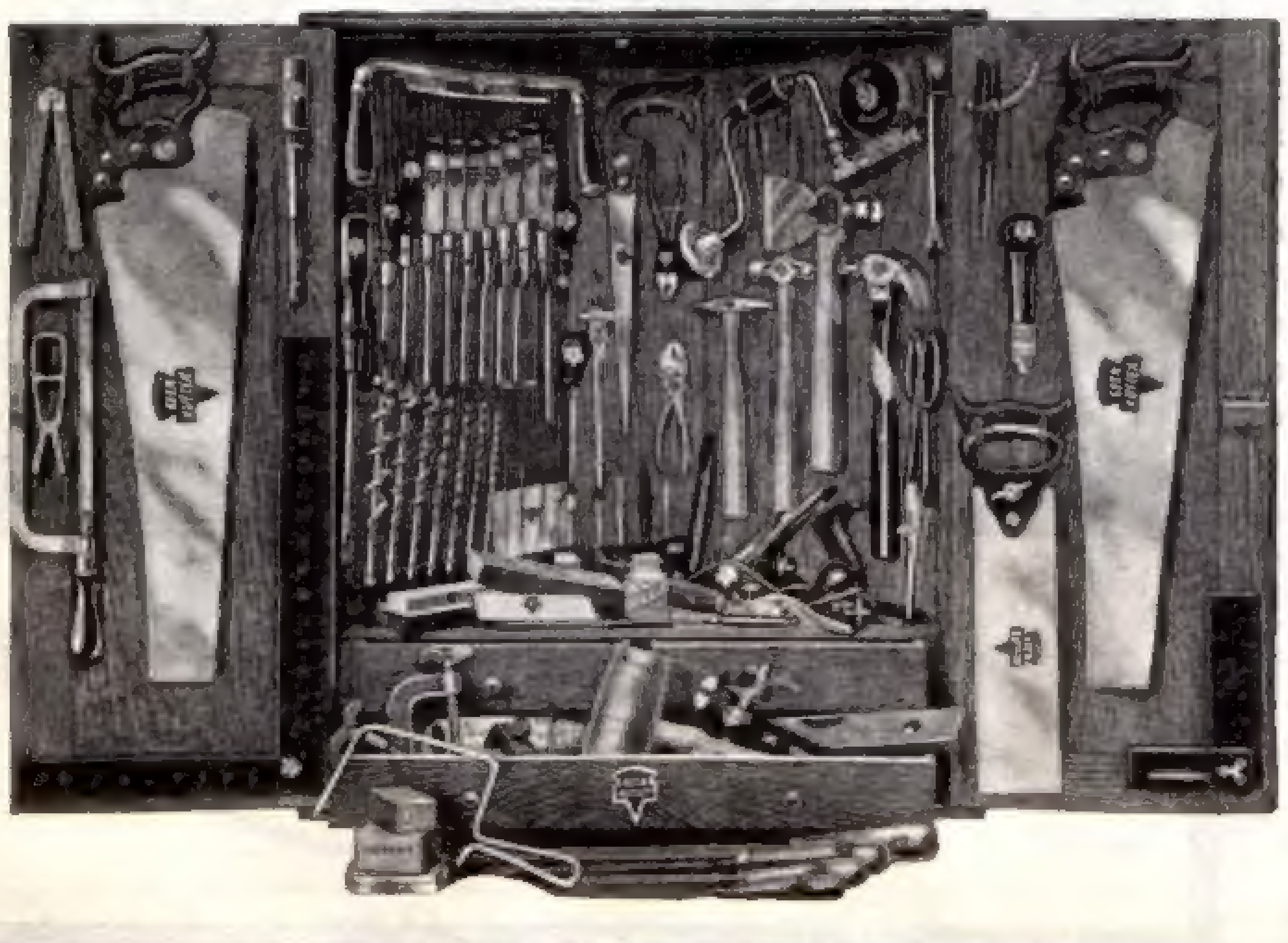

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Copyright 1907, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.
Founded A°D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin
Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.
Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 180 PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 26, 1907 Number 17

The Battle of the Bottle

The South's Winning Fight for Prohibition

By HARRIS DICKSON

"PROHIBITION and the South!" Thirty years ago the "Devil and Holy Water" would have been considered a more likely pair of running mates. But, unless something stems the present tide, it is a matter of months until there will not be a saloon from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and a toddyless Sahara will stretch from Mason and Dixon's Line to the Gulf of Mexico. This gigantic movement has never stopped or turned back. In this it resembles Marcellus.

Marcellus, an overgrown negro boy, was "pow'ful skittish." The older darkies would stuff him with Kuklux stories, then send him home alone with the whites of his eyes shining in the dark. Across the fields, through the new ground, along the big road Marcellus went, whistling to keep up his courage. It was easy to locate Marcellus. Mischievous boys dressed in sheets would "lay fer to skeer 'im." They "skeered 'im" all right enough, but he never once turned back. Marcellus kept right on ahead, awkwardly perhaps, but he kept a-going. He'd climb fences, dodge under stiles, tear through a brier patch, or swim the creek—but he never turned back. Someway or other he got there.

"The South!" Those who get their ideas from comic supplements will conjure up a vision of two portly colonels, with fierce mustaches and broad hats, leaning their elbows on the bar and caressing their juleps. The delicate tinting of their noses does not come from exclusive use of water, and their bulging hip-pockets are not full of temperance tracts.

"Kernel, sah," says one, "this licker is ten years old."

"I think not, sah; not over nine and a half, sah."

Immediately they shoot to settle their difference of opinion—a punctiliously courteous affair with which the law had no concern, it being a personal matter between gentlemen.

It seems a shame to rise and remark that men are jailed in Mississippi, and that to drink whisky on a railroad train is a crime in the cowboy State of Texas.

How the South has Changed from Wet to Dry

THERE was once a youth in the city of New York who found the "broad white way" too placid. He read dime novels, witnessed rancho plays and became enthusiastic. His adventurous spirit hungered for excitement, he thirsted for redskin gore. So he made an appropriate toilet and lit out for the wild and woolly West. His first Texas night he spent in the lock-up for carrying concealed weapons—and the illusions of his life were shattered.

Things are not as they used to be. It is error to suppose that every steamboat captain throws a barrel of whisky and a barrel of sugar into the Mississippi River so that his crew may have long toddies from Vicksburg to New Orleans.

The pioneer Prohibitionist of the South must have felt like Uncle Jake, who had the habit of preaching to himself. Up and down the cotton row he pulled the bell cord over his mule and expounded Scripture. One day a gentleman reined up his horse beside the fence and called:

"Hello, Uncle Jake—preaching to yourself?"

"Yas, suh; you see, I loves to lissen to a real good preacher; an' 'sides dat, when I preaches I loves to have an intelligent congregation."

Every Southern State to-day has vast areas of dry territory. South Carolina has closed her saloons and established dispensaries; the Governors of North Carolina, Florida and Mississippi are avowed Prohibitionists; West Virginia is considering legislation to stop both manufacture and sale; Kentucky has but *four* counties that are entirely wet, against *ninety-four* that are entirely dry. In Mississippi there are but seven counties where liquors are sold; there are only four irrigation spigots in Tennessee; whisky stands in the last ditch in Alabama. In Oklahoma and Georgia they have made the drought unanimous.

This is not a revolution. It is an evolution; not a Puritanical spasm, but a cold-blooded business proposition. It marks the change that has come over the spirit of a people. The South has changed, and is changing—her industries, social fabric, political institutions. The views of her people are changing, but those people remain the same. Nowhere in America is there such a large percentage of native-born population; nowhere is there a purer strain of Anglo-Saxon blood. Massachusetts, for instance, has 30.5 per cent. foreign-born population. In six Southern States the average foreign-born population is a fraction over one-half of one per cent.

In Massachusetts the percentage of people living in the country is 8.5 per cent., while in these six Southern States more than 88 per cent. of the people are plain country folk. Two things are therefore true:

1. In these six Southern States the laws are made by the farmer.

2. Those farmers are pure-blooded Anglo-Saxons.

The negro is a negligible factor and his influence nil in shaping public thought, however much his mere presence may affect it. It becomes interesting then to see how the Anglo-Saxon who lives upon his own acres deals with a world-old problem.

Fifty years ago the Southern gentleman sat upon his broad veranda and looked out upon his fields. Across them he could not look, for they stretched beyond his view. Contentedly he gazed upon his slaves singing in the fields, but count them he could not, for he did not know how many he owned. The story is told of Judge Chester that, when riding along the road, he observed a young negro man take off his hat and stop. He was so good-looking and smiling that the judge reined up his horse and returned the salutation: "Good-evening. Whose boy are you?"

The negro grinned: "Lawdy, Jedge! Don't you know yo' own niggers?"

Their white-columned mansions crowned every hill; their doors stood open and their hearts were wide. Hospitality was their religion, "stranger" a sacred word, honor a shibboleth, and the cocktail became a national institution. The sideboard was famous, and making the julep a stately function. The butler, bent with age and stifling with family pride, brought silver cups for master and guest. None but a plain silver cup was fitted for a julep. The master's own hand stirred sugar and water until it dissolved—tinkling a bit of ice for music's sake. The mint came crisp from the deepest bed beside the spring, cherries from the pantry.

Southern Cavaliers of Bygone Days

THE master used a decanter that his grandsire had brought from England; his whisky was of aristocratic age and pedigree. After the fine crushed ice was added this nectar of the gods must stand until the frost came—there should be no unseemly haste about a julep.

As he and his guest sat watching a delicate white tracery gather round the cups, they exchanged antique courtesies after the fashion of good old Sir Roger de Coverley.

These men would have regarded Prohibition as a fanatical interference with personal rights. They would have thought it kin to those sumptuary laws by which a tyrant king attempted to regulate the length of shoes that gentlemen might wear.

Such were the cavaliers. They settled in the South, following the sunshine as naturally as the Puritan sought the stern New England coast.

But their whole structure was builded upon the quicksand of human slavery and could not endure. War came. The aristocrat perished on the battlefield; his mansion tottered. His government fell, and chaos confronted his sons.

The docile negro, safeguarded from every temptation, passed from one slavery into another, coming under the yoke of that dread triumvirate, Whisky, Carpetbagger and Cocaine. For ten riotous years the Southern whites had no voice in their own affairs. The bottom rail was on top, but the bottom rail was rotten. Laws

of Nature, violently subverted, righted themselves. After a revolution of bloodshed and turbulence the white man reëstablished his dominion and set about restoring order.

In the seventies, at every crossroads was the doggery where the new-made savage citizens gathered, listening to carpet-bagger and scalawag. The vast majority of them loved their old masters, and, if left alone, would have done little harm. Inflamed by cheap whisky and incited by renegades, they took possession of the highways, spreading black terror throughout the land.

Getting Together for Self-Defense

TWO wagons went creaking over the hill as rapidly as mules could travel in the dark—two wagons from town bearing provisions for the farm. They toiled through a dark cut shadowed by locust bushes, black as the pit itself. Involuntarily, the two men who drove breathed freer as they emerged into the semi-light above. A double-barreled shotgun lay beside each driver on the seat. Suddenly, the front wagon stopped and the driver snatched up his gun; he was an old man, gaunt and thin. He sprang from his exposed position and crouched behind the mules. The son ran forward to his father's side. "What's the matter, dad?"

"Sh! Yonder's a fire; looks like a nigger meetin'."

The glare from a fire pulsed upward among the tree-tops; several figures were moving around, and mules stood hitched.

The two peered long and earnestly; then the younger straightened up and spoke aloud: "It's all right, dad; them's white men. It's Mr. Anderson; that's his new wagon yonder." His keen young eyes, sharpened by fear, searched among the shadows and found three wagons, each loaded with two bales of cotton.

A voice came from behind a tree at the edge of the road—a cautious voice, yet so close that both men started—"Is that you, Lige Hawkins?"

"Yes," the younger man in the road replied.

"This is Billy Anderson." A slender figure stood up, Winchester in hand. "That's pa and brother Martin over there; they set me to watch while they cook supper."

"How'd ye leave my folks, Billy?" the elder Hawkins inquired anxiously. Billy was his nearest neighbor.

"Your folks was all right; we knowed you was gone, so we stopped there at sun-up."

"No trouble anywhere?"

"No, sir; there's a lot of niggers at Johnny Spiker's saloon, but I don't think they are going to bother anybody. I'd feel better, though, if they didn't have so much whisky."

By this time the old man at the camp-fire had come out to the roadside. "Hello, Dave," he said in a low voice; "I thought you'd be along directly. Hadn't you better camp here with us? It's a pretty good place and there's a bunch of drunken niggers at the forks."

"No; I reckon I won't stop; ef I keep a-going all night I kin make it home by ten o'clock to-morrow. Don't like to stay away a minute longer than I kin help."

"That's right; th'ain't nobody at my house either, except little Henry and the women. I'd rest a heap easier if you and Lige was in the neighborhood. Please send word to my folks that we are all right."

Mr. Hawkins touched his mules; Lige climbed into the second wagon as it passed, and they started on again through the night.

These men lived in a remote settlement thirty miles from their market town. When they sold cotton or bought provisions it meant two nights camping out on the road. It meant two nights of deadly fear for their wives and daughters left at home.

"I tell ye, Lige," remarked the old man, "we've got to git whisky away from these niggers."

The farmers went about getting rid of doggeries in their good old-fashioned way. Nowhere on all the statute-books of the world is the ancient Anglo-Saxon principle more clearly writ than in those early liquor laws of the South. "Local self-government" and "Community rule" were guide-posts for their simple legislation. If a cross-road doggery interfered with a schoolhouse, or disturbed the worshipers at a church, the people of that locality had their Representative in the legislature pass an act forbidding the sale of liquor within five miles of that particular church or school. The schoolhouse of the South is almost as much a sanctuary as the church, and the people plant them thickly. This throttled the doggery.

Like a patriarch of Israel the old planter led public thought. When the slaves were freed his great plantation fell to pieces. He closed the big house and moved his family to town. Poverty and protection were the reasons. This changed the whole structure of Southern society. Out of the wreck and the ruin a new system grew up.

Immediately after the war negroes refused to work. They starved while treading the richest soil on the globe, waiting for the Government to confiscate the property of their former masters and give it to them. Somebody *had* to work; crops must be made. So the white man stepped into the furrow. To-day it is the white small farmer who makes cotton for the world.

When conditions settled down the negro began to rent land and till it, paying a money rent at the end of the year or sharing the crop with his landlord. In either event the landlord had to "furnish him." This meant to give him clothes, mules, plow-gear, provisions, everything, on credit.

The plantation store sprang up, conducted somewhat on the plan of a commissary. Each share hand or tenant drew his weekly rations. If the landlord were a Napoleon of finance he might limit his negro's purchases to such an amount as the crop would pay. The planter kept one eye on the negro's cotton patch, the other on his store account. And he worried himself to death trying to make them come out even. Every negro would buy for himself a flock of dirigible balloons—on credit.

First and foremost, above everything, the landlord must hold his tenant. "*Keep Your Negro,*" is Section I, Article 1, of the planter's creed. Therefore, the plantation store sold whisky.

"Gimme a quart o' whisky," says the negro on Saturday night. Then he cares little what else he gets.

"Yes," the planter admits, "it's a bad business. I do not want to let my negroes have whisky. It is too dangerous for three white men on a place with four hundred negroes. That is why I sent my family to live in town. But, if I do not sell whisky, the next plantation will. Negroes won't trade at a store where they can't get it. Listen!"

He pointed toward a large, barnlike building standing alone in the pasture. The noise of shuffling feet nearly drowned the wheezy notes of an accordion.

"I let them shoot craps and dance over there—can't help myself. You saw that negro get his quart of whisky. He'll shoot craps to-night, be drunk to-morrow and sick all day Monday. Maybe, I'll get half a day's work out of him on Tuesday. If the constables catch him I'll have to pay him out of jail and charge it to his account. He owes me more already than he can ever pay. But, if I cut off his whisky, he'll move and leave his cotton unpicked. I'll lose my tenant, my store account, and twenty acres of cotton besides."

This system worked very well in prosperous years; but hard times came. Cotton dropped to six cents, below the cost of production. The planter was running on credit as well as the negro. Mortgage company and factor shut down on him, and he cut off the negro's whisky.

The Saloon Element and Politics

AFTER that Mr. Negro went to town for liquor. The planter lost Saturday spent in town, Sunday drunk, Monday sick, and part of Tuesday with the headache. With the mortgage company pressing him, and his cotton pickers loafing around the saloons in town, the planter began to wonder if it were not wise to push whisky a little farther away from his negroes.

There were merchants also who sold to negroes. In latter years, as a rule, they did not sell whisky. They put out supplies on credit, based upon the negro's ability to make a crop. They took mortgages on the growing cotton, and took long chances on collections. Frequently, they saw the negro spending for whisky that money which should have gone to reduce his debt; the only reduction it made was in his capacity to make cotton. Annually the merchant charged off accounts to profit and loss, or took bigger mortgages the next year. In these accounts were included many items like this: "Order for whisky, $5," on which he paid his cash money to the dealer. Perhaps, the merchant failed while the dealer prospered. Then he began to wish that his friend across the street had not done such a thriving liquor business.

These merchants are not Puritans; they are merely business men.

Old-timers say the city barroom was unknown forty years ago. The tavern-keeper sold liquor; so did the grocer and the druggist. The palaces of glass and gold, with aldermanic proprietors, are modern institutions.

As human thirst became more variegated and eccentric the barroom began to cut a figure in city life. Society was disorganized. The surf and scum of contending armies had not yet receded. Laws were lax and impossible of enforcement. Saloons became political headquarters, and the ready pistol settled many an argument. Up to ten years ago there were, perhaps, few saloons in the South whose floors were innocent of human blood.

Fortunes were made selling whisky, and the "interest" had money to spend upon elections. Watch the trail of the candidate. See him buzz like a bumblebee from bar to bar, hail-fellow-well-met, lighting at every one and treating the crowd. See how discreet he is to pass no open door, lest he lose the influence of that diamond-decked Warwick in the white apron. If the candidate be particularly liberal, or the barkeeper particularly influential, a hundred dollars or so is left behind the bar for friends to come and drink.

In many towns the practical politician would rather have the support of one certain dive-keeper than that of all the bankers and Christian ministers combined.

From the very first there were restrictive laws upon the statute-books—Sunday closing, for instance—but no one heeded them. Officers must acquiesce in their violation, or be reëlected to stay at home.

Every Southern town had saloons of every class, from mahogany and champagne to pine-board and growler. There were saloons for negroes who left the fields and flocked to the cities—dens of unspeakable infamy with dance halls, crap games, opium, cocaine and all the rest. In many cities these dives existed long after stringent laws had been enacted for their suppression. Men higher up in the business protected them; rich brewers paid their licenses. They constituted the political machine, grinding out officials who bore their stamp. They dictated the election of sheriffs, tied the hands of prosecuting attorneys, packed the juries, and tugged at the judicial ermine. And they built up a power so great that it held itself above the law.

This condition was not confined to the South nor to America. Neither is it in the past tense. In the South, however, it stands upon its last legs, as wobbly as a day-old calf. A breath can overturn it. A hurricane is blowing.

Concerted Action Against Liquor Men

IT IS true that there are many men in the business who latterly have tried to obey the law and stave off annihilation. But it is too late. It could have been done ten years ago. Some of them say: "I always wanted to close my bar on Sunday, but my competitors would not agree; and they would get my trade." Officers stood by and listened to this discussion. If the saloon men would voluntarily quit their flagrant offense against decency it would be very nice of them. If not, no officer dared enforce the law simply because it was the law and because of his solemn oath. If he meddled it would be his last official act. Instead of the law regulating the liquor traffic, the traffic regulated the law. The protest against this has been gathering for many years; now it is irresistible. Thousands of citizens believe that a traffic which cannot be regulated had better be destroyed.

For the Catholic societies in his diocese Bishop Watterson, of Columbus, Ohio, ordered: "That no one who is engaged, either as principal or agent, in the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquor can be admitted to membership." Upon appeal, Monsignor Satolli, Papal delegate, stamped this order with the highest approval of the church.

To every benevolent order the mechanic is welcome, the humblest clerk given the right hand of fellowship; the man who drives a dray may sit in the highest station of the lodge—but the whisky man, be he ever so prominent in politics, society or finance, must stand outside their doors.

Every commercial institution in the land, from the petty storekeeper at the corner to the transcontinental railroad, has set its face against the patron of the saloon. Another step, and a short one, reaches the saloon itself.

In no part of the world has the drinking habit so noticeably declined as in the South. Significant as may be the change in the law, it is not half so significant as the change in the people.

It has been twenty years, perhaps, since the Prohibition movement became aggressive in the South. The Christian ministry started it. The man who preaches to the farmer has much more influence than the highly-educated divine who discourses politely for twenty minutes once a week to a congregation of exceeding culture.

The banker, the real-estate owner, the prosperous merchant, all have their entanglements. The farmer has none. He has no large brewery deposits to consider; he sells no goods to distilleries; he draws no revenue from saloon rents. What is right is right; that's the way he looks at it. And he does 88 per cent. of the voting.

When the new pastor assumes an ultra-fashionable charge he consults with leading members as to the tone of his first sermon. "No," says the leading member; "do not denounce liquor. Mr. Barker made his fortune that way, and he gives five thousand a year to the church. Do not mention certain other vices; Mr. Dobbs owns much of that kind of property, and he is building the Boys' School. Better not offend them. Take the Mormons, or the devil. Jump on them with both feet—they've got no friends in this congregation."

The country parson has no strings tied to his tongue. He rides horseback to the church, throws down his saddle-bags, and preaches straight from the shoulder. And, if any man wants to fight about it, the parson will accommodate him. Then he goes home with the farmer to dinner, eats fried chicken, and sits on the gallery all the afternoon swapping stories with the neighbors. This is where public opinion is made. He stands on a dead level with his people, and is a power in the land.

"In the prow of the first canoe you will find a black-robed Jesuit—or a fool." Such was the remark of some old-time king in speaking of the dauntless pioneers who explored America. His saying passed current as a proverb during those restless times of hardship, rainbow-chasing and quixotic adventure which won a Western empire. And true enough, for the man who pointed the way was, in most cases, a priest, a fanatic or a fool.

In the steady march of human endeavor, seeking new paths and trying new expedients, the conservative citizen has remained snugly at home. It was the fellow in front—priest, fanatic or fool—who got his feet full of thorns and his head broken. Throughout the struggle for human liberty the dreamer has been first; in the search for human happiness the enthusiast has led; in all the outreachings of human discontent the fanatic has pointed the way.

Dreamer, enthusiast and fanatic have gone in the prow of the foremost canoe, their faces to the future. They pierced the first thickets, blazed the initial paths and set up milestones for others who lagged behind. Timid commerce followed them across wilderness and water; traders settled where they made it safe; civilization built on their camping-grounds; iron roads run along their trails.

In this persistent Battle of the Bottle the king's wit has often been repeated, the earliest skirmishers being denounced as priests, fanatics and fools. Yea, more; there were other fighters—fighters in petticoats—not priests, of course, but often anathemized as belonging to both the other classes. That was years ago. Times have changed.

One of the ablest liquor-trade journals says this in a recent editorial:

> The Anti-Saloon League is not a mob of long-haired fanatics, as some of the writers and speakers connected with our business have declared. It is a strongly centralized organization, officered by men of unusual ability, financiered by capitalists with very long purses, . . . advised by well-paid attorneys of great ability, and it is working with definite ideas to guide it in every State, in every county, in every city and in every precinct.
>
> If the Anti-Saloon League is defeated at any point it immediately prepares for another attack along new lines, and, when it succeeds, it at once begins work for a more telling victory.

With this class of men behind the movement, its success has startled the nation.

It shall be the purpose of this and future articles not so much to give the standing arguments for or against Prohibition, as to outline the practical causes which have raised it to such enormous significance in the South. These articles shall contain, not the personal views of the writer, but the opinions and the prejudices of men on the firing-line of both armies. If their eyes be more or less clouded by the smoke of conflict, all the better; for that places facts in perspective, and adds a touch of human passion, without which no popular movement can be understood.

For many years the five-mile laws served every purpose of primitive settlements. From that it was an easy step to Beat or Precinct Option. When it was proposed to advance and make an entire county the unit, many good people opposed it as a violation of the time-tried doctrine. The advance was made, first, it is believed, in the State of Georgia. Other States followed, and County Local Option became fixed as a tenet of anti-saloon legislation. Under these laws each county might decide for itself whether or not liquors should be sold within its borders.

The first elections were marked by acrimony, vituperation and bitterness. Country districts generally favored Prohibition; the towns were strongly against. The merchant and business man of each town feared, if it went dry, his negro trade would seek the nearest market where they could get whisky. Every merchant would have liked to see the other merchant's town go dry.

"Prohibition kills a town." "The liquor tax keeps up the public school. Vote for education." These were the arguments.

It was an untried theory, and conservative men dreaded the experiment. Yet the experiment was made. Great stretches of country went dry, the farmer majorities over-riding majorities in the towns. This banished the saloons from town and country alike, and drove them into the cities.

While the Prohibitionists generally won in these contests, it was by narrow margins; this left a large minority of dissatisfied people in the towns who were determined to discredit the law by making it impossible of enforcement. Before election they had predicted that Prohibition would not prohibit; after election they hoped to see their prophecies verified.

As a matter of fact, blind tigers did flourish under the eyes of officials yet more blind. Whisky popped up in the most unexpected places. Negroes sold it from oil cans; the washerwoman sold it from her basket of clothes; the milkman carried bottles concealed in his cans of milk. The jug trade from wet counties into dry attained enormous proportions. Every negro who bought a jug—and many whites—felt in duty bound to drink it up at one sitting, with such volunteer assistants as smelled the pulling of the cork. The forbidden fruit had sweetened. Tales were told of increased drunkenness in dry territory.

Enterprising dealers, assisted by railroad and express agents, devised the C. O. D. expedient, which worked like this: "See heah, nigger, doan you want a jeg o' good licker?" the bug-juice drummer inquired of his ignorant country brother.

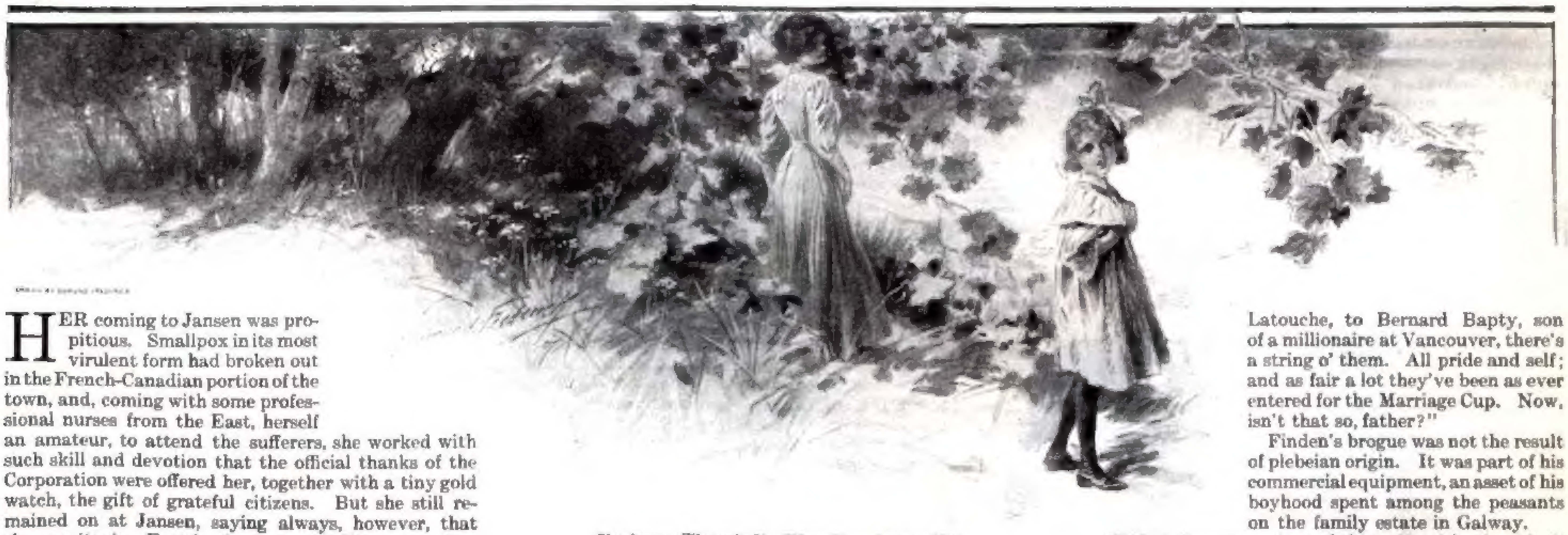
"Co'se; but whar's I gwine to git it? Ain't dis a dry town?"

"Dry town! Huh! Dar's a jeg in de 'spress office what wuz shipped to a feller named Jeems Jones—heah's his name on dis piece o' paper. You go to de 'spress office, call for dat jeg, and pay three dollars."

(Concluded on Page 35)

The Little Widow of Jansen

A LONG ROAD AND ITS TURNING



Singing as Though She Were Born but to Sing

By Gilbert Parker

HER coming to Jansen was propitious. Smallpox in its most virulent form had broken out in the French-Canadian portion of the town, and, coming with some professional nurses from the East, herself an amateur, to attend the sufferers, she worked with such skill and devotion that the official thanks of the Corporation were offered her, together with a tiny gold watch, the gift of grateful citizens. But she still remained on at Jansen, saying always, however, that she was "going East in the spring." Five years had passed, and still she had not gone East, but remained perched in the rooms she had first taken, over the Imperial Bank in Jansen, while the town grew up swiftly around her. And even when the young bank manager married, and wished to take over the rooms, she sent him to the right-about from his own premises in her gay, masterful way. The young manager behaved well in the circumstances, because he had asked her to marry him, and she had dismissed him with a warning against challenging his own happiness—that was the way she had put it. Perhaps he was galled the less because others had striven for the same prize, and had been thrust back, with an almost tender misgiving as to their sense of self-preservation and sanity. Some of them were eligible enough, and all of some position in the West. Yet she smiled them firmly away, to the wonder of Jansen, and to its satisfaction; for was it not a tribute to all that she would distinguish no particular unit by her permanent favor? But for one so sprightly and almost frivolous in manner at times, the self-denial seemed incongruous. She was unconventional enough to sit on the sidewalk with a half-dozen children around her, blowing bubbles, or to romp in any garden, or in the street, playing puss-in-the-ring; yet this only made her more popular. Jansen's admiration was at its highest, however, when she rode in the annual steeplechase with the best horsemen of the province. She had the gift of doing, as well as of being.

"'Tis the light heart she has, and slippin' in and out of things like a humming-bird, no easier to ketch, and no longer to stay," said Finden, the rich Irish landbroker, suggestively to Father Bourassa, the huge French-Canadian priest who had worked with her through all the dark weeks of the smallpox epidemic, and who knew what lay beneath the outer gayety. She had been buoyant of spirit beside the beds of the sick, and her words were full of raillery and humor, yet there was ever a gentle note behind all, and the priest had seen her eyes shining with tears as she bent over some stricken sufferer bound upon an interminable journey.

"Bedad! as bright a little spark as ever struck off the steel," added Finden to the priest, with a sidelong, inquisitive look, "but a heart no bigger than a marrowfat pea—selfishness, all self. Keepin' herself for herself when there's manny a good man needin' her. Mother o' Moses, how manny! From Terry O'Ryan, brother of a peer, at Latouche, to Bernard Bapty, son of a millionaire at Vancouver, there's a string o' them. All pride and self; and as fair a lot they've been as ever entered for the Marriage Cup. Now, isn't that so, father?"

Finden's brogue was not the result of plebeian origin. It was part of his commercial equipment, an asset of his boyhood spent among the peasants on the family estate in Galway.

Father Bourassa fanned himself with the black broad-brim hat he wore, and looked benignly but quizzically on the wiry, sharp-faced Irishman.

"You t'ink her heart is leetle. But perhaps it is your mind not so big enough to see—*hein?*" The priest laughed noiselessly, showing white teeth. "Was it so selfish in Madame to refuse the name of Finden—*n'est-ce-pas?*"

Finden flushed, then burst into a laugh. "I'd almost forgotten I was one of them—the first almost. Blessed be he that expects nothing, for he'll get it, sure! It was my duty, and I did it. Was she to feel that Jansen did not price her high? Bedad, father, I rose betimes and did it, before anny man should say he set me the lead. Before the carpet in the parlor was down, and with the bare boards soundin' to my words, I offered her the name of Finden."

"And so—the first of the long line! *Bien,* it is an honor!" The priest paused a moment, looked at Finden with a curious reflective look, and then said: "And so you t'ink there is no one; that she will say yes not at all—no?"

They were sitting on Father Bourassa's veranda, on the outskirts of the town, above the great river, along which had traveled millions of bygone people, fighting, roaming, hunting, trapping; and they could hear it rushing past, see the swirling eddies, the impetuous currents, the occasional rafts that moved majestically down the stream. They were facing the wild North, where civilization was backing and hewing and plowing its way to newer and newer cities, in an empire ever spreading to the Pole.

Finden's glance loitered on this scene before he replied. At length, screwing up one eye, and, with a suggestive smile, he answered: "Sure, it's all a matter of time to the selfishest woman. 'Tis not the same with women as with men; you see, they don't get younger—that's a point. But"—he gave a meaning glance at the priest—"perhaps, she's not going to wait for that, after all. And there he rides, a fine figure of a man, too, if I have to say it!"

"M'sieu' Varley, the great London surgeon?" the priest responded, and watched a galloping horseman, to whom Finden pointed, till he rounded the corner of a little wood.

"Mr. Varley, the great London surgeon, sure! Say, father, it's a hundred to one she'd take him, if ——"

There was a curious look in Father Bourassa's face, a cloud in his eyes. He sighed. "London, it is ver' far away," he remarked obliquely.

"What's to that? If she is with the right man, near or far is nothing."

"So far—from home," said the priest reflectively, but his eyes furtively watched the other's face.

"But home's where man and wife are."

The priest now looked him straight in the eyes. "Then, as you say, she will not marry M'sieu' Varley—*hein?*"

The humor died out of Finden's face. His eyes met the priest's eyes steadily. "Did I say that? Then my tongue wasn't making a fool of me, after all. How did you guess I knew—everything—father?"

"A priest knows many t'ings—so."

There was a moment of gloom, then the Irishman brightened. He came straight to the heart of the mystery around which they had been manœuvring. "Have you seen her husband—Meydon—this year? It isn't his usual time to come—yet."

Father Bourassa's eyes drew those of his friend into the light of a new understanding and revelation. They understood and trusted each other.

"*Hélas!* He is there in the hospital," he answered, and nodded toward a building not far away, which had been part of an old Hudson's Bay Company's fort. It had been hastily adapted as a hospital for the smallpox victims.

"Oh, it's Meydon?—that bad case I heard of to-day?"

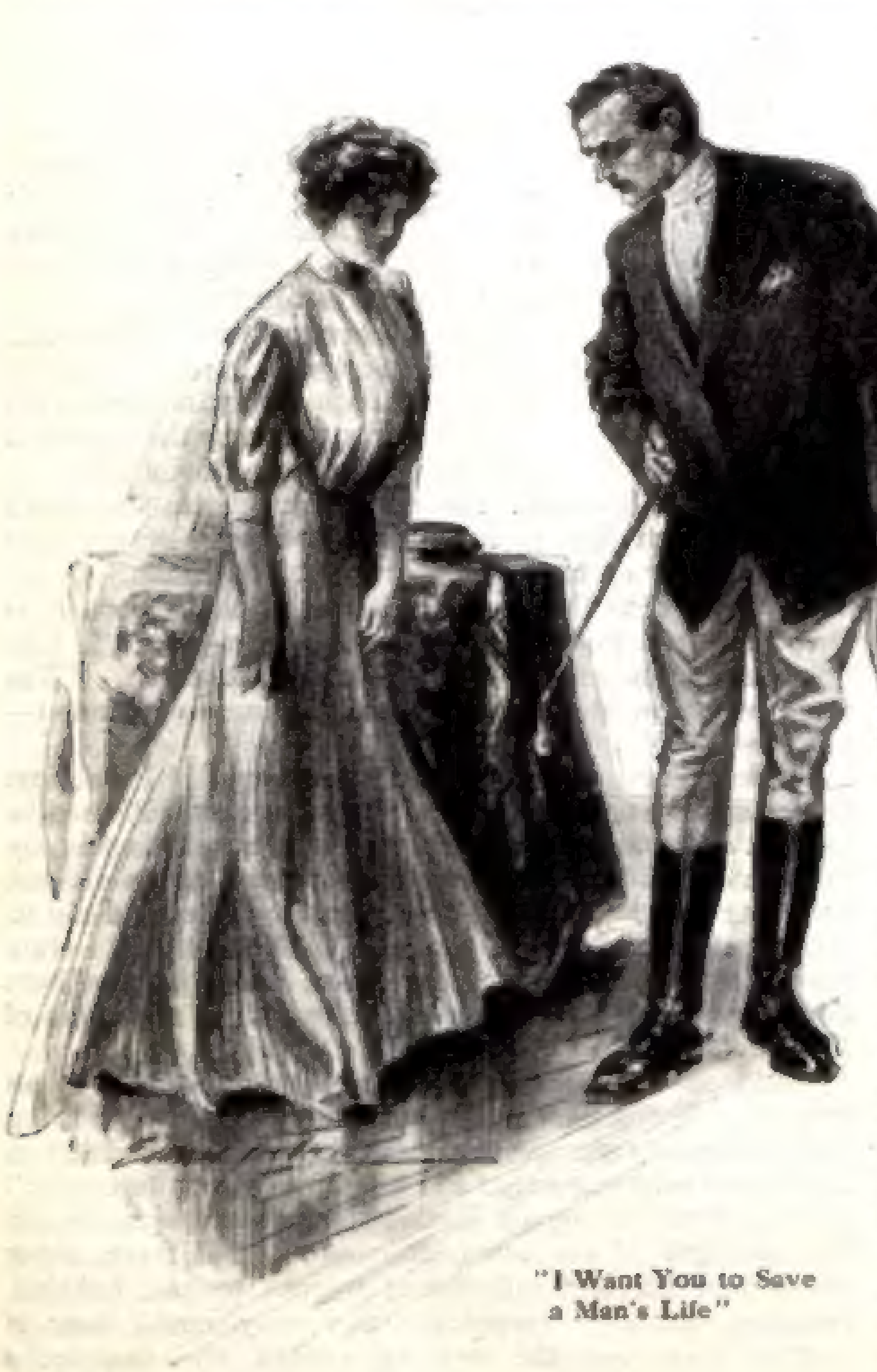
The priest nodded again and pointed. "*Voilà*, Madame Meydon, she is coming. She has seen him—her hoosben'."

Finden's eyes followed the gesture. The little widow of Jansen was coming from the hospital, walking slowly toward the river.

"As purty a woman, too—as purty and as straight bewhiles! What is the matter with him—with Meydon?" Finden asked, after a moment.

"An accident in the woods—so. He arrive, it is las' night, from Great Slave Lake."

Finden sighed. "Ten years ago he was a man to look at twice—before he did *It* and got away. Now, his own mother wouldn't know him—bad 'cess to him! I knew him from the cradle almost. I spotted him here by a knife-cut I gave him in the hand when we were lads together. A divil of a timper always both of us had, but the good-nature was with me, and I didn't drink and gamble and carry a pistol. It's ten years since he did the killing, down in Quebec, and I don't suppose the police will get him now. He's been counted dead. I recognized him here the night after I asked her how she liked the name of Finden. She doesn't know that I ever knew him. He didn't recognize me—twenty-five years since we met before! It would be better if he went under the sod. Is he pretty sick, father?"



"I Want You to Save a Man's Life"

"He will die, unless the surgeon's knife it cure him before twenty-four hours, and ——"

"And Doc Brydon is sick, and Doc Hadley away at Winnipeg, and this is two hundred miles from nowhere! It looks as if the police'll never get him, eh?"

"You have not tell any one—never?"

Finden laughed. "Though I'm not a priest, I can lock myself up as tight as anny. There's no tongue that's so tied, when tying's needed, as the one that babbles most bewhiles. Babbling covers a lot of secrets."

"So, you t'ink it better Meydon should die, as Hadley is away and Brydon is sick—*hein?*"

"Oh, I think ——"

Finden stopped short, for a horse's hoofs sounded on the turf beside the house, and, presently, Varley, the great London surgeon, rounded the corner and stopped his horse in front of the veranda. He lifted his hat to the priest. "I hear there's a bad case at the hospital," he said.

"It is ver' dangerous," answered Father Bourassa, "but, *voilà*, come in. There is something cool to drink. Ah, yes, he is ver' bad, that man from the Great Slave Lake."

Inside the house, with the cooling drinks, Varley pressed his questions, and, presently, much interested, told at length of some singular cases which had passed through his hands—one a man with his neck broken, who had lived for six months afterward.

"Broken as a man's neck is broken by hanging—dislocation, really—a lesion of the *medulla oblongata*, if you don't mind technicalities," he said. "But I kept him living, just the same. Time enough for him to repent in and get ready to go. A most interesting case. He was a criminal, too, and wanted to die; but you have to keep life going, if you can, to the last inch of resistance."

The priest looked thoughtfully out of the window; Finden's eyes were screwed up in a questioning way, but neither made any response to Varley's remarks. There was a long minute's silence. They were all three roused by hearing a light footstep on the veranda.

Father Bourassa put down his glass and hastened into the hallway. Finden caught a glimpse of a woman's figure and, without a word, passed abruptly from the dining-room, where they were, into the priest's study, leaving Varley alone. Varley turned to look after him, stared, and shrugged his shoulders.

"The manners of the West," he said good-humoredly, and turned again to the hallway from whence came the sound of the priest's voice. Presently, there was another voice—a woman's. He flushed slightly and involuntarily straightened himself.

"Valerie!" he murmured.

An instant afterward she entered the room with the priest. She was dressed in a severely simple suit of gray, which set off to advantage her slim, graceful figure. There seemed no reason why she should have been called the little widow of Jansen, for she was not small, but she was very finely and delicately made, and the name had been but an expression of Jansen's paternal feeling for her. She had always had a good deal of fresh color, but to-day she seemed pale, though her eyes had a strange, disturbing light. It was not that they brightened on seeing this man before her; they had been brighter, burningly bright, when she left the hospital, where, since it had been built, she had been the one visitor of authority—Jansen had given her that honor. She had a gift of smiling, and she smiled now, but it came from grace of mind rather than from humor. As Finden had said, "She was forever acting, and never doin' any harm by it."

Certainly she was doing no harm by it now; nevertheless, it was acting. Could it be otherwise, with what was behind her life—a husband who had ruined her youth, had committed homicide, had escaped capture, but who had not subsequently died, as the world believed he had done, so circumstantial was the evidence? He was not man enough to make the accepted belief in his death a fact. What could she do but act since the day she got a letter from the Far North, which took her out to Jansen, nominally to nurse those stricken with smallpox under Father Bourassa's care, actually to be where her wretched husband could come to her once a year, as he had asked, with an impossible selfishness. Each year she had seen him for an hour or less, giving him money, speaking to him over a gulf so wide that it seemed sometimes as though her voice could not be heard across it; each year opening a grave to look at the embalmed face of one who had long since died in shame, which only brought back the cruelest of all memories, that which one would give one's best years to forget.

"As Purty a Woman, too—as Purty and as Straight Bewhiles!"

With a fortitude beyond description she had faced it, gently, quietly, but firmly faced it—firmly, because she had to be firm in keeping him within those bounds the invasion of which would have killed her. And after the first struggle with his unchangeable brutality it had been easier; for into his degenerate brain there had come a faint understanding of the real situation and of her. He had kept his side of the gulf, but gloating on this touch between the old luxurious, indulgent life, with its refined vices, and this present coarse, hard life, where pleasures were few and gross. The free Northern life of toil and hardship had not refined him. He greedily hung over this treasure, which was not for his spending yet was his own, as though in a bank he had hoards of money which he might not withdraw.

So the years had gone on, with their recurrent dreaded anniversaries, carrying misery almost too great to be borne by this woman, mated to the loathed phantom of a sad, dead life; and when this black day of each year was over, for a few days afterward she went nowhere, was seen by none. Yet, when she did appear again, it was with her old laughing manner, her cheerful and teasing words, her quick response to the emotions of others.

So it had gone till Varley had come to follow the open-air life for four months, after a heavy illness due to blood-poisoning got in his surgical work in London. She had been able to live her life without too great a struggle till he came. Other men had flattered her vanity, had given her a sense of power, had made her understand her possibilities, but nothing more—nothing of what Varley brought with him. And before three months had gone she knew that no man had ever interested her as Varley had done.

Ten years before she would not have appreciated or understood him, this intellectual, clean-shaven, rigidly abstemious man, whose pleasures belonged to the fishing-rod and the gun and the horse, and who had come to be so great a friend of him who had been her best friend—Father Bourassa. Father Bourassa had come to know the truth—not from her, for she had ever been a Protestant, but from her husband, who, Catholic by birth and a renegade from all religion, had had a moment of spurious emotion when he went and confessed to Father Bourassa and got absolution, pleading for the priest's care of his wife. Afterward, Father Bourassa made up his mind that the confession had a purpose behind it other than repentance, and he deeply resented the use to which he thought he was being put—a kind of spy upon the beautiful woman whom Jansen loved, and who, in spite of any outward flippancy, was above reproach.

In vital things the instinct becomes abnormally acute, and, one day, when the priest looked at her commiseratingly, she had divined what moved him. However it was, she drove him into a corner with a question to which he dare not answer yes, but to which he might not answer no, and did not; and she realized that he knew the truth, and she was the better for his knowing, though her secret was no longer a secret. She was not aware that Finden also knew. Then Varley came, bringing a new joy and interest into her life, and a new suffering also; for she realized that, if she were free and Varley asked her to marry him, she would consent.

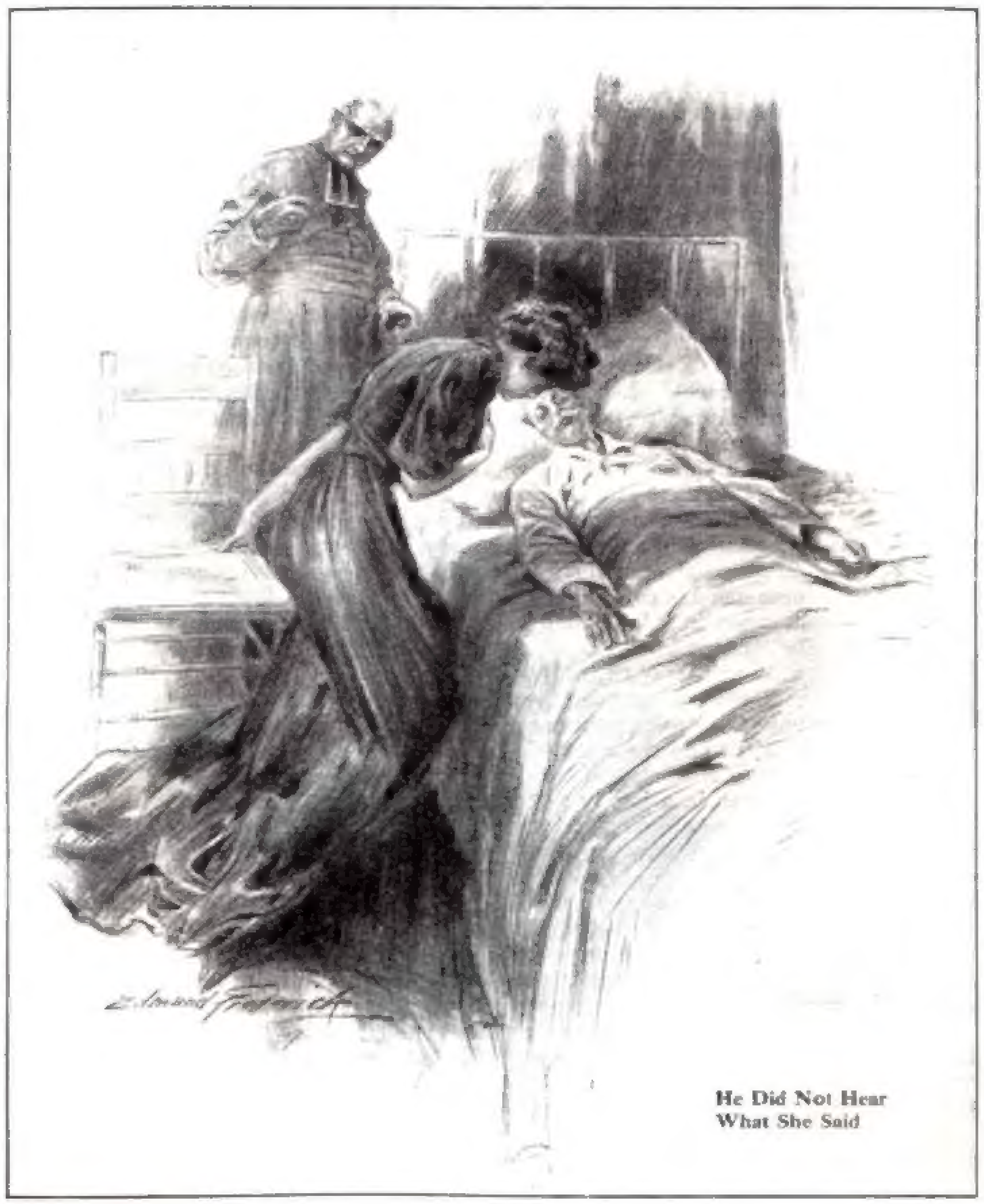
But, when he did ask her, she said no with a pang that cut her heart in two. He had stayed his four months, and it was now six months, and he was going at last—to-morrow. He had stayed to give her time to learn to say yes, and to take her back with him to London; and she knew that he would speak again to-day, and that she must say no again; but she had kept him from saying the words till now. And the man who had ruined her life and had poisoned her true spirit had come back, broken and battered. He was hanging between life and death; and now—for he was going to-morrow—Varley would speak again!

The half-hour she had just spent in the hospital with Meydon had tried her cruelly. She had left the building in a vortex of conflicting emotions, with the call of duty and of honor ringing through a thousand other voices of temptation and desire—the inner pleadings for a little happiness while yet she was young. After she married Meydon there had only been a few short weeks of joy before her black disillusion came, and she had realized how bitter must be her martyrdom.

When she left the hospital she seemed moving in a dream, as one intoxicated by some elixir might move unheeding among event and accident and vexing life and roaring multitudes. And all the while the river flowing through the endless prairies, high-banked, ennobled by living woods, lipped with green, kept surging in her ears, inviting her, alluring her—alluring her with a force too deep and powerful for weak human nature to bear for long. It would ease her pain, it said; it would still the tumult and the storm; it would solve her problem; it would give her peace. But, as she moved along the river-bank among the trees, she met the little niece of the priest, who lived in his house, singing, as though she were born but to sing, a song which Finden had written and Father Bourassa had set to music. Did not the distant West know Father Bourassa's gift, and did not Protestants attend Mass to hear him play the organ afterward? The fresh, clear voice of the child rang through the trees, stealing the stricken heart away from the lure of the river:

Will you come back home, where the
 young larks are singin'?
The door is open wide, and the bells of
 Lynn are ringin';
  There's a little lake I know,
  And a boat you used to row
To the shore beyond that's quiet—will
 you come back home?

Will you come back, darlin'? Never
 heed the pain and blightin',
Never trouble that you're wounded,
 that you bear the scars of fightin';
  Here's the luck o' Heaven to you,
  Here's the hand of love will brew you
The cup of peace—ah, darlin', will you
 come back home?



He Did Not Hear What She Said

She stood listening for a few moments, and, under the spell of the fresh, young voice, the homely, heart-searching words, and the intimate sweetness of the woods, the despairing apathy dropped slowly away. She started forward again with a new understanding, her footsteps quickened. She would go to Father Bourassa. He would understand. She would tell him all. He would help her to do what now she knew she must do, ask Leonard Varley to save her husband's life—Leonard Varley to save her husband's life! When she stepped upon the veranda of the priest's house she did not know that Varley was inside. She had no time to think. She was ushered into the room where he was with the confusing fact of his presence fresh upon her. She had had but a word or two with the priest, but enough for him to know what she meant to do, and that it must be done at once.

Varley advanced to meet her. She shuddered inwardly to think what a difference there was between the fallen creature she had left behind in the hospital and this tall, dark, self-contained man, whose name was familiar in the surgeries of Europe, who had climbed from being the son of a clockmaker to his present distinguished place.

"Have you come for absolution, also?" he asked, with a smile; "or is it to get a bill of excommunication against your only enemy?—there couldn't be more than one."

Cheerful as his words were, he was shrewdly observing her, for her paleness and the strange light in her eyes gave him a sense of anxiety. He wondered what trouble was on her.

"Excommunication?" he repeated.

The unintended truth went home. She winced, even as she responded with that quaint note in her voice which gave humor to her speech. "Yes, excommunication," she replied. "But why an enemy? Do we not need to excommunicate our friends sometimes?"

"That is a hard saying," he answered soberly.

Tears sprang to her eyes, but she mastered herself and brought the crisis abruptly.

"I want you to save a man's life," she said, with her eyes looking straight into his. "Will you do it?"

His face grew grave and eager. "I want you to save a man's happiness," he answered. "Will you do it?"

"That man yonder will die unless your skill saves him," she urged.

"This man here will go away unhappy and alone unless your heart befriends him," he replied, coming closer to her. "At sunrise to-morrow he goes." He tried to take her hand.

"Oh, please, please," she pleaded, with a quick, protesting gesture. "Sunrise is far off, but the man's fate is near, and you must save him. You only can do so, for Doctor Hadley is away, and Doctor Brydon is sick, and, in any case, Doctor Brydon dare not attempt the operation alone. It is too critical and difficult, he says."

"So I have heard," he answered, with a new note in his voice, his professional instinct roused in spite of himself. "Who is this man? What interests you in him?"

"To how many unknown people have you given your skill for nothing—your skill and all your experience to utter strangers, no matter how low or poor? Is it not so? Well, I cannot give to strangers what you have given to so many, but I can help in my own way."

"You want me to see the man at once?"

"If you will."

"What is his name? I know of his accident and the circumstances."

She hesitated for an instant, then said: "He is called Draper—a trapper and woodsman."

"But I was going away to-morrow at sunrise. All my arrangements are made," he urged, his eyes holding hers, his passion swimming in his eyes again.

"But you will not see a man die, if you can save him?" she pleaded, unable now to meet his look, its mastery and its depth.

Her heart had almost leaped with joy at the suggestion that he could not stay; but, as suddenly, self-reproach and shame filled her mind, and she had challenged him so. But yet, what right had she to sacrifice this man she loved to the perverted criminal who had spoiled her youth and taken away from her every dear illusion of her life and heart? By every right of justice and humanity she was no more the wife of Henry Meydon than if she had never seen him. He had forfeited every claim upon her, dragged in the mire her unspotted life—unspotted, for in all temptation, in her defenseless position, she had kept the whole commandment; she had, while at the mercy of her own temperament, fought her way through all, with a weeping heart and laughing lips. Had she not longed for a little home with a great love, and a strong, true man?—ah, it had been lonely, bitterly lonely!

Yet she had remained true to the scoundrel from whom she could not free herself without putting him in the grasp of the law to atone for his crime. She was punished for his crimes; she was denied the exercise of her womanhood in order to shield him. Still she remembered that once she had loved him, those years ago, when he first won her heart from those so much better than he, who loved her so much more honestly; and this memory had helped her in a way. She had tried to be true to it, that dead, lost thing, of which this man who came once a year to see her, and now, lying with his life at stake in the hospital, was the repellent ghost.

"Ah, you will not see him die?" she urged.

"It seems to move you greatly what happens to this man," he said, his determined, dark eyes searching hers, for she baffled him. If she could feel so much for a "casual," why not a little more feeling for him? Suddenly, as he drew her gaze to him again, there came the conviction that they were full of feeling for him. They were sending a message, an appealing, passionate message, which told him more than he had ever heard from her or seen in her face before. Yes, she was his! Without a spoken word she had told him so. What, then, held her back? But women were a race by themselves, and he knew that he must wait till she chose to have him know what she had unintentionally conveyed but now.

"Yes, I am moved," she continued slowly. "Who can tell what this man might do with his life, if it is saved? Don't you think of that? It isn't the importance of a life that's at stake; it's the importance of living; and we do not live alone, do we?"

His mind was made up. "I will not promise cannot promise, anything till I have seen him. But I will go and see him, and I'll send you word later what I can do, or not do. Will that satisfy you? If I cannot do it I will come to say 'good-by.'"

Her face was set with suppressed feeling. She held out her hand to him impulsively, and was about to speak, but suddenly caught the hand away again from his thrilling grasp and, turning hurriedly, left the room. In the hall she met Father Bourassa.

"Go with him to the hospital," she whispered, and disappeared through the doorway.

Immediately after she had gone a man came driving hard to bring Father Bourassa to visit a dying Catholic in the prairie, and it was Finden who accompanied Varley to the hospital, waited for him till his examination of the "casual" was concluded, and met him outside.

"Can it be done?" he asked of Varley. "I'll take word to Father Bourassa."

"It can be done—it will be done," answered Varley absently. "I do not understand the man. He has been in a different sphere of life. He tried to hide it, but the speech—occasionally! I wonder ——"

"You wonder if he's worth saving?"

Varley shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "No, that's not what I meant."

Finden smiled to himself. "Is it a difficult case?" he asked.

"Critical and delicate; but it has been my specialty."

"One of the local doctors couldn't do it, I suppose?"

"They would be foolish to try."

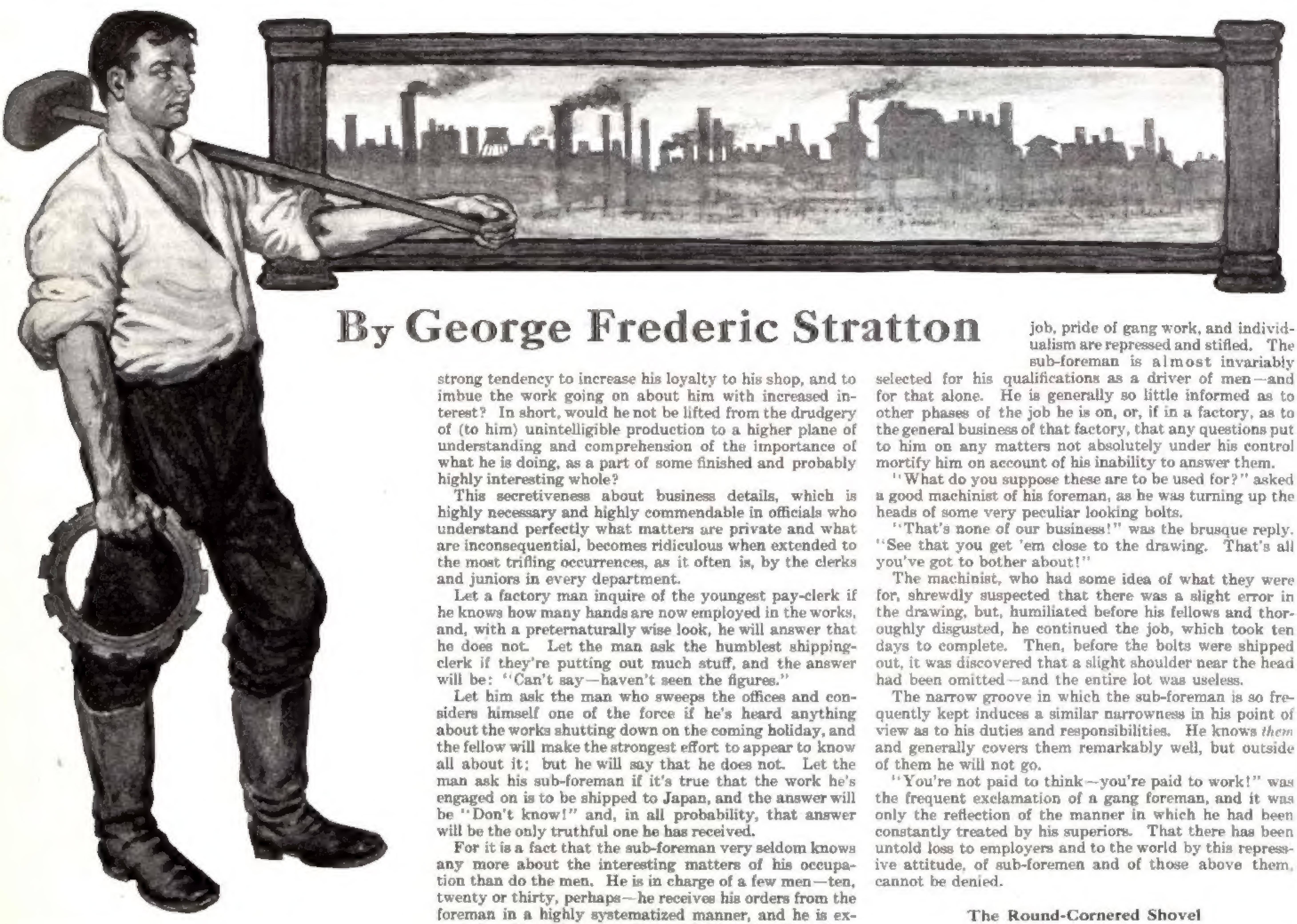
"And you are going away at sunrise to-morrow?"

"Who told you that?" Varley's voice was abrupt, impatient.

"I heard you say so—everybody knows it. . . . That's a bad man yonder, Varley." He jerked his thumb toward the hospital. "A terrible bad man he's been. A gentleman once, and fell down—fell down hard. He's done more harm than most men. He's broken a woman's heart and spoiled her life, and, if he lives, there's no chance for her—none at all. He killed a man, and the law wants

(Continued on Page 33)

The Workman's Lack of Interest



By George Frederic Stratton

THOSE who have not closely studied the conditions cannot appreciate the degree to which individualism in large bodies of employees is both obliterated and appreciated. While managers are unanimous in their complaints of the shortage of good men, and though they do, when such men are discovered, show hearty appreciation of them, even competing keenly for their services, they, at the same time, by the adoption (perhaps, quite necessarily) of systems of almost military discipline and subordination, either stifle individualism or place it all behind such a heavy screen of foremen, sub-foremen, red-tapism and repression that they themselves, and the officials immediately under them, are unable to discover any indication of it.

They then complain of lack of interest on the part of the men; but the men are not wholly to blame. Very frequently that apparent lack of interest is due, largely, to the policy observed by officials of most large manufacturing and contracting companies of withholding from their men all information regarding their work which could excite keen interest in it. A shop order will be sent out accompanied, perhaps, by drawings of various parts. The workman on any one of those parts does not know, nor does the sub-foreman often know, what it is for—what it will, ultimately, become a portion of. What interest can a man work up under such conditions? What pride can he feel in a few pounds, or a few hundred pounds, of metal, be it never so well finished, which has no significance of form or destiny? If he knew that it was to form part of the equipment of a great battleship, or a machine to be shipped to Africa, or even a simple emergency job after some great catastrophe, would he not then be interested? Would he not talk of it in his family or among his associates and feel the pride and satisfaction that any man feels—no matter how humble his occupation—in being associated with any unusual exploit? Would not such special matters, infrequent though they might be, have a strong tendency to increase his loyalty to his shop, and to imbue the work going on about him with increased interest? In short, would he not be lifted from the drudgery of (to him) unintelligible production to a higher plane of understanding and comprehension of the importance of what he is doing, as a part of some finished and probably highly interesting whole?

This secretiveness about business details, which is highly necessary and highly commendable in officials who understand perfectly what matters are private and what are inconsequential, becomes ridiculous when extended to the most trifling occurrences, as it often is, by the clerks and juniors in every department.

Let a factory man inquire of the youngest pay-clerk if he knows how many hands are now employed in the works, and, with a preternaturally wise look, he will answer that he does not. Let the man ask the humblest shipping-clerk if they're putting out much stuff, and the answer will be: "Can't say—haven't seen the figures."

Let him ask the man who sweeps the offices and considers himself one of the force if he's heard anything about the works shutting down on the coming holiday, and the fellow will make the strongest effort to appear to know all about it; but he will say that he does not. Let the man ask his sub-foreman if it's true that the work he's engaged on is to be shipped to Japan, and the answer will be "Don't know!" and, in all probability, that answer will be the only truthful one he has received.

For it is a fact that the sub-foreman very seldom knows any more about the interesting matters of his occupation than do the men. He is in charge of a few men—ten, twenty or thirty, perhaps—he receives his orders from the foreman in a highly systematized manner, and he is expected to drive his men and concern himself with nothing else. Equipment, material, supplies, wages, the authority to hire and discharge, are all in the hands of the superintendent or department foreman. The sub-foreman is there simply to drive. He is scarcely ever consulted on improvements or new arrangements. He seldom or never comes in verbal contact with the superintendent or manager or the engineer on the job, whether it be out-of-doors or in the factory. His foreman is responsible for what he does, and he is responsible to his foreman.

The Driving Sub-Boss

THE sub-foreman is the man who, above all others, is close to the men. He is with them on the job continually. He knows the personal peculiarities and capabilities of each man. Although the superintendent and chief foreman lay out the work, so placing their orders that the operation of one small gang dovetails in properly with the operation of other gangs, it is the sub-foreman who must be relied upon to carry the work of his particular gang along so as to have no conflict—either in time, tools or completion of work. Yet this man, upon whom almost altogether depends the speed and correctness of detailed work, is very seldom treated with any more consideration than one of his men. In outdoor operations it is very seldom he is shown any plan of the whole work. It is considered amply sufficient to give him a curt order to "Cut that grade down to twelve inches below the stakes"; or, "Hustle your gang, Joe! That pile of rock's got to be hauled out of there before night."

The interest and incentive which any man feels in knowing the special object of the work he is doing is, under such treatment, entirely lacking—both in the gang foreman and in his men.

It is discipline, of course, of a character on which superintendents and head-foremen often pride themselves; but the human element of interest in the whole job, pride of gang work, and individualism are repressed and stifled. The sub-foreman is almost invariably selected for his qualifications as a driver of men—and for that alone. He is generally so little informed as to other phases of the job he is on, or, if in a factory, as to the general business of that factory, that any questions put to him on any matters not absolutely under his control mortify him on account of his inability to answer them.

"What do you suppose these are to be used for?" asked a good machinist of his foreman, as he was turning up the heads of some very peculiar looking bolts.

"That's none of our business!" was the brusque reply. "See that you get 'em close to the drawing. That's all you've got to bother about!"

The machinist, who had some idea of what they were for, shrewdly suspected that there was a slight error in the drawing, but, humiliated before his fellows and thoroughly disgusted, he continued the job, which took ten days to complete. Then, before the bolts were shipped out, it was discovered that a slight shoulder near the head had been omitted—and the entire lot was useless.

The narrow groove in which the sub-foreman is so frequently kept induces a similar narrowness in his point of view as to his duties and responsibilities. He knows *them* and generally covers them remarkably well, but outside of them he will not go.

"You're not paid to think—you're paid to work!" was the frequent exclamation of a gang foreman, and it was only the reflection of the manner in which he had been constantly treated by his superiors. That there has been untold loss to employers and to the world by this repressive attitude, of sub-foremen and of those above them, cannot be denied.

The Round-Cornered Shovel

OVER half a century ago a laborer on an English railroad said to his gang foreman: "If you'd get the corners cut off these shovels we could shove 'em into the gravel much easier." (The shovels in those days were all square across the front edge.)

"Git back to work!" was the harsh reply, "an' put some muscle into the shovel; that's what you're paid fer!"

The man went back to work, but later he took his idea to a Sheffield ironmonger who secured a patent on a round-pointed shovel, and the two men ultimately divided over half a million dollars from it.

Samuel Smiles said that the idea of a round-faced shovel undoubtedly saved over two million pounds ($10,000,000) in labor on the British railroads.

A laborer who was engaged in putting in and taking out lumber from the extensive dry kilns of a big door and sash factory, at Detroit, Michigan, knew that the firm was troubled in getting lumber dried fast enough for its requirements. He had studied the action of the kilns and he invented a method of drawing off the moist air without losing heat. He opened up the subject with the yard foreman (under whom he worked) and displayed a rough sketch; but he got a rebuff which, as he afterward said, made him hot enough for the rest of the day to have kept a kiln up to heat without steam. That night he scrawled a letter to a hardwood lumber dealer in Cincinnati, for whom he had formerly worked as teamster. Within a week the Cincinnati man had visited him and made arrangements to patent and develop the kiln. It did work in four days which had previously taken ten; and the door and sash firm afterward paid royalties for its use amounting to over twenty-five hundred dollars yearly for ten years. The inventor died worth over one hundred thousand dollars—and he was a good spender, too.

In a great New England machine shop an apprentice (in his second year) suggested to his foreman a change in the operating mechanism of a certain apparatus, of which the company manufactured many thousands yearly. The foreman was jocular and sarcastic and advised the boy to get on to the engineering staff, or to "go into partnership with Edison," and indulged freely in other witticisms in the hearing of the other workmen, who, taking their cue from him, bantered the boy unmercifully. He had three fights inside of a week and, as one of them occurred in the shop, he was severely reprimanded and fined. This was his chance. He appealed to the manager. Upon being called before that gentleman he told his story. His suggestion was listened to with interest, and although, for the sake of discipline and example, his fine was not remitted he lost nothing by it. He was transferred to another department, his suggestion was adopted, although it involved many hundreds of dollars for changes of patterns; but it is saving thousands, annually, for the company, and he is rapidly rising on its engineering staff.

Any one familiar with workmen and working conditions can, undoubtedly, recall many similar instances tending to show the low estimation in which workmen, and especially laborers, are frequently held by petty foremen.

"Drop that! Drop that!" shouted a gang foreman to an Italian laborer who had just put his hands upon a wheelbarrow. "Drop that, an' take up yer shovel! Phat d'yez know about machinery, ye Dago!"

An extreme case, perhaps, and probably due to some jocularity, but it shows, nevertheless, the opinion many foremen hold of their men. Among gang foremen on outside operations, many of whom have themselves been promoted from barrow and shovel, and can probably scarcely read or write, this sweeping contempt for the foreign laborer under them is especially noticeable. Their inability to understand such English as is launched at them is assumed by the foreman to be an inability to understand the simplest methods of work or to feel the simplest dictates of interest or sympathy in it. That this is all wrong has been proven time and again. The withdrawal of every indication of confidence, as far as interesting gossip about the whole business is concerned, will be found in very many cases to be the root of the feeling among workmen that they are utterly shut out from any interest whatever in the production or exploit of the whole organization. And in very many instances this snubbing of their natural feeling of interest and curiosity changes it to indignation, rather than to passive indifference to what is going on.

In a Massachusetts machine shop recently a telegraph order was received for a line shaft and pulleys, to make good some disaster. The next day was a holiday, but a shop gang was requested to come in and do the work, very much to their disappointment. They worked through the day and up to ten o'clock at night, but the shaft lay on the shop floor for three days before being shipped out.

No explanation was given to the men or to the sub-foreman, although there was absolutely no reason for withholding it; the trouble being simply that the order had been countermanded on account of more extensive arrangements having been decided on. But the feelings of the gang were exceedingly bitter, and it is very certain that, when another emergency job comes up, the superintendent will have fresh reason—as he will think—for complaining of non-interest. A message from him to the gang foreman would have not only kept the men in good humor but would have been valued by them as showing a considerate interest in their own feelings.

"They don't care a cuss for us; why should we bother about them?" is one of the most frequent remarks heard among workmen who are treated in this fashion.

A sub-foreman, reading an evening paper, flung it to a friend with a bitter laugh. "Look at that item!" he said. "We've been working on that stuff for a week past. It's a transformer for that new battleship, but we didn't know it. Yet any little one-horse reporter can get it all!"

Such indignation is surely an expression of the right spirit, and should not be ignored. It is human nature,

(Concluded on Page 33)

JACK SPURLOCK—PRODIGAL

In Which the Prodigal Goes to the Rescue of Beauty in Distress

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New York, October ——.

Dear Uncle Bill:

When I first became conscious of the Voice, it seemed to come from an immense distance, from another world, almost. It floated nearer, and I strained to catch a word or a sentence, but I could hear nothing except the tones, awful now in their dignity and majesty. Again it rolled nearer, and I began vaguely to understand that it was giving orders—orders of immense importance, preparing an army for a campaign, requisitioning vast stores of supplies, expending huge sums of money. Still nearer it came, and now it sounded strangely familiar.

"Geo'ge," it was saying, "or is yo' name Alphonse? Emile, then. Well, Emile, lend me yo' ears, fo' I am about to speak with you on a matter of some impo'tance. Mr. Spurlock and myself are feelin' a trifle peaked this mornin', low in our minds and our finances, though high in faith and appetite. But a good breakfast will raise our spirits, and then I shall raise the wind, so there will be five dollars to yo' credit at luncheon if you give all yo' attention to what I am goin' to say, and then impart a little of yo' enthusiasm to the chef."

"*Oui;* yes; of a certainty, monsieur," a minor Voice assented. It's curious how sympathetic waiters always are with men whom they suspect of having been on a bat the night before

"Well, then," the major Voice continued, "we'll begin with some grapefruit, and fill up its crevices with a little old sherry—amontillado, mind you, not a blank mixture of burnt sugar and raw spirits; then some young chicken Maryland, with little, crisp co'n fritters and fried hominy; some potatoes *au gratin;* French rolls, and a large pot of coffee. With cream? *Oui,* cream of the cow; *comprenez?* None of yo' dashed blue hot milk. And—yes, I reckon we'll top off with some waffles and maple syrup, and the two-bit cigars of Habana. Does that sound like a competent breakfast, Emile? *Approvez vous?*"

The minor Voice was apparently satisfied of its competence, for I heard a murmured assent and the door closed gently. Then the major Voice, humming, "Pull fo' the sho', sailor, pull fo' the sho'," jumped out of bed and began to frisk across the floor to the bathroom.

I sat up. "Hi, Major!" I called. "You're certainly checked high this morning and going some. But I'm a little curious to know who's going to pay for that breakfast."

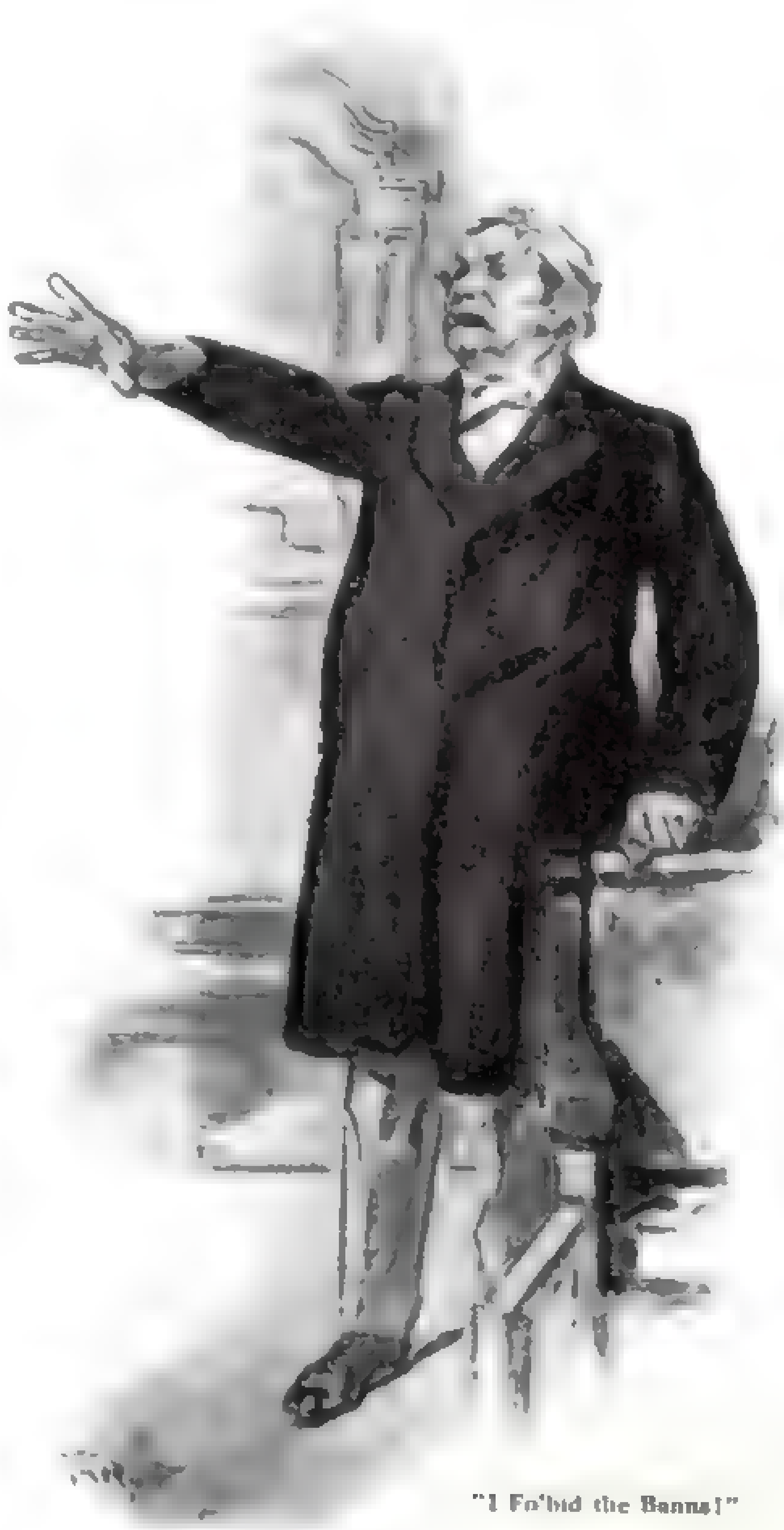
The Major turned and surveyed me reproachfully "Why, Jack," he answered, "you're gettin' to be a regular blank Pandora fo' curiosity. We'll pay for the breakfast with what Pandora found at the bottom of the box, and give Emile the change."

"Hope for the hotel and kind words for the waiter," was my cross comment. I hadn't forgotten that fifteen dollars in actual cash.

"Kind words are mo' than coronets," returned the Major cheerily.

"And they cost less," I added. "But they don't cash in for a cent in New York. Conversation won't pay for that breakfast, and if you try it on there'll simply be another horrid scene."

"Of cou'se, of cou'se," the Major assented soothingly. "I was only jokin', my deah boy. You mustn't let yo'self give way to gloomy fo'bodings so easily. We're not at the end of our resou'ces yet, suh, not by any means, as you'll appreciate on a moment's reflection when you've cleared the cobwebs from yo' head. Now hop into yo' bath and get ready to eat a good breakfast, fo' we must conserve our strength, as we're goin' to be mighty busy to-day. And Jack," he added meaningly, "put on yo' favorite business suit." It was an ominous hint which, I felt, portended no good to the remainder of my wardrobe.



"I Fo'bid the Banns!"

After we were dressed and the Major had had his morning nip—it made one thirsty just to see him take a drink—we settled down to our grapefruit and to conversation.

"Some men," the Major began oracularly, "allow that they're broke when they've got a house and a regular salary. Haven't the dashed resou'cefulness to mortgage the house or to overdraw the salary, even. Others allow that they're broke when they've got a wardrobe overflowin' with superfluous clothes and various little trinkets and gewgaws. But when I allow that I'm broke," and a note of superior virtue swelled in his slightly-raised voice, "I've got nothin', suh, but the suit I'm standin' in, and no watch concealed about my person, either! That, suh, is what I call honest poverty."

I nodded and glanced sadly at the chair over which my evening clothes were festooned, for, from the drift of the Major's conversation, my earlier impression was confirmed, and I gathered that I was now engaged in eating the white silk waistcoat, and that the coat and trousers were already on the fire below.

"Some men," the old fellow continued, "exhaust the patience of their friends by borrowin' from them befo' they negotiate a loan on their personal effects. But a friend in need mustn't be in need too dashed often. I exhaust the patience of strangers, suh, befo' I draw on that of friends."

"I'm with you there," I chimed in.

"I knew it, Jack," was the hearty answer. "I picked you fo' a thoroughbred at the start, and you've shown blue-grass breedin' in every heat that you've trotted."

It was the Major's best compliment, and I wished that it had been deserved, but he believed it, which was the main thing just then. I thanked him and inquired what the program was.

"Lah Grippah!" he replied. "You remember—my simple remedy for simpletons. I saw it comin' when the Teddy Bear failed, but I hoped that somethin' might turn up to stave it off. But nothin' has, though that was a mighty near thing last night, Jack—a rustlin' of angels' wings, so to speak—and we seem to be elected. Where we are goin' it would be bad fo'm to dress ostentatiously. By intrustin' our superfluous apparel to a member of the conservative race, we shall not only be layin' it up where moth cannot corrupt, but we shall provide ourselves with funds to liquidate our little bill here and to make a start on the road."

"For where?" I questioned, but my mind was made up. Much as I liked the Major, the time to break with him had come. I could not and I would not start out as a medicine fakir.

"The East Sho'," the Major answered.

"Of Maryland?"

"Exactly, suh. A peninsular of paradise, where many of the best traditions of the old days are still maintained."

"Colds prevalent there? Much sickness?"

"It's the healthiest place I know, Jack," was the answer. "Nevah heard of a sick man there; nevah heard of any one dyin', except a No'therner who went insane with joy eatin' terrapin, and broke his neck tryin' to pull his head down into his chest—thought he was a dashed turtle. No, suh! Sick people send fo' doctors and have prescriptions filled. You give me a healthy country, where doctors can't make a livin', and I'll do business every time."

"But is this Lah Grippah any good?" I was craftily leading up to the split.

"It's been good to me, Jack," the Major answered simply.

"No; you know what I mean," I persisted. "Does it really help people?"

"It doesn't hurt them."

"That's begging the question, Major," I returned a little sharply. "What's in it, and is it a really good patent medicine?"

The Major stood up and swelled up before he discharged his reply at me

"Patent medicine, suh? Patent medicine? Who said anything about patent medicines?" he exploded. "They're the curse of the country. No, suh! When I encounter a patient who is sick I call a doctor; when I get one who wants a drink I prescribe the nearest barroom. My remedy is harmless and wholesome. It's compounded fo' well people who think they're sick. Lah Grippah and Natchah work hand in hand. Lah Grippah cures their foolishness and Natchah eliminates the Lah Grippah from their systems. There's not a drop of real medicine in it. It's just a bad smell and a bitter taste. There's altogether too much takin' of medicines that are compounded of powerful drugs in this country! Besides, they're expensive," and at this climax the Major's chest collapsed and he sat down out of breath.

The moment had come. I must refuse to be a party to this drugging and deceiving of the innocent inhabitants of the East Shore. I cleared my throat to tell the old rascal what I thought of him and his methods, but he was already speaking again.

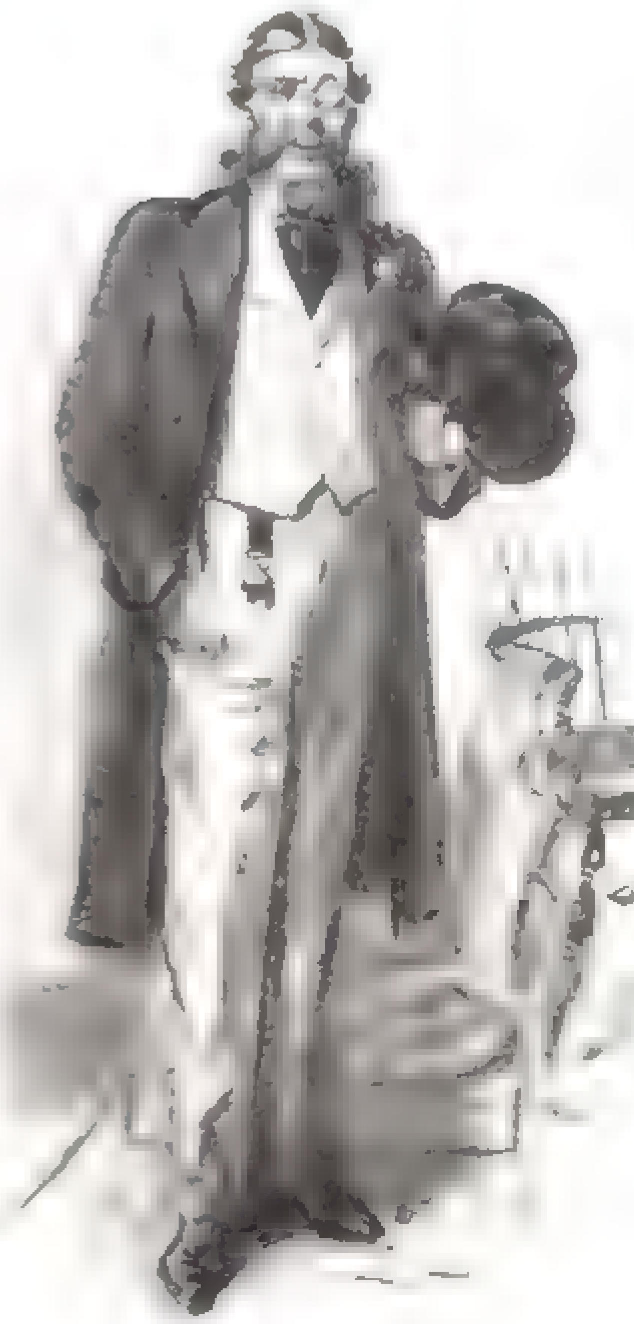
"And do you know, Jack," he ran on, "that I'm rather lookin' fo'ward to the trip this time? Of late years I've worked by myself until I met you, and, someway, I never knew just what a lonely old fellow I'd become. But our little friendship has been a great comfo't to me, Jack, a great comfo't," and looking up, I caught the old boy beaming at me with eyes full of affection.

I don't go in much for expressions of sentiment between men, and all that sort of thing, but I'd have given anything in the world if I could have surprised that look just once in my father's eyes. The Major might be an old rascal, and he probably was, but he was a sincere old rascal, and a lovable one. No doubt it was moral cowardice, but if he'd proposed a little porch-climbing expedition to me just then, I'd have gone out and bought a pair of sneakers. As it was, I reached over and gripped his hand with:

"You've been corking to me, Major, ever since we met, and it's mighty good of you to let me in on this." And having scuttled my conscience in this fashion, I proceeded to run up the black flag by proposing that we carry a few side lines with Lah Grippah. "We ought," I suggested, "to appeal to as many different kinds of damfoolishness as possible."

"The very thing, Jack!" the Major exclaimed enthusiastically. "A good tonic, fo' instance; somethin' to promote the growth and invigorate the roots of the hair, impartin' at the same time a pleasin' perfume to the person. A pomade's the thing, suh; somethin' slick and shiny and smelly—that's what the simple, sturdy, silly youth of our country want. And oh! Jack! just listen here! We'll call it Teddy Bear Grease, and then that suit we had made fo' you won't be wasted. Why, suh! you'll only have to stand up in those Teddy bear clothes and they'll fight to buy; you saw enough last time to know that, Jack."

I certainly had, and furthermore, ever since that episode I had been unable to eat anything particularly rich before going to bed, without having a horrid nightmare, in which, as a Teddy bear, I was being pursued by our esteemed, but far too agile, President,



"Obey the Stern Mandate of My Father to Return and Marry the Lady Victoria Maud"

who, armed with a glittering knife, was asserting his intention of ripping me open to see whether I were stuffed with sawdust or cotton batting. For the Major to ask me to be the Teddy bear again was to subject our friendship to the supreme test, yet I made only what I knew would prove an ineffectual protest; for, despite the apparent spontaneity of his inspiration, there was a guilty something in his eye which convinced me that the idea of my playing the part on this trip was no stranger to him.

"But, Major," I urged, "don't you think that we should have better success with the public if we used more dignified methods? It's not as if we were appealing to people with some amusing toy."

"Yo' point is well taken, Jack, and it shows a high ethical standard, fo' which I honah you. I have never, suh, been in sympathy with the banjo-playin', sleight-of-hand methods of so many travelin' doctors. They tend to lower the tone of the healin' art and to bring our whole profession into disrepute with the mo' thoughtful. But a little legitimate advertisin', now—that's a different mattah. I can see nothin' offensive to good taste in presentin' the trade-mark of our pomade to the public in a manner at once so convincin' and attractive. At the same time, we warn people, in the most fo'cible way possible, against infringements and cheap imitations, by having a livin', breathin' embodiment of our trade-mark to do the talkin'. Am I right, suh?"

He wasn't, but he was going to have his way in the end, which for all practical purposes is just as good as being right; so I came in. Then, breakfast being finished and the check signed by the Major with a prodigious flourish, we packed our frock coats and our linen in two large suitcases. That done, the Major called a four-wheeler and, as he explained to the solicitous clerk, drove away to put our trunks and their contents in storage.

Left alone, I picked up the papers to see what they had to say about the Governor. It was a mighty busy day in the murder and divorce courts when he wasn't mentioned unpleasantly at least once. That morning, one of the papers roasted him amusingly, in a half-column editorial, for withholding the announcement of the increase in Illinois and Pacific's dividend until the afternoon of the directors' meeting, not because it disapproved of his methods, but because it belonged to a different school of high finance. Another, under the heading, "Spurlock Methods—Number 21," meaning that this was the twenty-first editorial on that subject, soaked him for two solid columns. Of course that hurt the paper more than the Governor, for no one lives who will read twenty-one editorials, each two columns long, about any one in the world except himself. Still it, too, was amusing in its way, for the fellow who wrote it was so cock-sure. As if men and morals could be measured with a foot-rule!

That reflection landed me in the obituary column, and, as I scanned it perfunctorily, my eye hit on two or three lines which brought me up standing. They simply announced the death of Hamilton Grey; but Hamilton Grey was Anita's father.

I sat there a long time, staring at a spot on the wall and pretending that the hurt of losing Anita was over, and that what I was feeling now was brotherly affection and sympathy and all that sort of rot. I was still at it when the Major, in a pleasant glow from his tussle with his old friend the pawnbroker, burst into the room.

"Why, dash it all, Jack!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter? You look as if you were runnin' a blank mo'gue. Buck up, my deah boy! I made the old scoundrel come down propah," and he tapped his breast pocket joyously.

"See here, Major," I began, without any preliminaries, "I need five dollars to fix up a personal matter. I know it's too bad to ask for it just now when we're so short, but I've simply got to have it."

It was characteristic of the Major that he asked no prying questions; for it was a cardinal principle of his creed that a man would tell what he wanted known about his affairs, and that the rest was nobody's business. It was equally characteristic of him that he handed me a ten-dollar bill, instead of a five, and inquired anxiously:

"Are you sure that's enough, Jack? You mustn't let that dashed, Yankee, cheeseparin', pa'simonious streak in you get the upper hand."

I took the ten dollars and spent it for violets for Anita. Then I walked back to the café, where Emile was receiving an order from the Major which evidently inspired profound respect, and announced:

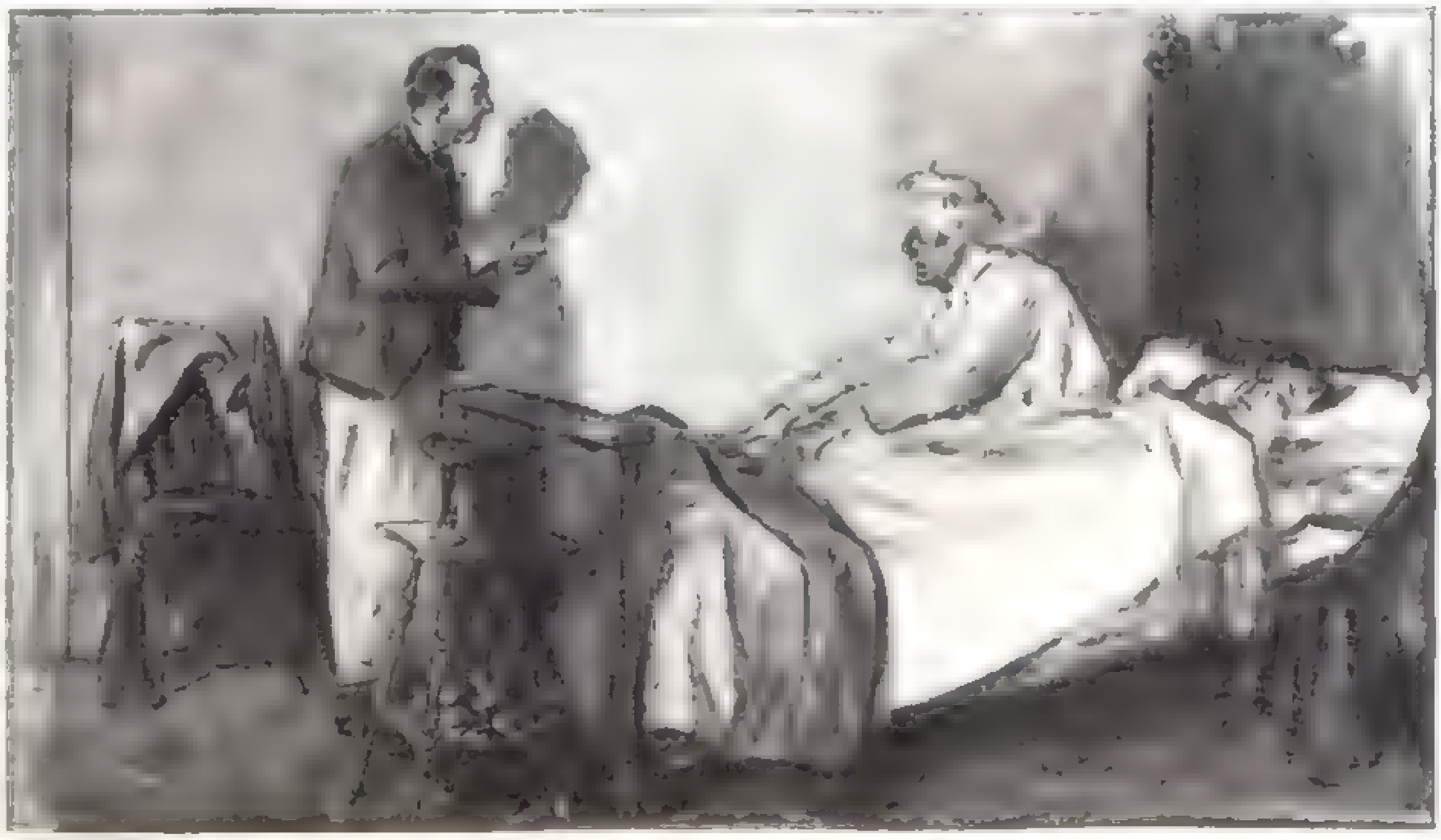
"That's attended to, Major, and I'm ready to start. The sooner, the better."

"You wouldn't say that, Jack, if you knew what I'd ordered fo' luncheon," the Major answered. "We're goin' to have a little fo'taste of paradise in the shape of some crab-meat Dewey—a dish, suh, that I should rather have carry my name down to posterity than the Battle of Manila Bay, and in sayin' that, suh, I do not underrate the impo'tance of that magnificent achievement."

"I've never tasted crab-meat Dewey," I admitted indifferently.

The Major smiled, but he gave me a rather keen look, I thought. "Then, suh, you are in fo' a tantalizin' fifteen minutes, fo' I'm goin' to fix it befo' yo' very eyes. Here we are now," he added, as Emile placed a lighted chafing-dish on the table.

It was a fine sight to see the Major skillfully blending crab-meat, fresh mushrooms and oyster crabs in a delicious Newburg sauce; stirring in chopped truffles, and,



"Oui, Cream of the Cow; Comprenez?"

from time to time, a few drops of sherry; sniffing the fragrant steam, now anxiously, now blissfully, as he fancied some lack or detected some new delight. I forgot my own troubles in watching his blessed labors, and, before the fifteen minutes was up, I had progressed from indifference to an absorption in crab-meat Dewey which makes all other human concerns seem unimportant. Then a final dash of sherry, a last critical sniff, a sigh of satisfaction, a "Quick, Emile," and the light was snuffed out. The masterpiece was done.

There wasn't a word spoken for five minutes, but the Major would beam across at me, and I would beam back at the Major. It was only with the second helping that we became communicative, and then, naturally, conversation drifted to our coming trip. The Major prophesied big things for it, arguing that with the Teddy Bear Grease to supplement his old standby, Lah Grippah, we should "sweep through the South like a devourin' plague of locusts, and leave it bare of half-dollars."

At that I ventured an observation. "I suppose you're right, Major, because you know the game, but how reasonable human beings can be conned into buying medicine on a street corner passes my understanding."

"They ain't reasonable human bein's, suh," the Major retorted. "There are mighty few reasonable human bein's in the world—not one to a thousand suckers. Men go around braggin' about their reason liftin' them above the lower animals, and then they don't use it. There's mo' Natchah-fakin' in all this pretendin' to be smarter than the lowly kine and the intelligent coon-dog than our honored President has dreamed of in his wildest moments. Most people get their ideas second-hand, and the fuller they are of holes, suh, the prouder they are of them. They walk down street with their shirt-tail stickin' out, and strut as if it was a bunch of ostrich plumes. Tell them anything loud enough, and often enough, and they'll believe it. Why, suh? Because they haven't been taught to think, but only to hear. They haven't been taught to doubt and then to believe, but to believe first. Blind faith is made a virtue, and the blinder yo' faith, the mo' virtuous you are. That's why the market fo' gold bricks is always firm and advancin', no matter how wheat is actin'. That's why so many of our countrymen will buy stock in any skin company that promises to perfo'm financial miracles, and not ask a solitary embarrassin' question until after they get the repo't of the coroner's jury that's sat on the remains. The fellow who said that a sucker was bo'n every minute didn't state the case correctly, suh; fo' suckers aren't bo'n, they're made—made, suh, by asinine methods of education which fo'ce a man to spend most of his time between twenty and thirty forgettin' what he learned between ten and twenty, if he's goin' to have any sense between thirty and fo'ty. I'd be a millionaire now, Jack, only I didn't begin forgettin' quite soon enough. Do I make myself clear? Do you follow me, suh?"

"I certainly do, Major, but it looks as if I might not be able to keep up," I laughed. "I not only haven't learned anything useful, but I haven't, like you, reached the point of forgetting anything useless."

"You will, though, Jack," the Major returned. "You have already. You've been caught young, and you're forgettin' a heap and learnin' a heap. I reckon a trip or two with me won't hurt you, and then, sooner or later, you're bound to turn up the big idea."

Something in the Major's manner gave me courage to voice the insistent doubt that had been worrying me ever since I had agreed to go with him to the East Shore. "Since we are on the subject, Major," I asked, "tell me how is our game—this Lah Grippah business—any better or different from any other skin game, except that the amount of money we take from each customer is small? I'd know from what you've just said, even if I hadn't known it before, that you wouldn't do anything which you didn't believe was square; I don't like to think that I would, and yet, when I hunt for right angles, our business seems to be, if not exactly crooked, at least a little out of drawing."

"You are mistaken, Jack," the Major replied earnestly. "We're simply humorin' people who have made a practice of poisonin' their systems with the most malignant drugs in materia medica every time they go ker-chew or have to wipe their noses a little oftener than usual, into takin' a harmless substitute and givin' Natchah a chance to do her healin' and beneficent work. The fifty cents a bottle that we charge is really a fee fo' this—er—almost philanthropic service. Our ma'gin of profit is large, I admit, but that is the—er—approved practice in all modern business, and distasteful as it may be to us personally, [illegible] we must adjust ourselves to the spirit of the times or be content to clerk fo' the System at a pitiful and soul-destroyin' wage. But we have the satisfaction of knowin' that in our business the means justify the profits, while with the hell-houn's of the System, suh, it's the profits that justify the blank means."

I gave it up, and tried to believe that the Major's arguments had convinced me, for I had to go along or starve, and even with its lining of crab-meat Dewey, or perhaps because of it, my stomach refused to subscribe to any program that included starvation. So our luncheon being finished, we paid Emile, and fared forth to seek the hospitable East Shore.

We stopped off at Baltimore, as it was the nearest large city to our destination, to order bottles and labels. When we found that it would be three or four days before the printer could let us have the latter, the Major suggested that we push right on to our first town and let the supplies follow us, as he had heard of a cozy little hotel where our living would be cheaper.

The hotel was all that the Major had promised. It was kept by one of those she-has-seen-better-days women, in a bully old Colonial mansion. The Major had insisted on our wearing frock coats when we left Baltimore, saying that we must now begin to dress up to our profession, and I was horrified on glancing over his shoulder, as he registered, to see that he had inscribed on the virgin page:

Old Doctor Jackson

Young Doctor Spurlock

Sole Proprietors of the Sterling, Time-Tried Remedy

Lah Grippah

and of

Teddy Bear Grease

The Tonic that Grows, Glosses and Glorifies the Hair

"That, Jack," he said to me in an aside, "is the first gun. It's free advertisin' and good advertisin'. Every yap in town will have a squint at that register befo' night, and be tellin' his friends about us."

We had a Southern dinner, cooked by an old mammy who must have fetched her weight in gold during the old slave days, and she was still worth it. First there was a chicken gumbo soup, and then a cold boiled Virginia ham, and hot fried chicken, with corn pudding, baked sweet potatoes and beaten biscuits. We seemed to be the only guests, and the Major, seated on the right of our innkeeper, was soon in high favor, for he praised everything in the good old Southern fashion, a succession of "Amazin's!" and "Wonderfuls!" bursting from his lips with each fresh proof of the cook's competence. And, someway, in this old white-wainscoted room, with its mellow mahogany furniture and its atmosphere of a past generation, his exaggerated gallantry and his high-flown compliments did not seem out of place. A faint color came into the faded cheeks of our hostess—perhaps a reflection of that in mine, for I blushed like a boy whenever she addressed me as Doctor Spurlock—and from deprecation of the Major's compliments she began gradually to progress to neighborhood gossip. "What a perfect con man the Major would make!" I thought, as I listened to her talk of the village grow more and more personal under his skillful questioning.

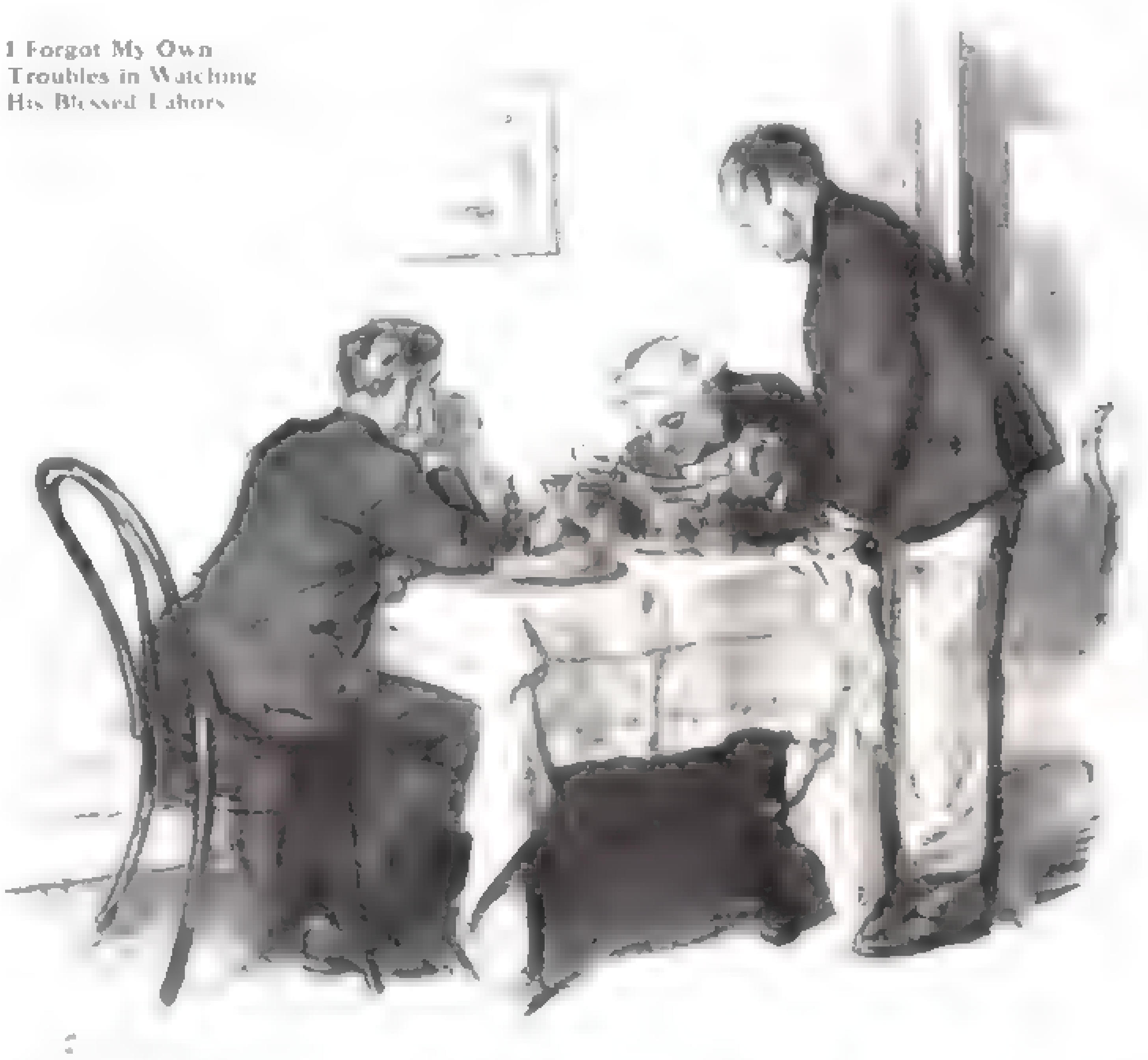
"And do you know, Doctor," she ran on, "that a real English nobleman, Lo'd Frothingham, is stopping with us right here in this hotel?"

The Major raised his eyebrows slightly. "And what, madam, might his lo'dship be doin' in these parts?" he inquired.

"Oh! it's such a romantic story, Doctor," she gushed. "He came over with the idea of buying a lot of land fo' a shooting preserve somewhere about here, and, quite by chance, he met Miss Roby and fell dead in love with her. That was only three weeks ago, and the wedding's set for next Tuesday."

"Quick work fo' an Englishman," was the Major's comment. "And the lady's parents—I presume they are agreeable?"

"Oh, she hasn't any, only two cousins, but they're disposed to be disagreeable. Want her to wait until the papers Lo'd Frothingham has sent fo', and his family jewels and the coronet get here. But Miss Roby's dead set—she's over fo'ty and her own mistress—and she says that she's going to prove her faith in her lover to all the world."


I Forgot My Own Troubles in Watching His Blessed Labors

"Then, madam, her confidence in him isn't shared by—er—all the world?"

"No, indeed, Doctor. Some folks reckon he isn't a lo'd at all, and that he's just after Miss Roby fo' her money, because he ain't a day over thirty and she's a good many days over fo'ty, though I will say that she don't look her years."

"Quite a disparity, madam; but true love is not only blind, but too gallant to ask a lady's age," and the Major gazed admiringly at our hostess. "And Miss Roby is, as you say, a lady of—er—prope'ty?"

"She owns one of the finest plantations on the East Sho', and then she has some money in stocks and such things. But I've seen enough to be sure that it's a real love match. Lo'd Frothingham is out there to dinner now, but when he gets back I'll introduce him to you, and then you can tell me what you think."

The Major promised, and, as we strolled out into the wide central hall which served as an office, he added to me:

"It looks as if we might find our wait here dashed amusin', Jack."

Along toward six o'clock we were sitting with our chairs tipped back against one of the columns of the portico, pretending to be reading our papers, but really listening to the languid gossip of the simple village fathers and their simpler sons, a dozen of whom were loafing near us, when we became conscious of a new focus of their curiosity; and, following their frank stares to their object, I saw a figure approaching that I knew at once must be Lord Frothingham.

It needed but one glance at his common, underbred face, handsome though it was in a cheap way, to tell me that his lordship was an impostor. And his first words of greeting to the men on the porch, spoken with a variety-stage English accent, made certainty a cinch. For Englishmen in the real Lord Frothingham's set speak a dialect which is as marked and as well defined as a negro's, and quite as inimitable in its finer turns and shades.

As I listened to this fellow I was seized with a wicked inspiration, which, when I confided it to the Major, made the old fellow's eyes twinkle. "Go ahead, Jack," he chuckled. "It'll be dashed amusin' to watch the blackguard squi'm."

I needed no urging. Slowly I lounged over to Lord Frothingham and slapped him heartily on the back.

"Hello, Frothy, old boy!" I exclaimed jovially. "What the deuce you doing here?"

Frothy old boy went white. "Beg pardon," he stammered, "but you have the advantage of me, really."

"Oh, come, old chap," I protested. "You must remember me. Met you at the Duke's last year. I'm Spurlock—Young Doctor Spurlock. Called in to help his Grace through that nasty spell of influenza. Dev'lish near thing for the old boy, wasn't it?"

"Aw, yes; I do remember," his lordship answered uneasily, and he grasped my extended hand with visible reluctance, though he was afraid, in the presence of the gaping men beside us, to ask any questions.

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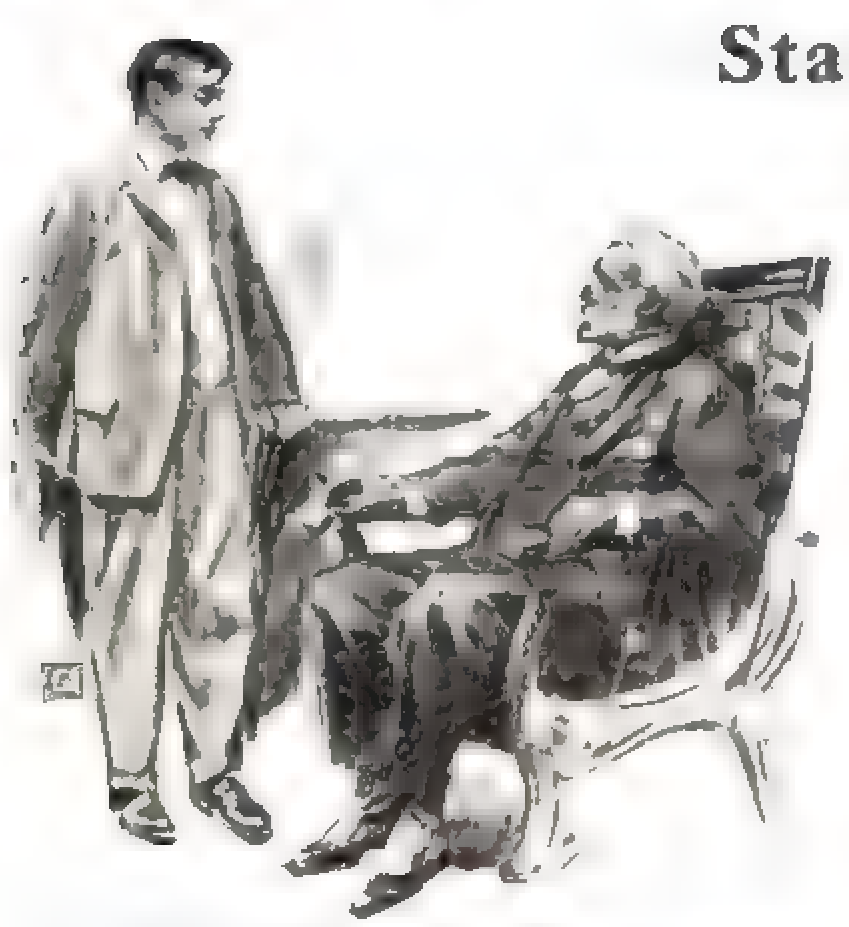
THE YOUNG LAWYER

Starting in and Building Up a Practice; What it Means and How it Pays



"Lawyer, Eh? Have You Any Idea What that Means?"

I

THE summer after I finished at the high school I made up my mind I wanted to become a lawyer. When I told my father, I got the answer I had expected. "Lawyer, eh? Have you any idea what that means? It means a fight from the start, and just about one chance in ten you'll be making a bare living at the end of five years. Once upon a time, I hoped you'd come into the business; I never thought you'd pick out this. Why, it's—preposterous! Look at Jack Lukens! At it, three years and his father pays most of the bills, while Jack keeps a chair warm. A lawyer? You're a fool!"

Just the same, I stuck to my decision. I hadn't made it in a hurry, and it was my idea that, if I wanted to be a lawyer hard enough, it was at the law I was most likely to succeed.

A lawyer friend to whom I went shook his head. "Nothing doing!" he said. "There isn't enough business now to go 'round."

But I remembered that almost every one said that about the business he was in. The longer I looked into it, and the more questions I asked, the clearer it became to me that the law wasn't any more crowded than any other profession, and probably not as much crowded as was medicine. Somehow, too, I got the notion, from what some of my friends *didn't* say, that the law offered an open field for a young fellow with energy and patience, provided he had his share of brains. I had patience and I had a fair amount of energy; my estimate of the brains was a private one which modesty forbids me disclose. Also, I should say that I didn't have far to go to satisfy myself that *some* lawyers were making plenty of money.

I have been practicing law now for five years, and I haven't materially changed my early opinions. If a man has a genuine liking for the profession, doesn't marry too early, and is willing to work hard for a few years without much money, his chances for success as a lawyer are about as big as he has any right to expect. If, in addition, he has some little money outside of what he earns at the law to tide him over the hardest spots in these early years, his task is a good deal easier. Perhaps, all this is a whole lot to ask of the average young man; if so, such an average young man is better out of it.

A Fair Inning for the Honest Worker

BUT even the fellow with limited brains gets a fair inning if only he shows himself to be in earnest. Law brings to every one of its followers many opportunities—legitimate opportunities, I mean—and among these a very few rich opportunities; moreover, it isn't always the man of the highest attainments who makes the most of such chances.

But there is plenty of hard sledding in the beginning. No one wants to forget that. And a good deal of this hard sledding is due to the young lawyer not being able to get people to give him a chance to show what he can do. Very few people are willing to take your name—which probably they never heard before—and the words "attorney-at-law" as guarantee for your individual ability to handle their particular cases; and, as a rule, when they do come across your sign, there is no one at hand to say to them: "Here's the man you want." Your family and a few personal friends are glad to say this much and, perhaps, more; but their opportunity to introduce you is limited. And other backing than that of our families and intimate friends few of us young lawyers have.

I have often wondered what proportion of men begin at the bar with only this limited influence and have little more to support them during the early years than what comes from their practice; and my own notion is that probably seventy-five per cent. do. So, while you may say that the right man in the right place is not long handicapped by an initial lack of influence or by lack of funds, and that his own ability will soon make for him what no amount of recommendation at the hands of others could accomplish, yet, for all that, a good word goes a long way in helping a fellow to the chance of proving that he has the right stuff in him.

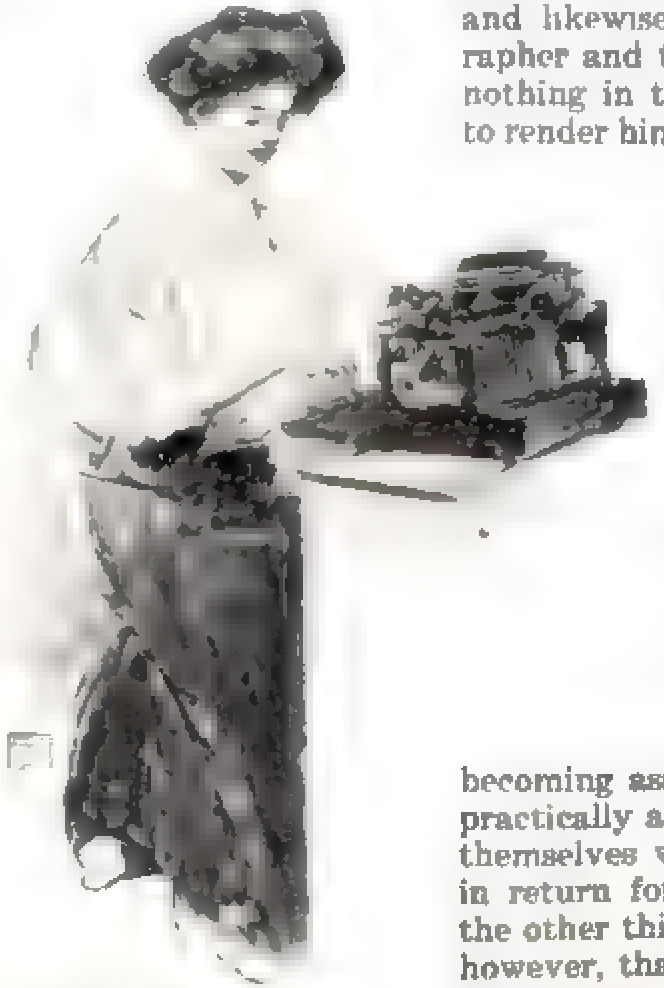
I am tempted to think that, perhaps, a third of us start in practice without funds sufficient to support us even through the first year, though this may be putting it a trifle stiffly. The guess of my friends is twenty per cent., but their estimate, I am inclined to think, does not take into account the large number of poor young men who are practicing in the country districts. However this may be, the reason for the prevailing lack of revenue at the start is plain enough.

The average young lawyer begins his practice after doing for several years what probably has not produced for him one cent of income. Whether he be a graduate of some college or university law school or has read law in an office, he has had little chance during his student years to earn enough even to pay his way, to say nothing of putting by anything for a rainy day. If he has been studying at a law school it is very likely that, so far as his personal account is concerned, he has chalked up against him a considerable balance in dollars and cents. If he has been reading law in a private office he is probably somewhat better off financially, but even then he has not been doing what puts him in the way of becoming immediately rich.

The Start Against Odds

NOT many years ago, the number of young men who prepared themselves in a lawyer's office very largely outnumbered those who started in with a college diploma. This condition, however, has been steadily modifying itself, and I think that possibly forty per cent. of the men who have hung out their shingles within the last two or three years could point also to sheepskins on their office walls. Of course, my ideas on this score are largely drawn from what I know of those around me in my own city. If I knew more about the early training of the great body of young lawyers who practice in the country it may be that I would have to readjust my estimate materially.

Among my immediate friends who are lawyers, there are only two who prepared themselves in private offices, and these men, by the way, are better grounded in the elements of law than any other two young men with whom I come in sufficiently close contact to rate intelligently. Remembering a good many hours which I wasted while I was at the law school, there are times when I wonder whether, if I had had another sort of training, I would not be much better off to-day, in knowledge of the law at least.



Likewise Entitled Us to the Services of His Stenographer

My own early study was done at the school of a widely-known seaboard college. I was one of forty men in my class, and I was a rather more diligent worker than were most of my classmates. At graduation I stood number nine, and though I am not able to say just what has since been accomplished by the eight men who stood ahead of me at that time, I think, judging from the work of two or three of them whose careers I have been able to follow, that I would to-day rank rather above than below the point at which I ranked at graduation. When I received my diploma, aside from the money which had gone to pay my college fees I was in debt to my father three hundred and fifty dollars. It was not until a little more than four years after graduation that I cleared myself of this debt and of another debt of equal amount, which represented what I borrowed from my father, also, to keep me afloat during the intervening time.

Going in on One's Own Hook

MY ACTUAL start at practice was made in my college city. A classmate with whom I had been thrown a good deal suggested that we take an office together, and this we did. From a man who was making slow headway we sublet a portion of a large room which he occupied in one of the older buildings of the city downtown and just outside of what was known as the legal district. Across the corner of this room we had a carpenter put up a half-glazed screen, and behind this screen we placed our two desks, bought at a second-hand store, and some shelves on which we arranged our books. These books were few in number. Some years before I would have been ashamed to think of having a client come into a future office of mine if so sparingly supplied with what I then regarded as the most impressive and, perhaps, more important feature of the furnishing of a lawyer's place of business. As it was, our spare row of books gave me slight concern. I had learned that the day when every lawyer found it essential to possess what was called a library had passed away. While, for his own convenience and measurably for his needs, the lawyer's office should still be furnished with the literature of his profession, the lack of this is now well supplied by the shelves of the law association libraries and of other public institutions.

This has reference, of course, only to the city lawyer. The practitioner in the small town or in the country district is at a disadvantage in that respect. For him, usually, either a more or less extensive library of his own or access to the well-stocked library of another man is a necessity.

In the case of my associate and myself it was part of our arrangement with the man from whom we sublet office room that we should have the use of his books, of which he had a fair stock. Moreover, fortunately, we were within fifteen minutes' ride of the excellent library of our college and but a few blocks distant from two large public libraries

Our arrangement with our "landlord" included the right to have our names upon the hall-door of the office, and likewise entitled us to the services of his stenographer and to the use of his telephone. But there was nothing in the arrangement by which we were expected to render him legal assistance or he us, though, as a matter of fact, many times both of us did this willingly enough. It had been proposed by him that we should make such a co-operative arrangement, but I had been warned by a man in whom I had confidence that this would probably result in making my chum and myself little better than working assistants to the older man, and that we would have few chances to practice on our own account. So I held out for absolute independence in the matter of practice.

My chum has always contended that this was a mistake on my part. Again and again, he has called to my attention other young men who started in by becoming assistants to older men—in some cases acting practically as law clerks—and who had thus familiarized themselves with the actual workings of the law, while, in return for their services, they secured office room and the other things free of expense. I cannot see, even now, however, that in our case we would have been any better off if we had done his way. In fact, I rather think that the older man would have laid down on us and that the moderate paying practice which we have individually collected would have been a little slower in coming to us than has been the case.

All told, our office and equipment the first year cost the two of us three hundred and sixty dollars, and this seems to be not far from the average expense account. A friend of mine has let me look at his books for the first year of practice. They show: For rent of part of office, $150; for share of expense of stenographer, $75; for law-books, stationery, telephone, etc., $100.

Another young lawyer who, at one time, acted as assistant to an older man in a city office, tells me that he received his office rent, a stenographer and telephone in lieu of salary. He estimates that, if he had been paid a salary, judging from the experience of his friends, it would have been from four hundred to five hundred dollars a year. Perhaps, a maximum and minimum table of expenses for a young lawyer who does not occupy the whole of an office would read, for the first year, something like this:

	Minimum	Maximum
Office rent	$100	$300
Stenographer . . .	50	150
Books, stationery, etc. .	20	50
	$170	$500

The expenses of a young man who occupied his own office and who had the services of a stenographer, either for part of the day or for all of it, might be reckoned as follows:

	Minimum	Maximum
Office rent	$200	$300
Stenographer . . .	150	450
Books, stationery, etc. .	75	100
	$425	$850

The same friend who let me look at his own books supplies me with the following statement, representing the expenses of a young man practicing in a small town or country district:

	Minimum	Maximum
Office rent	$100	$200
Stenographer . . .	50	350
Books, stationery, etc. .	100	300
	$250	$850

It will be noticed that, in the country, rent and stenographic expenses average rather less than they do in the city. To balance the saving thus made, there is the increased item for books, due to the absence of public law libraries in many country districts. It may also be said, however, that, in both the country and the city, many young lawyers reduce their expenses by forming partnerships or by organizing in groups for the purpose of sharing such expenses as may be shared.

Generally speaking, it does not pay a lawyer to try to do his typewriting himself. Such typewriting generally looks what it is—the work of an amateur—and tends to bring discredit upon the lawyer among those of his clients who are at all particular. On the other hand, many young men do cut down their expenses at the very beginning by contenting themselves with no more than desk room in some older man's office, as often can be done for not over five dollars a month; the right to use the office telephone costing them, maybe, two dollars a month, and typewriting, perhaps, not over seven dollars a month more.

When a Man's Single

IN A GENERAL way, the special expenses of the young lawyer, if they may be called special, are mentioned in the tables above. To these, however, might be added yearly dues for membership in those clubs or associations connected with the profession or of a social character which the young lawyer thinks are useful to join because of what they may bring to his practice. In a broad way, such clubs and associations probably are useful, though, in my own case, I have not been able to trace to them directly enough business to make me sure that they are worth while, professionally considered. Just how much they add to one's expense account, of course, depends entirely upon the individual; fifty dollars a year might be a minimum figure, one hundred and fifty dollars a maximum.

I have, obviously, considered here only the expenses which are connected with the young lawyer's practice. His expenses outside of the office—those of living, of course, are just what they would be in the case of any other young man of the same walk in life and of the same habits. If he is married, aside from the additional expense involved for living, the lawyer is, perhaps, further handicapped by being unable to give as much time to business after office hours as he would be able to give if he were a bachelor. It may be that it is of actual advantage to him in the end not to be able to carry his business home with him, though I must feel that I myself would have seriously missed those hours of study and planning which, again and again, I put in of an evening in my room.

As a matter of fact, so far as I can judge, very few lawyers marry during the first few years of their practice—possibly not more than ten per cent., though this is a mere guess. The reason for so few men marrying is the all-sufficient one that they have not the money to support a wife. Indeed, from a business viewpoint, I am pretty sure that, aside from any question of comfort, the young lawyer owes it to himself during the first few years to employ every cent he can make in pushing forward his individual interests, and this he can do only when making the fight single-handed. His attitude toward the world during those first years comes pretty nearly being one of bluff, and few things support a bluff more stiffly than keeping up appearances—that is, having an office convenient to clients, where the man is thrown by proximity more or less among men of his own profession, and in which he is to be found wearing at least the surface indications of prosperity. The client who goes away with the idea that his lawyer is a busy, self-reliant man is almost certain to share in the impression of confidence which the lawyer seeks to convey, and, other things being equal, to stick by him. In fact, almost anything, honesty and energy excepted, may profitably be sacrificed to the task of putting on a good front. As one of my picturesque clients phrases it: "It's the fat sow that gets greased."

Our Spare Row of Books Gave Me Slight Concern

There's a truth in that saying, even if it be not poetry. And the good front that makes the "fat sow" may almost wholly be made and be wholly marred by the attention or lack of attention which the young lawyer gives to his office and to his dress and person. The poor client may not know the difference between a domestic rug and a Smyrna rug, and may be satisfied, so far as the office is concerned, if a cuspidor is handy; but also from such a client the lawyer, as a rule, may expect the lowest fees. Moreover, as a general thing, it is to be observed that the man who is slovenly in dress is very often uncertain in the conduct of his business. In spite of the reputation of lawyers as a class for being careless in regard to papers and correspondence intrusted to their keeping, it remains true that no profession demands more exacting attention to detail than does the law.

My associate and myself, at one time, were, as we have confessed to each other, smitten with the idea that our great opportunity lay in the practice of criminal law. Its dramatic possibilities and the interest which many criminal cases arouse in the public attracted us, and we saw ourselves famous as pleaders in great murder cases.

I myself began to study law with the firm intention of becoming a criminal lawyer. Long before I graduated from the law school, however, my mind had been disabused of this idea; for every one of experience with whom I had talked told me there was little or no money to be made at the criminal bar, at least, until a man had been at it a good many years, and that little reputation of the sort I would want would result from the connection. In proof they pointed to the comparatively small number of men who accepted criminal cases, except when compelled to by circumstances. One of our largest cities, I may mention, now has about three thousand lawyers, of whom possibly four hundred make criminal law their specialty. And this probably is a representative showing.

The average young lawyer, during his first few years, is apt to mix in a little criminal law, partly for the experience it gives him in pleading and in evidence, partly because, in the early years of his career, he cannot well afford to refuse any kind of practice which offers itself. As his civil practice grows, however, he is almost certain to edge away from the criminal bar. He soon learns that "business," which is synonymous with money-making, is closely identified with the practice of civil law; while criminal law has very little to do with business and, largely on that account, possesses few opportunities for making money. Indeed, in this country, the criminal law has a bar that is almost its own—made up of men who are less generally scrupulous in methods than are the civil practitioners, though many of them have very keen and intelligent minds.

The Criminal Bar and its Chances

IN THE country districts the situation is somewhat different, because the average country lawyer must be ready to turn in on almost any kind of case. Consequently, the country lawyer is generally a better all-round man than is his city brother. It may be added that his professional standing is generally higher than that of the criminal practitioner of the city.

To go back to the main issue—to the question of what should be done by the young man who contemplates giving his time to the practice of criminal law—I would say, out of my own experience, Don't! I have in mind a fellow in my class who, as soon as he graduated took a small office in a dingy building near the city courts, hung out a sign under his window, about six feet by nine feet, and proceeded to fill the pockets of the tipstaves, policemen and ward-heelers with his cards, at the same time letting these worthies know that he would split his fees with them on all cases which they brought to his office. He tried, I think, some three hundred criminal cases in his first year, and his fees from these cases were almost exclusively from the suffering, the criminal and the insane. In the aggregate, the fees were large for one of his experience, and he is now known as a successful criminal lawyer. But he is hardly tolerated by the profession at large, and he has, I believe, lost caste as a gentleman even among his non-professional acquaintances.

To be a successful criminal lawyer you must keep your clients out of jail, and to keep out of jail the average man who comes to you for legal aid you generally have to *manufacture* evidence; the simple fact being that at least one-third of the small criminals you are employed to defend are guilty, as you are soon forced to recognize.

A good many criminal lawyers make from twelve hundred to twenty-five hundred dollars a year; it would be difficult for me to fix the amount more accurately. Some of the big men, of course, get whacking fees and remain altogether honorable gentlemen. I could give the names of at least five men in my city who to-day reap rich incomes from criminal practice alone, and whose real start was simultaneous with the skillful handling of a sensational criminal case.

My associate and myself during the first year of practice made five hundred and forty dollars. In our second year we took in a little over eleven hundred dollars, in our third year about eighteen hundred. This certainly is not making big money, but I believe we did as well as does the average man.

From the estimates of my friends I should judge that a low and high figure for the earnings of the average young lawyer during the first three years would be about as follows:

	Minimum	Maximum
First year	$150	$600
Second year . .	300	800
Third year	600	1200

The friend who showed me his books informs me that, in the first year, he took in four hundred and twenty dollars, in the second year nine hundred dollars, in the third year seventeen hundred dollars. He added that some special work given him by a friend entered into his total earnings for the third year, and that the seventeen hundred dollars, therefore, was not to be accepted without explanation.

What Should a Man Charge?

HIS friend in the country whom I have already quoted took in from fees in the same years four hundred dollars, eight hundred dollars and eleven hundred dollars. An acquaintance to whom I put the question of income from practice said that it was more provocative of lies than any other single question he ever had to answer, and added cheerfully: "For myself I made three hundred dollars my first year; six hundred dollars my second year; fifteen hundred dollars my third year. My smallest fee was forty cents; fifty cents I asked for, and forty cents I got. This magnificent fee was from a petty criminal case which I tried before a magistrate during my first month at the bar."

The whole question of fees is one that leads the young lawyer to a good deal of guessing, and this subject I shall take up in another paper.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers on the law as a field for young men.

F. L. FITHIAN
—1907

Fees Lead to Guessing

OUR EXPATRIATES

By a Provincial Patriot

THE Provincial American, just back from six months in Italy, brought home with him a lot of low and vulgar impressions that clamored for expression. Because he was snobbishly ashamed of not catching the cultivated and cosmopolitan viewpoint, he has so far painfully suppressed himself. But, now that one of our Expatriates has blossomed into type and has given so chaste an example of the result of European suavity and politeness in making criticism, if not kindly, at least courteous and urbane, the Provincial American feels impelled to speak. A new display of pitiful, provincial narrowness cannot further prejudice the cause of a people already completely crushed by the delicately contemptuous scorn of a pen dipped in Gallic subtlety and acidulous innuendo. Nor, of course, can a dirty hand, armed with a meat-cleaver from the Chicago stockyards, hope to parry the rapier-thrusts of white fingers which have worn for so many boasted years the gray suède gloves of artistic and expatriotic idleness. This shall be merely a fresh exhibition of incurable American bumptiousness and of the national inability to appreciate the soothing and soul-satisfying influences of centuries of complicated and highly-cultured civilization.

The worst of it is that the Provincial went to Italy in what he thought was a properly chastened and humble frame of mind. He knew that he was raw and uncouth; that his manners were rude and lacking in grace. How he hoped that by observation and by possible contact with an occasional cavalier he might polish a few of his roughest corners and come home a little better able to appreciate, at least, the nice refinements and fine courtesies of life!

One day in Naples he drove through the narrow cañon of the Via Tribunali, where the swarming poor live and move and spend their time in the filthy gutters which meet in the centre of the ten-foot street. That was, of course, a Thomas Cooky thing to do, but the Provincial somehow gloried in the vivid colors, the more vivid smells, and the utterly informal vitality and unconsciousness of it all. That may have been because it reminded him of home.

At the Mercato, where, under the shadow of the old city wall, one has the opportunity to buy little devilfish and other sea delicacies, he dismissed the bandit who had beaten his lame, decrepit and harness-sore horse until provincial sympathy could stand the sight no longer, and took a street car for his albergo on the heights. At the next stopping station an impressive gentleman took the seat in front. He was tall, with a long, curled and perfumed black beard. Every detail of his attire, from the polished silk hat to the white spats and gray silk gloves, was at once a reproof and an inspiration. He wore an ancestral seal ring on the outside of one of his silk-gloved fingers and carried a jaunty bamboo cane with a crooked handle. In the buttonhole of his long, brown coat was looped a knot of red ribbon. One caught the look of calm hauteur on his face; noted the easy grace with which he twirled his stiff mustaches, and felt, instinctively, how base a thing it is to be a tourist from the Middle West. Here, said the Provincial American to himself, I shall begin my study of that quiet repose, that instinctive politeness, which marks the real gentleman, product of years of training and aristocratic inheritance.

A Lesson in Good Manners

PRESENTLY, the cavalier—one learned later that he was a prominent member of the Neapolitan bar—lifted his little cane and with a graceful gesture essayed to signal his desire to dismount at the next station. Unfortunately the crook of his cane did not catch the bell-rope, but, instead, a small iron brace near the top of the car. That slight error, however, escaped the attention of the gentleman who made it. In time, the car swept past the station at which he had intended to stop. On the instant the proud scion of a noble race sprang to his feet, brandished both hands high above his head and screamed so loudly that the Provincial American feared that he had been suddenly attacked by insanity. Again the scream was repeated, but an imperfect knowledge of the language made it impossible to understand more than that a somewhat slighting allusion to the ancestry of the conductor was coupled with a fervid appeal to the Deity. Forthwith a figure, to which was attached a long, brass horn and various packs of parti-colored tickets, projected itself at the front of the car and screamed back a shriller and more vicious answer, waving above its cap of servitude a punch in one hand and half a sausage in the other. Rose then eight other passengers, old men wagging venerable beards, youths with purple waistcoats and yellow shirts, middle-aged gentlemen of substance and good living, and shrieked forth their contributions to that soul-terrifying and ear-splitting debate. The air was full of tightly-knotted silk gloves and liquid Italian vowels. Fearful for his personal safety in that den of lions, the tourist stealthily felt for his lethal weapon and glanced over his shoulder to see whether Vesuvius was not erupting out of sympathy. But that deceptive mountain was silent.

The Bah Bahs! of Rome

FOR four blocks farther the car swept on unnoticed, passengers and conductor entirely wrapped up in the expression of their mutual regard for each other. Then, apparently of its own volition, it stopped. The gentleman in silk hat and white spats descended to the street. His back was eloquent of high-bred dignity and aristocratic resentment. Daintily he picked his way to the sidewalk. There he suddenly remembered something he had forgotten to say to the conductor. Though the car was already three blocks away his remarks were perfectly audible, and, when he concluded by spitting in the direction of the person in brass buttons, the Provincial felt certain that the menial would never again forget the respect properly due a representative of the higher orders.

Doubtless, one of the reasons why the Expatriate finds life in the States impossible for him lies in the fact that the serving classes in America have not been taught—by such lessons as this—what a gulf separates them from their betters.

When the Provincial reported these observations his crass ignorance was properly rebuked. "One does not expect to find decent manners on a tram-car, nor, for that matter, anywhere else in this filthy city of Naples. Wait until you get to Rome."

Before leaving next day for the Imperial City he had one further example of the innate courtesy so characteristic of the people. He had come up from the old dungeons of Castel Nuovo, where, in open coffins, are kept the mummified remains of three ancient nobles. Ferdinand of Aragon had invited them to dinner in the castle one evening five hundred years ago and, after dinner, had begged them to step downstairs for a moment. There they had been strangled to death. They were rebellious barons, and Ferdy had them turned into mummies so that, when he felt like gloating, he might slip down and say, "Ha! Ha!" to all that was left of them. One of the late barons still had quite a pained expression on his face, as if he felt that his Majesty had been a bit abrupt.

The Provincial American was a trifle confused when he got back into the sunlight. Wishing to go to the post-office, he ventured to stop a gentleman who happened to be passing and, in his best Italian, begged to be directed. The gentleman lifted his Panama hat, with its gay ribbon, and smiled brilliantly. It would be the greatest pleasure in the world. For two blocks he walked with the tourist and then, at a corner, stopped and pointed to the post-office building.

The Provincial returned fervid thanks. He felt embarrassed by such an exhibition of kindness to a stranger. But now there was a distinct frown on the high-bred brow of his informant. In what way had he failed to show proper appreciation of the courtesy? Suddenly there came an inspiration. From his change pocket the Provincial took a ten-centesimo piece—in size and value the equivalent of our vulgar two-cent coin—and dropped it into the gray kid glove so daintily extended. Forthwith the frown vanished and that brilliant smile flashed again. So near had the tourist from the Middle West come to showing a boorish lack of the nice amenities of life.

Rome then! And fifteen miles away the old town of Frascati, where the noble old villas stand gray and white against the green mountainside. In the first-class waiting-room of the little station the Provincial sat. At the door stood a guard in gold-laced cap to see that the vulgar were kept without.

From one of the villas half a dozen carriages brought down a gay company to the railway station. The daughter of a Roman Count had just been married and the bridal party was coming to take the train. In came bride and bridegroom, sisters and aunts, mothers and uncles, all in their gayest attire. The groom stood five feet two in his pointed little shoes, flashing beneath white spats. The stockyards eye reckoned him at one hundred and seven pounds. His long, white, cutaway coat was moulded about his trim waist, and across his shoulders, suspended by a patent-leather strap, swung a dainty little satchel, quite large enough to hold a lace handkerchief and a bottle of smelling salts. In his buttonhole was a large red rose.

Papa, the Count, came last to the door of the waiting-room, holding up a sheaf of tickets. The vulgar guard counted them and insisted that there were not enough bits of pasteboard. Papa, the Count, denounced him as a dog. The guard raised his voice to a fury and called down maledictions on all the illustrious family. The hot, noble blood of Papa, the Count, boiled. The blue veins stood out on his marble brow. His black eyes stuck far out from their sockets. With bended knees he squatted down until his coat-tails dragged on the floor. Then, with an overpowering burst of aristocratic rage, he shrieked "Bah!" at the guard, so loudly as to drown the rumble of the approaching train. In slavish imitation the guard also squatted and exploded his "Bah!" at Papa, the Count.

These alternate discharges of heavy artillery continued for some moments, until the pretty little bride saw the engine of their train puff past the window and cried an alarm. Then Papa, the Count, stopped firing and rushed to seize the bridegroom in his arms, kissing him upon the nose until the modest youth blushed hotly. On his release from the paternal-in-law embrace he was captured by the bride's uncle, who was a large and portly gentleman. His aristocratic efforts to plant a chaste salute on some portion of the bridegroom's countenance were desperate, but hopeless. The most his physical proportions would allow him to accomplish was to muss the bridegroom's back hair.

As the train pulled away for the city of the Cæsars the door of the first-class waiting-room suddenly burst open. Out on to the platform sprang the guard, his figure distorted, his face livid with rage. High over the ringing of the engine and the blowing of the whistle sounded his triumphant and bloodthirsty "BAH!"

The Garb of the Governess

IN FLORENCE—stern, sombre Firenze, which the ancients built to guard the ford across the Arno—the Provincial had a friend, an Expatriate of twenty years' standing, but who still retains a passionate and vulgar love for the wide, green prairies of his native Iowa. On a Sunday afternoon there came to call at the grim, old palace where the friend lives, Madame the Contessa. As she gave him her white hand, heavy with flashing rings, Jones, once of Grundy Centre, bent and kissed it with what seemed to the Provincial a truly courtly grace. And when the great lady had driven away in her victoria the Provincial gave expression to his feeling.

"That sort of pretty little attention," he said, "does make a boor from Chicago feel ashamed of himself and his countrymen. You can teach us a lot in the way of gallantry and devotion to women."

"Gallantry! Devotion to women!" burst out Jones, by way of an oath. "Listen. Last year I sent to London for a governess for my children. She was the daughter of a rural dean—a young girl of cultivation and refinement. When she came to Florence she wore a sort of a uniform—a long blue cloak and a bonnet with white strings. Within a month she had to take the uniform off, never to put it on while she stays in Italy. Why? Because to your Italian gentleman any woman who is obliged to work for her living, in any way, is considered a proper subject for the grossest insults. Miss G—— was identified by her costume as a governess, and she had some terrible experiences before she gave it up. Now, she has less trouble, but—I speak out of twenty years' experience—a young and pretty woman is hardly safe anywhere in this country unless she is accompanied by a man."

In Florence, too, the Provincial learned the clever Italian method of identifying a gentleman at first sight. Incidentally, also, it explains a puzzling Chinese custom. One simply glances at the nail on the little finger of the right hand of the stranger. If the nail project from one-half to three-quarters of an inch beyond the end of the finger one may be sure that its possessor is a real gentleman, for, if he worked with his hands for a living, he could not possibly keep the treasured proof of his gentility intact. How much more delicate and refined is this than our coarse and vulgar plan of looking a man up in Bradstreet.

The Big Name for Small Wages

BUT, for that matter, nobody works for wages in Italy, anyhow. That statement is true in several senses. It is certain, in the first place, that the guild of American washladies would never dignify one lira a trifle less than twenty cents—a day by calling it wages. Yet for that sum one may enjoy the services of an expert laundress in Florence. He may employ an expert butler or coachman for from $5 to $7 a month—the menial boarding and lodging himself. Yet note how the ancient and courtly civilization considers the feelings of even these humble folk. No one ever mortifies them by referring to their base and degrading wages. There is no such word in the language. What they get is their salary. He who is paid more than $1 a day casually refers to his stipendium, while your professional man never soils his long finger-nail with anything less impressive than an honorarium. The Provincial, who pays his hired girl a vulgar $8 a week, with board and lodging, came home feeling that here was a suggestion for the settlement of the labor problem in America. The next time there is a dispute with the Iron Moulders' Union let us spare its members the disgrace of drawing wages of $4 a day by offering them a stipendium of $3.50 per diem. In this way we may humbly profit by adopting the fine courtesy which makes life in Italy so soothing to the Expatriate.

In each of his "fortunately few" visits to the States—little he realizes how happy his choice of that word "fortunately"—the Expatriate finds fresh cause for complaint in the officious interference of government officials with his personal liberty. "In the lands we love people acquire the habit of not being officially molested in the thousand little things that make up our personal daily existence." Having just had his underwear microscopically examined on the docks in New York the Provincial humbly expresses the hope that his hearty, if somewhat coarse, indorsement of the Expatriate's fine indignation may not further disturb those delicate sensibilities. It is true they do those things better in Italy. At the custom-house in Naples there was at first an apparent inclination to investigate the contents of one's steamer-trunk, but this prying disposition was quickly satisfied at sight of a five-lira piece, and, with exquisite courtesy, the attendant made cabalistic chalk-marks on the bottom of the trunk and allowed the facchino to carry it away unopened.

On the way to the hotel the Provincial noticed innumerable soldiers—little, underfed men, in mildewed uniforms, standing like clothing dummies in front of long, empty palaces. He learned that instead of interfering with the personal liberty of its subjects the government gives every one of its sons a compulsory opportunity to serve a number of years in the army, thus assuring them all the benefits of military training. From this privilege the sons of the Expatriate—if he should be so vulgar as to have any are shut off by the fact of their American citizenship. But, doubtless, once the matter is called to his attention, he will hasten to renounce a connection with a government he despises, to the end that his descendants may enjoy all the privileges of residence abroad.

America is also, of course, trust-ridden. One grasping monopoly, for instance, controls the sugar market, and we are obliged to pay $1 for nineteen or twenty pounds of that necessity of life.

In Italy all is different. There the government, which does not meddle with the personal affairs of the people, except by way of protecting them from commercial rapacity, long ago determined that no trust should get a foothold. So it took control of the sugar business itself. And now the laundress, earning her twenty cents a day, may satisfy her sweet tooth at any government sugar shop at the rate of eighteen cents a pound. So with tobacco and cigars. The trust may strive in vain for any hold on the Italian smoker. For the protection of the people the government had turned tobacconist. And even the American tourist may buy at any governmental *bureau de tabac* long, attenuated "rat-tails," consisting of jet black leaves wrapped about a central straw, which will make him realize to the full the horror of the sumptuary legislation against the smoking of cigarettes passed by the loathsome commonwealth of Indiana. Out of the profits of the tobacco monopoly alone, it may be stated on the authority of the King himself, the Italian Government pays all the expenses of its navy.

Salt is another prime necessity of life in the manufacture and sale of which the Italian Government finds it necessary to interfere in order to protect its subjects from trust rapacity. Anywhere on the peninsula salt may be bought, with the government guarantee behind it, at from fifteen to twenty cents a pound. As a part of its anti-salt-trust propaganda the government finds it necessary to keep a careful supervision over the sea-bathing habits of its subjects. Before an Italian may dip a quart bucket of water out of the ocean he must get a special government permit. Expatriate need not be surprised if at any time the inspectors who patrol the shore propose to subject him to an X-ray examination to determine whether he has not illicitly seasoned his luncheon by swallowing the crest of a wave.

But, in this case again, he will probably be able, if he can conquer the shame it gives him, to escape the examination by pleading his American citizenship.

A Noble Army of the Leisure Class

EXPATRIATE scores heavily when he points out how the degrading American passion for work has contaminated the whole people. From the strenuous person in the White House, who settles wars, fights octopi with his bare hands, and nails the hide of the Nature-faker to the barn-yard fence, to the gentleman who removes the garbage, we plead guilty to a certain joy in doing well our daily task. It is humiliating, but true.

In Italy how great the contrast! There is King Victor Emmanuel, a modest, kindly young man, who enjoys a personal allowance of six or seven million dollars a year from his loving subjects. His prime object in life is the collection of postage-stamps. And he has one of the finest collections in the world. In Rome there is a noble Count who spends each pleasant afternoon driving three horses abreast at a gallop through the public gardens on the Pincian Hill, lending variety and charm to life by cursing at the top of his voice if any plebeian is careless enough to get run over by his equipage. And anywhere in Italy one may find a thousand beggars asleep in the sun who have learned the great secret that there is nothing disgraceful about sheer idleness.

So, if, by any mischance, Expatriate should be unwillingly separated from his dirty American money, he may still enjoy the thoroughly delightful society of a professional leisure class.

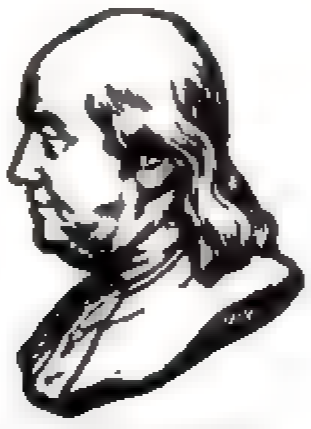
The Glories of Modern Architecture

BUT, let it not be inferred that to the Provincial there came no touch of the grandeur that was Rome. Little red guide-book in hand and a couple of volunteer guides yelping unbidden at his ear, he visited the Forum, stood in awe before the vast bulk of the Colosseum, climbed the hillside to view the towering ruins of the palace of the Cæsars, looked upward to the great rounded dome of the Pantheon, and, in a hundred times and places, felt the pomp of those great days when a hundred thousand slaves toiled and died in nameless misery to the glory of one imperial name. He saw, as the casual tourist may see, St. Peter's, the Lateran, a score of the three hundred great churches in Rome, the Duomo in Florence, St. Mark's in Venice, and he was impressed over and above their beauty and their grandeur with the fact that here are dedicated to the glory of God the greatest collections of stolen property in the world, ornamented, in many cases, with the chapels and marvelous marble tombs of more red-handed murderers and miscellaneous malefactors than would populate a ward in Hades.

But they are all old—gray and hoary with age—these wonders of art and architecture. The Provincial looked about him for proofs of what the heirs of all the ages are doing to live up to their great birthright. In Naples, on the steep hillside rising from the bay, he found a wonderful new villa. It is supported by terraces of imitation stone, and about the top are carved marble palm trees, with marble lizards coyly running up the marble trunks and marble turtle-doves roosting in the marble branches. The Provincial gazed and forgave Milwaukee for the cast-iron dogs that pursue cast-iron deer across the front lawns of its wealthy brewers. In Rome, next door to the palace of the Dowager Queen, he saw another new palace, the great entrance to which is fantastically carved to represent the entrance to a cave. From its roof hang down marble stalactites, while marble stalagmites rise to meet them from the floor. In Rome also the government has built a great new Treasury Palace, at a cost of more millions than the Italian strong-box is ever likely to contain at any one time. And—from the architectural standpoint—there is no one of forty State Capitols which needs to fear comparison with it. While over across the Tiber there is now rising a Palace of Justice more offensively hideous than anything our worst public architect has been able to conceive.

When the Provincial American sees what these modern pygmies are doing in the midst of the antique splendor to which they were born he blushes no longer for his native Oshkosh. He is reminded rather of Kipling's story of The King's Ankus, in which is told the tale of the Banderlog, or Monkey People, living in the ruins of the deserted city of a forgotten Indian king. And, with that thought in mind, it is easy to understand, after all, how a native American, the heir to nothing more virile than a couple of tainted millions, might come, by way of the monkey-dinners of Newport, to boasting himself an Expatriate.

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST


REG U S PAT OFF

FOUNDED A.D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 26, 1907

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ It is only a cat who tries to be kittenish.

¶ It's a wise girl who knows when she's won.

¶ It is hard for an old toady to learn new licks.

¶ It is better to rise with the lark than to go on one.

¶ When Homers nod, we are all ready to return the bow.

¶ Between a rogue and a fool, the rogue is the safer confidant.

¶ Most men have a high aim, but only one in a thousand is a good shot.

¶ Some women's heads are turned by flattery—and some by peroxide.

¶ The Devil takes his time, but he always spurts on the home-stretch.

¶ The joys of solitude are about the only ones that are missed by the man who advertises.

Nature's Doings and Man's

WE HAVE some quite flattering trade reports from Russia—not rosy, of course, but a silverish gray, suitable for lining a dark cloud. There is still famine. People are starving fairly within sight of fat wheat lands. The government is entirely impotent except for evil. The people wander circuitously. But there are exports, bank clearings, gold reserve upon which sickly hope may feed.

In South Africa, on the other hand, is much depression. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach regretfully announces a reduction of the bank dividend. Agriculture is doing very well, and the remainder of South Africa, economically considered, is just gold and diamonds.

But, for all this loose wealth and obvious opportunity to add to it by cultivating natural resources, finances have been bungled. Business is in a bad way. With shiploads of precious metal and precious stones the country is in for a severe pinch.

Possibly there are moments when Nature wonders how that theory that man is endowed with reason originated.

The Swift Canal

WE MUST have waterways not only because they are cheaper, but because they are so much faster than railroads.

Congressman Madden, of Illinois, who is extensively engaged in the stone business, relates that when his company loads one of its cars at the Joliet quarries, consigned to itself at Chicago, five days elapse, on an average, before the stone is delivered and the car returned, while the company's boats, operating on the Drainage Canal, make the round trip in one day.

This experience, without doubt, typifies that of very many shippers. Speed is no longer a quality of railroad freight service except for a few who, like the Standard Oil Company, maintain an elaborate organization to keep cars moving, or, like the fruit growers, pay a good premium to private-car companies for the same benefit.

It is even alleged that, for the ordinary shipper, the average movement of freight by rail is about twenty-five miles a day. That beats an ox-team by a neck; but, beside it, the blunt-snouted and dingy-winged Mercury of the raging canal looks like the limited express as it appears, in its fleeting act of devouring distance, to the inhabitants of Lone Ellum, Indiana.

In ten years, with an increase of twenty-two per cent. in mileage, freight movement by rail has increased one hundred and twenty per cent. The service is not only overloaded; at times it is overwhelmed, and cars containing thousands of tons move no miles whatever per day.

Mr. Hill says railroad building is at an end. Of course, he is mistaken; but the building will not be fast enough.

The important fault to be found with the Lakes-to-Gulf waterway and the deepening of the Erie Canal is that they were not undertaken ten years ago. The country's business needs them to-day.

They Conquered the World

FERRERO sees in Cæsar a man so nearly commonplace that he says of the great imperator: "Under twentieth-century conditions he might have become a captain of industry in the United States."

Think of that! Cæsar's Commentaries were merely a promoter's prospectus.

The account would be very different, the historian thinks, if we had the other side. Catching Pompey short of the market he engineered a corner and broke him. In the Egyptian venture he came within an ace of getting frightfully stung; while, in pretending to maintain a republic and packing the senate with his Gauls, we at once recognize the modern devices of stock-watering and dummy directors.

Well, maybe so. And who does not realize that Napoleon might have engaged congenially in selling fabulously rich mining stock at ten cents a share?

Yet these two are probably the most constantly interesting of all material men. The two small names, in themselves, are the greatest epics in the world. Shakespeare, for all his fame, touches the thought of only a few among a single race, while Napoleon lights the imaginations and mysteriously quickens the hearts of numberless hordes of all nations.

The essential reason seems to be that these two, on a purely physical plane, licked the world. The fact that he can fight, man still treasures in his inmost heart as one of his most precious possessions.

Haunts of the Pallid Bookworm

AT LENGTH, in the second city of the United States, the University Club is to have a home fairly matching the establishment of the like organization in the first city, so that hereafter, on Michigan Boulevard as well as on Fifth Avenue, the passenger may gather an idea of what the scholastic life is really like.

We never tire of hearing how such and such Wall Street potentates, accustomed to the comparatively homely simplicity of the Metropolitan and Union League Clubs, have been led into the Italian palace where Gotham college professors lunch and have promptly collapsed into a dazed humility before its strange splendors. But too long, we think, has it been a reproach to our academicians that, except in New York, the social organization which especially represented them was considerably outdone in magnificence by the clubs of mere bankers and railroad presidents.

This gave rise to an invidious inference that men of bookish proclivities, who named their downtown rendezvous in fond reference to their scholarly attainments, were often unprovided with the price.

Away from the seats of learning and the haunts of M. A.'s people still think of the scholar as a pale, frayed, abstracted pedestrian, having only an imperfect and intermittent connection with even so elementary a worldly interest as a square meal.

But, as a matter of fact, one has only to see the schoolman, so to speak, on his native heath to discover how grotesquely erroneous this conception is. Indeed, we never venture about a seat of learning, observing the manor-houses, villas and châteaux of the professors, without an inner tremor lest, as we round some corner, we shall come face to face with the residence of the PRESIDENT and fall dead with awe.

A member informs us that it was proposed to carve an appropriate Greek motto over the entrance to the haunt of the bookworms on Fifth Avenue, but the Grecians—naturally comprising nearly the entire membership—disputed as to which of two substantives would best convey the meaning of the modern word "Dough," so the motto was omitted.

The Cheerful View

JUDGING from his official announcement, Mr. Belmont takes a quite cheerful view of the traction situation in New York. And, perhaps, it is well that somebody looks on the bright side.

Mr. Belmont and associates, it will be recalled, controlled the elevated road and the tunnels, while Mr. Ryan and others controlled the surface lines. The two were merged in the Interborough-Metropolitan Company. Months ago it was surmised that, in the trade, Mr. Ryan had worsted Mr. Belmont and given him a lemon. But it appears that this view, however just to Mr. Ryan, was unfair to Mr. Belmont.

The trolley side of the combination has suffered a collapse under its awful load of watered securities. Mr. Belmont appears, well aside from the flying débris, and gives first aid to the injured in the form of a statement that "a comprehensive readjustment should be effected promptly"—which means that investors must have their guaranteed dividends scaled and their holdings written down.

Meanwhile, the Belmont side of the combine seems to be in a very flourishing state. Mr. Belmont says, "The Interborough-Metropolitan Company has over six million dollars cash in the bank."

It is only the company that was thoughtfully organized for the special purpose of guaranteeing dividends that is broke. Everything was admirably legal, without doubt only, as it happens to turn out, the little pea is not under the shell that the investors picked out. In other words, there is plenty of money in plain sight, all good greenbacks—but, when the investor gets home and opens his bag he finds his package is mostly brown paper.

The packages were done up and sold, it is true, before Mr. Belmont came into the affair. Yet, as he is a good, plain, brother Democrat, it rather pains us to hear him speaking about it as though really nothing in particular had happened. Perhaps, nothing has happened—to him.

The Savings of the People

A POSTAL savings-bank bill will probably come before Congress this winter, and it may pass.

The Government has no use whatever for savings deposits. Able to borrow to a practically unlimited extent at two per cent., it could not, without taxing all for the benefit of some, pay more than one and three-quarters per cent. interest to depositors, unless it invested the money in municipal and railroad bonds. Even if this was done, the Government could not do the business as well as others now do it.

The mutual savings-banks of New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut hold over two thousand millions of savings deposits, paying three and a half to four per cent. interest. The institutions are sound and splendidly managed. They give back to the depositor every penny his money earns. It is well to remember that, in all the recent financial lid-lifting, no breath of scandal has touched these banks.

Why should the Federal Government, at much embarrassment to itself, engage in a business which is already so well done without it? Those who are agitated by the trend toward centralization in government should study that question and the answer to it.

New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut long ago realized that savings deposits should not be exploited for anybody's profit, and passed wise laws taking such deposits out of reach of exploitation. The banks of those States now hold two-thirds of all the savings deposits in the United States.

The demand for postal savings-banks comes from citizens of States which will not offend strong private interests by adopting the mutual savings-bank laws of New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut.

Handed over to exploitation by their own State governments, the people look to the Government at Washington for relief.

The Demand for Labor

WHILE the Government seeks laborers for the Panama Canal in Spain, and some Southern States are recruiting operatives for their textile mills in Hungary, both Spain and the dual empire are devising laws to check emigration, and, in the former, the importation of Chinese coolies to work the hand-hungry land is rather seriously discussed.

Probably, there is still a chance for China, although humanitarian sentiment in Parliament has stopped shipment of coolies to South African mines, and, for various political reasons, our own Government withdrew its tentative proposal to dig the canal by the aid of imported Celestials.

The Western world still has a tremendous amount of manual work to do. Some small portions of it are unable, and many more are unwilling, to pay a decent price for the labor. Hence the Orient, where there is a big supply of labor to be had on bargain-counter terms, will be the object of many wistful looks.

If the United States is able to attract laborers from Spain and Hungary whose places, in turn, at home are to be taken by imported Chinese, no very profound knowledge of history or extraordinary mental capacity is needed to figure out roughly the relative destinies of the three countries.

OUR FIGHTING SHIPS

The New Navy That Has Been Built Up in the Last Decade

By JOHN R. SPEARS

"THE present effective fighting force of the United States Navy consists of four battleships of the first class, two battleships of the second class, two armored cruisers, sixteen cruisers, fifteen gunboats, six double-turreted monitors, one ram, one dynamite gunboat, one dispatch boat, one steam transport boat and five torpedo boats. . . . The country is to be congratulated upon the results obtained in the rebuilding of the Navy." So wrote Secretary of the Navy Long in his annual report for 1897—just ten years ago.

Cuba was in a state of anarchy. President McKinley had sent General Stewart L. Woodford to Madrid to say to Spain: "If you don't improve matters there at once the United States will do it for you!"

In self-defense and for the love of humanity the American nation had adopted a policy that was rapidly bringing on war. In this war, as was plainly foreseen, fighting was to be done at Manila and on the far coast of Cuba, a thousand miles from the nearest naval drydock in the United States. And yet the habit of thought of the American people was of a character that impelled their Secretary of the Navy to congratulate them on the possession of "four battleships of the first class," every one of which was accurately described in the naval register as a "seagoing, *coast-line*" vessel, with a "normal coal supply" of from 410 to 625 tons. It is from such standard of strength that we are to take our departure in estimating the American naval development of the last ten years.

The Best Defense from the Enemy

WE BEGAN that development while yet at war by laying down the second Maine. In several points she was an improvement on the Oregon, the favorite ship of the war. She was longer and wider—where the Oregon measured 10,288 tons the Maine measured 12,500. Great Britain had ships of 15,000 tons, but we were getting on. The Oregon's armor was eighteen inches thick, that of the Maine eleven. We had improved the quality of our armor so that less was needed, and we were learning, after a fashion, to appreciate Farragut's most important words—that "the best defense against the fire of the enemy is a well-directed fire from our own guns."

In the matter of guns we took two steps forward and one backward. In place of the 13-inch guns on the Oregon the Maine carried 12-inch, which were at once lighter and more powerful. In place of 6-pounders for stopping torpedo boats the Maine mounted 3-inch guns, and, though these weapons are small, they are by no means to be ignored. For the broadside or intermediate battery the Maine mounted sixteen 6-inch guns where the Oregon carried four of 8-inch calibre and two of 6. The Oregon, in mounting 8-inch guns in the broadside, was a distinct advance on European practice of the day, but the designer of the Maine ignored the facts in order to follow the foreign precedent.

However, the Maine had one more point to the good. Neither the battle of Santiago nor that of Manila had driven from the minds of our people the Jeffersonian idea that we must always invite the enemy to come to our coasts to do the fighting; we yet appealed to "the broad Atlantic" as the great fetish to protect us, but we gave the Maine a "normal coal supply" of 1000 tons, where the Oregon had only 410.

In the Georgia class of ships, provided for in 1899 and 1900, our designers went forward by returning to the use of the 8-inch guns, and by the plan on which these guns were mounted. The usual four 12-inch guns were mounted in a big turret at each end. A smaller turret was built above each of these big ones and in it two 8-inch guns were mounted. Then a small turret was built on each rail to carry two 8-inch guns. Twelve 6-inch guns were added to finish the battery.

A comparison of the gunfire of the Oregon, the Maine and the Georgia will now be interesting. Excluding the big turrets the Oregon fired four 8-inch and two 6-inch guns abeam, the Maine eight 6-inch only, and the Georgia fired six 8-inch and six 6-inch. The Georgia's intermediate battery has just twice the efficiency of that on the Maine.

Even that is not all, for on a displacement of 14,948 tons the Georgia made a speed of 19 knots where the Maine made 16. In short, the Georgia was not only a distinct advance on the American ships previously designed, but she was a long board to windward of anything in the world. The best ship then in England was the Formidable, carrying twelve 6-inch guns only, in addition to the usual four 12-inch guns, and her speed was but 18 knots.

Our next notable ships were the Louisianas. The young officers of the Navy, fresh from their experience in the battles with the Spanish, wanted to give these ships a broadside battery of ten or twelve 8-inch guns. The elderly, too-conservative officers who made the design said, "It can't be done and we won't try."

The British precedent was too strong with them. During the Dark Ages of the Navy—the period following the Civil War—it had been called good policy to let Europe "do the experimenting for us," and our gray-haired designers were still under the old baleful influence. But they built a 7-inch gun, a beautiful weapon, that could be trained and loaded by hand, and with that the Navy had to be content. We might have mounted the 8-inch guns, as the Italians did, or, better, we might have mounted the 9.2-inch rapid-fire gun that the British soon adopted.

But this is not to decry the Louisianas, for they were in their date a step forward. With the 12-inch and 8-inch guns previously used were mounted twelve 7-inch guns. The British were adopting the broadside turret about this time, with a 9.2-inch gun in each, but the squadron of five Louisianas, all of 16,000 tons displacement, and a speed of eighteen knots, was and is something to make a truculent potentate think twice before attacking the Yankee nation.

And it may be noted that when these ships appeared on the register the old term of "coast-line" was dropped. They could go to Rio Grande do Sul to defend the Monroe Doctrine.

Before describing the next and last step forward in battleships it will be interesting to consider something of what has been done with ships of less importance. In his congratulations Secretary Long mentioned two armored cruisers. The 8000-ton New York was armed with six 8-inch and twelve 4-inch guns. The 10,000-ton Brooklyn mounted eight 8-inch and twelve 5-inch guns. The speed of the one was 20 knots, that of the other 21. For their dates they were ships to be proud of, as was the Oregon. But consider the next step forward. In 1899 and 1900 Congress authorized the California class of cruisers—ships 502 feet long, displacing 13,680 tons and carrying four 8-inch and fourteen 6-inch guns for a battery. There are six of this class.

The New Cruiser Fleet

IN 1902 and 1904 the Montana class—four in number—were provided for. They are of 14,500 tons displacement and mount four 10-inch and sixteen 6-inch guns. All ten of these cruisers carry armor from six to ten inches thick in their walls, with a heavy protective deck spread over the vitals. The speed was twenty-two knots or better. But with these the United States ceased building cruisers, although we have many officers who would gladly take such as we have into the battle-line against any battleships of the same or of older date. In England the cruiser class has been developed until they make a speed of twenty-four knots and mount eight 12-inch guns. There the cruiser has been merged into the battleship, even though the side armor is thin, and that is the kind of a ship a Farragut or a John Paul Jones would have called ideal.

Of the smaller cruisers nothing need be said here, because such ships do not decide wars, but mention must be made of a new class called scouts.

In our war with Spain we used torpedo boats and converted merchantmen in hunting for the enemy and in carrying the news from fleet to fleet. But the torpedo boats were not fit for rough weather and the merchantmen were too slow. Then the wireless telegraph system was invented. It greatly widened the useful range of scouts and, at the same time, made a demand for increased speed and endurance. The Salem class (three ships) are 423 feet long, they stand thirty-four feet out of water at the bow, they have a displacement of 3750 tons, and their speed of twenty-four knots can be maintained under adverse circumstances. They are a trifle slower than the British scouts, but they carry three times as much coal.

A notable feature of these vessels is found in the use of turbine engines in two of them. After British merchantmen had demonstrated the efficiency of the new turbine engines our engineers were persuaded to try the two leading styles to see if they would work. The lack of initiative, and of the inventive spirit, is the one feature of our naval *personnel* that can be justly criticised.

To the five torpedo boats of 1897 we have added thirty of equal or superior size, besides sixteen very large ones called destroyers. The DeLong, displacing 224 tons, is a torpedo boat; the Truxton, of 433, is a destroyer. Five more destroyers which are to have the remarkable displacement of 800 tons are in hand. The Winslow, of 142 tons, was the most notable torpedo boat of the war with Spain—the latest is, therefore, about six times as large.

Latest Thing in Submarines

THIS brings us to a consideration of the submarine and the torpedo itself. We had a submarine in hand (the Plunger) during the war with Spain, but it was an experiment. Congress first took this class of vessels seriously when six of them were ordered on June 7, 1900. These boats are 63 feet long by 12 in diameter, and they displace 120 tons. The surface speed is about eight knots and that under water five. The work done with them has been largely experimental, and it has proved that submarine boats can be built that are safer than surface torpedo boats, and, under certain circumstances, more efficient. The under-water range of each is, perhaps, thirty miles—quite enough to give nervous prostration to any battleship crew obliged to approach a port defended by one of them. The measure of success attained led to the building of larger ones—the Octopus class—that are 80 feet long by 13 in diameter, and have a surface range estimated at 1000 miles. The surface speed is rated at ten knots and that below at eight and a half, though the Octopus has done better. The boat when at the surface can be plunged beyond shot range in the fraction of a minute, and, if she should happen to plunge to a depth of 200 feet, her walls would still resist the compression of the water. Three sets of devices are installed for bringing her to the surface.

The increasing efficiency of the submarine led Congress to appropriate three million dollars at the last session for additions to the flotilla. The plans for these have not been worked out as yet.

In France submarines having a displacement of 800 tons—four times that of the Octopus—are in hand. It is unlikely that we shall build any as large as that, at present, but it was asserted in Congress as long ago as June 21, 1906, that the Navy Department had a plan for a submarine of twenty-two knots speed, and John P. Holland, who developed the American style of submarines, has announced that he is planning one of thirty knots. From these statements we can imagine that the next boats of the kind will be a long step ahead of the Octopus. Indeed, since the English have evolved plans for arming submarines with rifles, it may not be too much to look forward to a time when all torpedo boats will be submarines.

In view of the present standing of this class of war vessels it is interesting to recall that Mr. Holland was described in New York papers, twenty-odd years ago, as a wild Fenian intent on a device for blowing the whole British nation out of water!

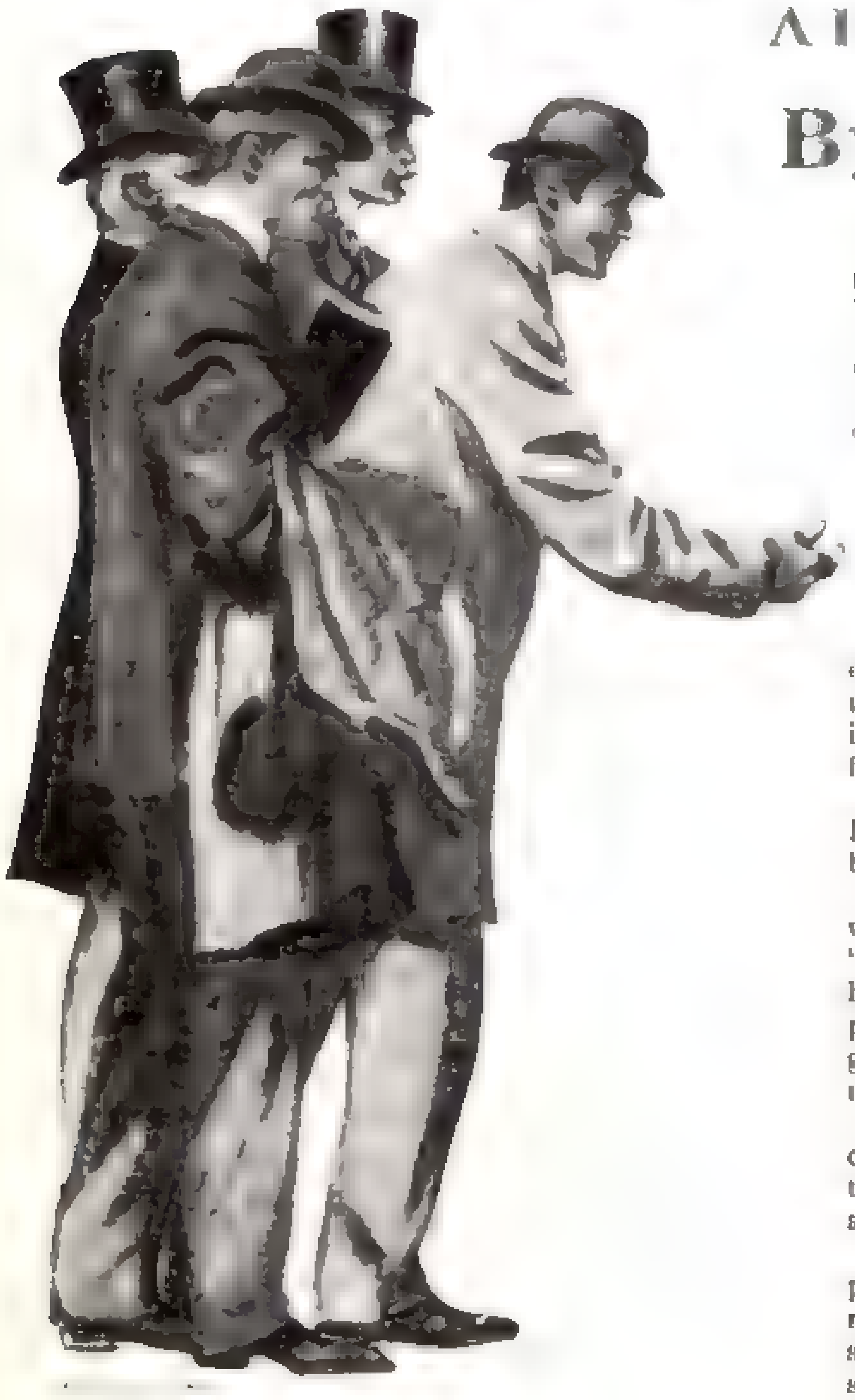
Of the newest torpedo it may be said that it is literally a wonder. In 1897 torpedoes were cigar-shaped, submarine motor-boats 18 inches in diameter, that were

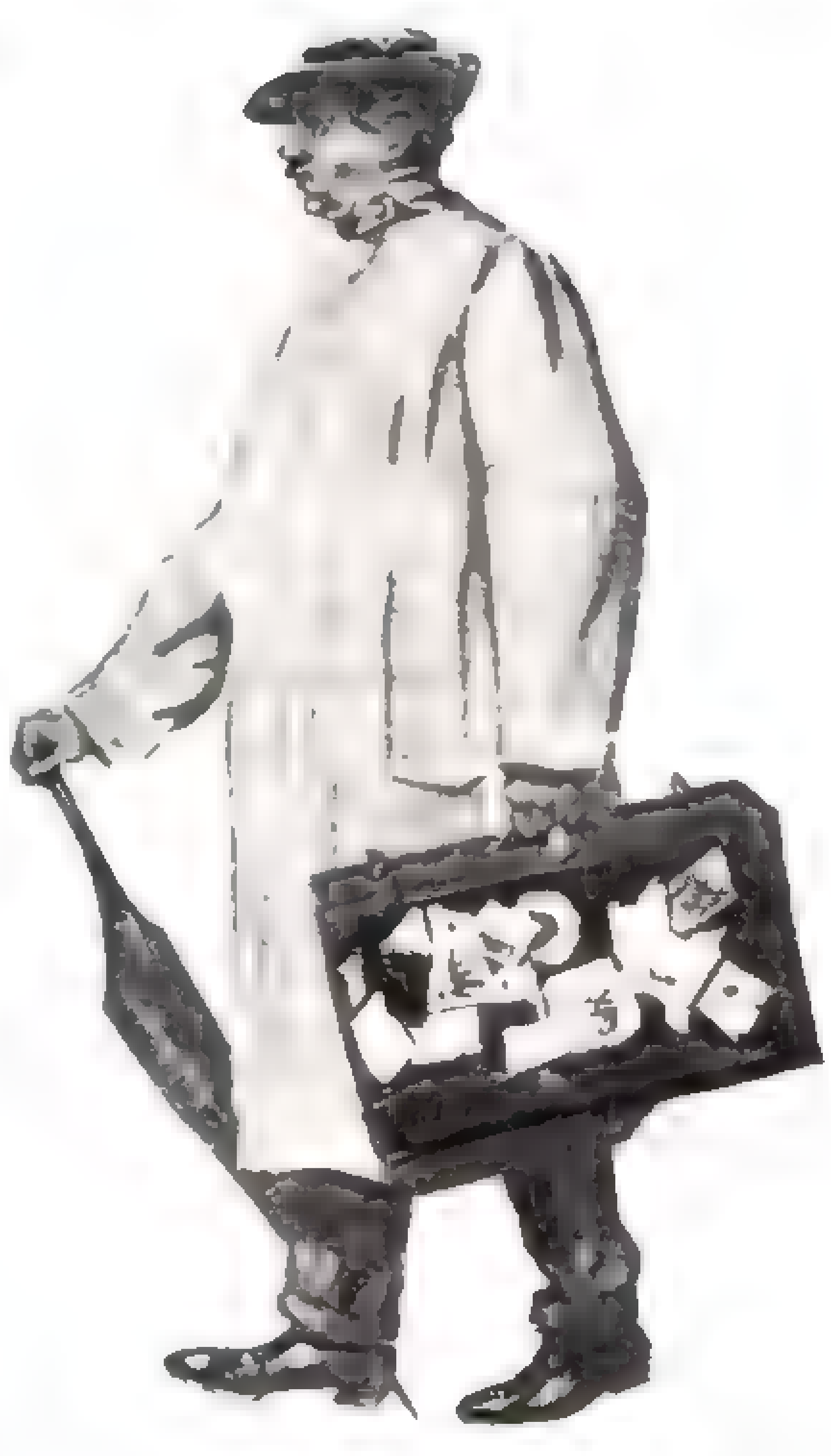
(*Continued on Page 37*)

The Late Walter Waling

A Dead Hero and a Live Firebrand

By Lloyd Osbourne





IV Continued

I BURST into a roar of laughter. Perhaps it was a cruel thing to do under the circumstances, but I simply couldn't help it. You see I was so delighted to think that Walter was alive that I was scarcely in the state to sympathize with the unfortunate Clarion. Simpson, who is a terribly self-centred man, and exists for nothing but his paper, glared at me as though my merriment were a blasphemy. Mears took it less to heart, and his expression, as he spoke, was more depressed than hurt.

"I understand from Mr. Simpson," he began gravely, "that you are an intimate friend—indeed, except myself, the only friend, of Walter Waling's in this country, and may therefore be called, to a certain degree, his representative here in business matters. As such you will be naturally concerned to guard his interests, and, if I may so put it, to save him from any ill-considered action."

Simpson brightened up at this imposing preface and settled in his chair with the air of a burglar who has engaged the best legal talent to defend him.

"I have here a few figures that speak for themselves," continued Mr. Mears, assisting his memory with a scribbled envelope. "Since poor—I mean since Waling's—er—lamented—I mean—er—reported demise, we have sold—er— 43,207 copies of The Girls of '76, 29,821 copies of The Unbounded Blue, and 74,288 copies of The Little Bear That Went to Market. All his other books show a healthy movement, while these three in particular are going off at the rate of several thousand a week. Now, as a writer yourself and a very successful one, you will understand how risky it is to check this magnificent demand by any—er—impulsive—er—alteration of the circumstances to which—er—so much of their present vogue may be ascribed. I will tell you quite frankly that, if Waling comes—er—alive, these sales will as indubitably drop to zero. It becomes a question then of what price he places on a comparatively unimportant existence—as contrasted with a most lucrative personal anonymity."

"Not to speak of fifty a week till the end of the war," put in Simpson. "And it is worth remembering, too, it may be a very prolonged war—may go on for years, you know."

"Well, gentlemen," I said, as they both looked at me, "may I ask what it is you expect me to do?"

"One word before we come to that," Mears interrupted. "You admit first, do you not, that a very considerable amount of money is in jeopardy?"

"Yes, I presume that is undoubtedly so."

"Secondly, a heavy money loss is not the only one to be apprehended. The return of a dead hero bristles with mortifications. To replace a halo with a derby hat—to walk down Broadway safe and sound after everybody's wept over your being shot to pieces ——! Is it necessary to continue? The public will bitterly resent it, and in the—er—ensuing tornado of ridicule, our poor friend will be laid flatter than flat."

He stopped to let this sink in. I confess it sank a lot. It was all true, every word of it—terribly, dreadfully, diabolically true.

"Mr. Simpson and I suggest you send him this cable," went on Mears, again referring to the fatal envelope. "Imperative for you to remain dead. I have pledged my honor to Clarion and Mears that you will consent, former to pay you salary until end of war, latter guaranteeing aggregate sale of quarter million of your books. Please answer immediately, giving your new name. Leonard Fister."

"It's a frightful responsibility," I said. "I hardly feel called upon to shoulder it in spite of my accord with all that you say. Why not communicate with him directly, and leave me out?"

"He is plainly in no state to consider the matter with proper care," returned Mears. "I am afraid he does not realize that there are more than material interests at stake—that there is now an international reputation to be safeguarded as well—that, to put it bluntly, circumstances inexorably force him to be a dead lion rather than a live—er—dog. And you know, Mr. Fister—we, who are all his friends, must admit it frankly, that in a literary sense he always was dog, you know."

"It's a mystery to me how he ever pulled off that one scoop," agreed Simpson. "Dog! I should say he was dog and darned poor dog at that!"

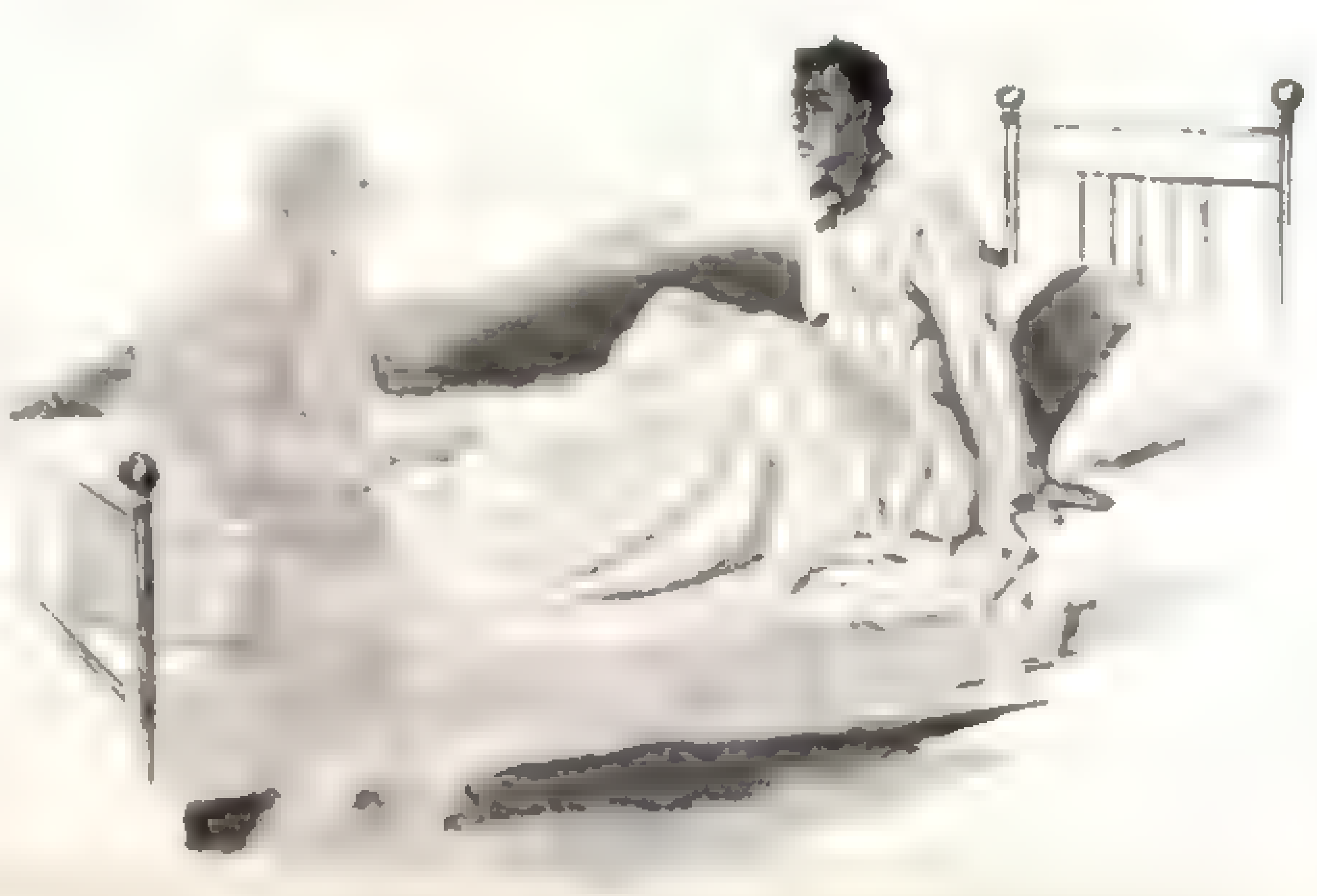
"You want to use me to force him into submission?" I asked of Mears.

He bent his head in assent, and admitted that was about it.

"It's chucking away a fortune, if you don't," he added.

"I see that plainly enough. But this word-of-honor business is ridiculous. How can I pledge him to anything of the kind? If this cablegram is sent it must be with the distinct understanding that I'm not personally committed to anything—either for myself or for him."

"Why, it's all a bluff, anyhow," replied Simpson, who was looking greatly relieved. "But Mears tells me he is a chivalrous, impractical sort of cuss—dreamy and all that—the only sort left with these exalted ideas of honor people like you write about in books."



At the Foot of My Sleepless Bed There Seemed to Loom a Stout, Familiar Form

His cynical tone offended me, though I had known him too long to waste breath in resenting such remarks. How can you argue with a man whose only guiding star is circulation? Simpson would skin his grandmother to add another fifty thousand to the Clarion, and boil her afterward to double it. No, you can't argue with a man like that; his ruthless modernity is unassailable.

"Then it goes through?" said Mears, indicating the cable.

Looking back on it I can't help thinking I was hypnotized. Mears had a purring kind of voice that lulled one into a strange sense of wooziness and peace; and the glisten of his silk hat, as he stroked it softly on his arm, was as compelling as the eyes of a snake to a sparrow, or those of a siren to a Greek seafaring gentleman in the B. C.'s. Metaphorically speaking, I wobbled on my perch. There was a tiny squeak (metaphorical, too, of course), a flutter of feathers, and —— Without the least hesitation, as unconcernedly as though the matter were the merest trifle, in a tone that was positively *cordial*, I murmured that word of three letters to the utterance of which most human disasters may be laid: "Yes."

There used to be a discussion about the criminality of pressing a button in Europe and annihilating a mandarin in China. Ah, how mysteriously impending events cast their shadows before! After all the talk on the subject, here was I at last to *do* it, and from West Forty-fourth Street to far Ho-Hung-Pung I sent the shaft that was to strike poor Walter Waling to the dust!

Ah me! Ah me!

And like everybody from Cain down I thought I was acting for the best.

V

IT HAS been averred, on excellent piratical authority, that dead men tell no tales. But my victim refused to be stilled by any such old-fashioned notions of decorum. Instead he cabled (payable at my end), "*Acquiesce with surprise and indignation in situation forced upon me by your officiousness,*" and followed it up by a very stinging letter in which this theme was amplified to the extent of eleven furious pages. I can only compare it to the trumpeting of a wounded elephant,

Editor's Note—This is the second part of a two-part story who had found himself betrayed by another elephant he had loved and trusted beyond all others. If ever there was vitriol in ink, and tears, and heart's blood it was in that letter of Waling's to me. It was not so much the names he called me, nor his unmincing use of the plainest of plain English. What hurt, what stabbed, what really pierced the spiritual marrow through and through, was the "*Et tu Brute*" tone of bitterness and disillusion.

It is too painful to me to say more regarding that letter. I would rather answer the reader's natural question: "Why then, didn't you back out of the whole business?" Alas, the natural answer is because I couldn't. Colonel Barkington had queered all possibility of it by launching his subscription scheme in every New York newspaper. He was a great fellow to hit while the iron was hot, and had come out with a monumental cinch called "The Walter Waling Memorial Swimming-Bath." Is it necessary to add that the memorial was to have its home in the armory of the Eighty-eighth Regiment, and the public's regard for Waling was priced at seventy-five thousand dollars? I suppose it was a splendid idea for the Eighty-eighth Regiment — and it was taken up with enthusiasm. Indeed, the money was subscribed in three days, and the actual work started on the fifth. By the time I awakened to what was going on a date had been set for a formal opening and the thing had swollen into a national event. It's all very well to say that the truth is the truth, and talk about uttering it even if the heavens fall, but I put it to you quite frankly, would *you* have Samsonized the edifice? No, you wouldn't; you would have sneaked out of the job just as I did, and held your breath while they dug and wrote and eulogized to beat the band.

Well, so it went on, while remorse gnawed at my vitals like undigested lobster, and people wondered at my altered appearance. I did not dare open my letter-box lest it might contain another snorter from Waling, and I told the bell-boys to say I was out of town in answer to all inquiries. Misery stalked with me on the unfrequented streets I was forced to favor, and in the small hours, at the foot of my sleepless bed there seemed to loom a stout, familiar form, with one fat leg crossed on the other, mutely demanding an explanation I felt myself utterly unable to give. It seemed hard lines that all this should fall to me while Simpson and Mears were blithely turning the crime to the most lucrative account and yanking in the profits. Yes, I was scapegoating the entire business and bearing on my wretched back the burden of the whole conspiracy.

Of course it couldn't go on forever like this. Sooner or later the bricks were bound to shake down, and one morning I got the first assortment on my head. It came in the form of a telegram from Waling, dated the day before, and sent from Chicago, informing me ——! No, let the reader have that bombshell word for word: "*Unable any longer to maintain disgraceful imposture. Arrive Grand Central to-morrow afternoon four o'clock to face the music. Waling.*"

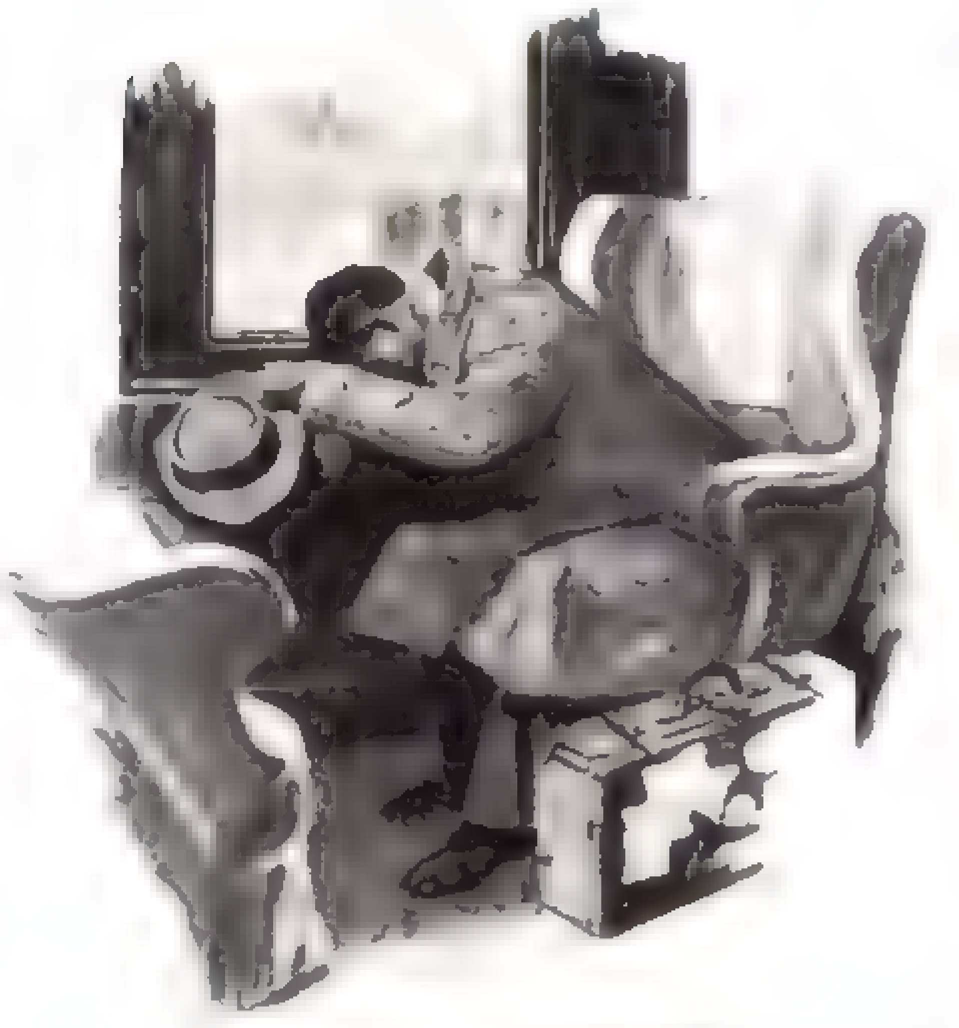
This paralyzing intelligence nearly caused my heart to stop beating. My first impulse, as I began to recover from the shock, was to ring up Cook's for the list of the day's sailings, with the idea of putting all the blue water I could between myself and the returning wanderer. But on second thoughts it seemed wiser to fall back on Simpson and Mears. I had borne the brunt of the battle as far as I was able, and it was now up to them to do something, and do it quick. They had been long enough in their counting-houses, counting out their money. Let them come out and fight too.

Simpson, to whom I went first, certainly came out with great unwillingness. The news made him very pale and cross, and he tried to foist the blame on me as we drove hurriedly in a hansom to gather in Mears. When I obliged him to admit his injustice he grew paler and crosser than ever and gave vent to his feelings in calling poor Walter every name under the sun. Mears simply toppled over when we broke it to him and could do nothing but gasp. My two second-story men thus broke like reeds in my hand, and, after an agitating discussion, tried their old tactics of shoving me up in front. Though I do say it myself, I was the only one of the three with any nerve or sense left, and their humility, as they begged me for Heaven's sake to do something, was exceedingly flattering to my self-esteem. So I lit a cigar, told them to shut up, and grabbed the dilemma by its tail.

"I guess we have only one chance left," I said at last.

They both pleaded for the name of it.

"Colonel Barkington," I observed. "If he can't help us, nobody can. The memorial swimming-bath is to be opened the day after to-morrow, with patriotic addresses and all that kind of thing, and it will be a nice fizzle if Walter turns up smiling in the middle of it. The subscribers will be wanting their money back, the distinguished bigwigs will feel like thirty cents, and in the general ridicule and uproar the Eighty-eighth will be guyed out of existence."



Walter Waling was Weeping
Over His Own Death

"But what if the Colonel coolly washes his hands of us?" protested Mears. "What if he takes the ground he has acted in good faith, and stands on that?"

"You see, he has got his darned bath," added Simpson, "and it can't now be very well taken away from him, can it? Besides, he's one of those dodgy customers who might turn the disaster to account — that's what *I* would do — and swing the occasion into a sensational welcome home for Waling. Can't you see it? Guardsmen cheering, ladies frantically waving handkerchiefs, band striking up See the Conquering Hero Comes, and Waling throwing out his chest in a set piece, draped in the American flag!"

"We'll have to risk it," I said. "The Colonel isn't a newspaper man, you know, and he's more apt to have a blue fit."

"Well, let's hurry along and see him," suggested Mears.

"I'm afraid there is nothing else for it," said Simpson. "We may as well find out whether we have a plank between us and eternity — or not."

"Or not," repeated Mears with a dismal laugh.

VI

WE TRIED Barkington's office first, and from there were directed to the armory of the Eighty-eighth. It was a florid stone fortress on the East Side, and seemed designed to protect the gallant regiment from the assaults of the populace. At any rate no precaution had been omitted in this Gibraltar of the tenements to shelter the hardy guardsman within. Intrenched behind his massive walls, with his frowning gates bolted and his trusty howitzers loaded to the muzzle, he might confidently be expected to hold out to the last against the Indians of Avenue A. As we were grudgingly admitted by the caretaker, with what were, I suppose, the necessary precautions against treachery — a parley being first held through a wicket, and our faces and cards scanned — as we were admitted, and the gates clanged behind us, one realized the severity of the confinement to which the citizen-soldier sacrifices himself for the common good.

After various formalities and much waiting in a stone cell we were led through interminable corridors and up and down interminable steps to an immense room where scores of men were busily at work running up plank seats in front of the memorial bath. It was empty of everything but men and tiles and plaster and broken barrels, and in the centre of it, up to his neck, so to speak, was Barkington himself in a tarnished military coat, energetically gesticulating at a contractor. We dived into the tank, too, and made our way through its disordered depths toward the regimental headquarters. The Colonel, who was an elderly, flabby person, with aggressive whiskers and a bloodshot eye, received us with an incivility that bordered on the ferocious.

"Nothing to say!" he roared. "Nothing to say!" And with two explosions of this formula he turned to resume his lambasting of the contractor — a hard-favored son of Italy, whose tiles apparently weren't up to the Walter-Waling-Memorial standard. Barkington had evidently mistaken us for reporters, and seemed to be under the impression that our interview had come to an end. But if that was his idea he was soon disillusioned.

"Colonel Barkington," I said, pressing in, "we are here on a most urgent and important matter, and if we might crave your attention for a moment —— "

"Nothing to say!" he roared again.

"If you wish this opening ceremony to ever take place you had better

"Nothing to say!"

"You believe Walter Waling to be dead, but what if I informed you ——"

"Nothing to say!"

that he is ——"

"Nothing to say!"

due here to-morrow at —— "

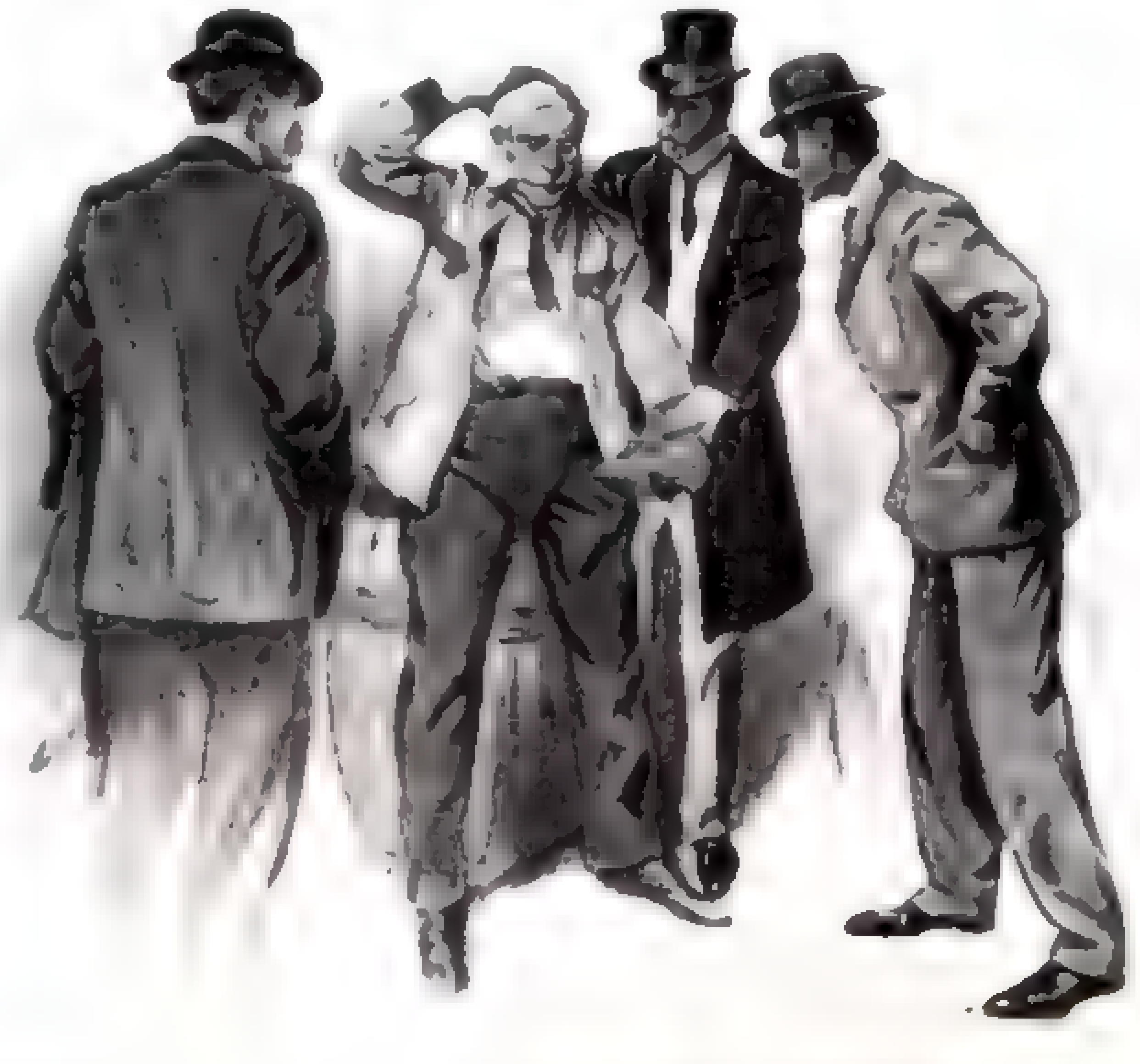
"Nothing to ——" But he never finished the sentence, nor did I ever finish mine. The awful truth suddenly dawned on him in all its nakedness, and before it he stood speechless and aghast. His glance wandered about the bath — at the rising tiers of seats — at the loosened bundles of American flags — at the bronze tablet that was being picked out in goldleaf. I judged this a good moment to poke Walter's telegram into his hand and complete his discomfiture. His face lengthened as he read it, his whiskers drooped, beads of sweat stood out on his crinkling brow. We assisted him to the nearest barrel and grouped ourselves about him. Peace, they say, has its victories as well as war — but what of its Bull Runs! This great thought is passed up to the reader with the assurance that it is entirely original. Let him fill in for himself the melancholy picture, and, in imagination, stand beside that deeply-stricken man.

It was like playing a tarpon with a twelve-ounce rod to bring him up to our plan. He was no sooner alongside and the landing-net half around him when off he would fly with a swish and a rush that almost spilled us out of the boat. No, there was only one honorable thing to do, he declared, and that was to face the situation frankly, and make the best of it. It wasn't his fault that some blankety-blank blanks had got him into this blankety-blank mess, and, by blank, he would stand up right there, blanked if he wouldn't, and tell the public the blank-blanked truth.

He was a gentleman, by blank, and would rather take his sword and break it across his knee than stoop to such blankety-blank-blank deceit.

But gradually his dives grew shorter and shorter as we toiled at the line with the resolution of despair. Simpson dwelt on the public scandal that would ensue, Mears on the irreparable setback to the gallant Eighty-eighth, I on our duty to Waling, and the fraternal obligation of saving him from himself. I guess we must have been in the tank two hours before we carried our point and finally enlisted the colonel's very half-hearted coöperation. We left him limp with dejection, after having extorted his

(Continued on Page 34)



We Assisted Him to the Nearest Barrel
and Grouped Around Him

The Joys of the Phonograph

EDISON has produced in the Phonograph the greatest amuser of modern times. There are so many ways in which the Edison Phonograph can be added to the entertainment of every family that it is almost impossible to describe them in a single advertisement.

First, remember that to get the full enjoyment out of it you must be sure that it is the Phonograph and not some talking machine. There is only one Phonograph, and that was invented by Mr. Edison and is made under his supervision. Naturally the best form of a sound-producing machine is the one in which the inventor takes a personal interest—not an adaptation of his idea by others. The Edison Phonograph is the only Phonograph—the most perfect instrument for reproducing music, the human voice and other sounds, that has ever been invented.

As a scientific toy it educates growing children.

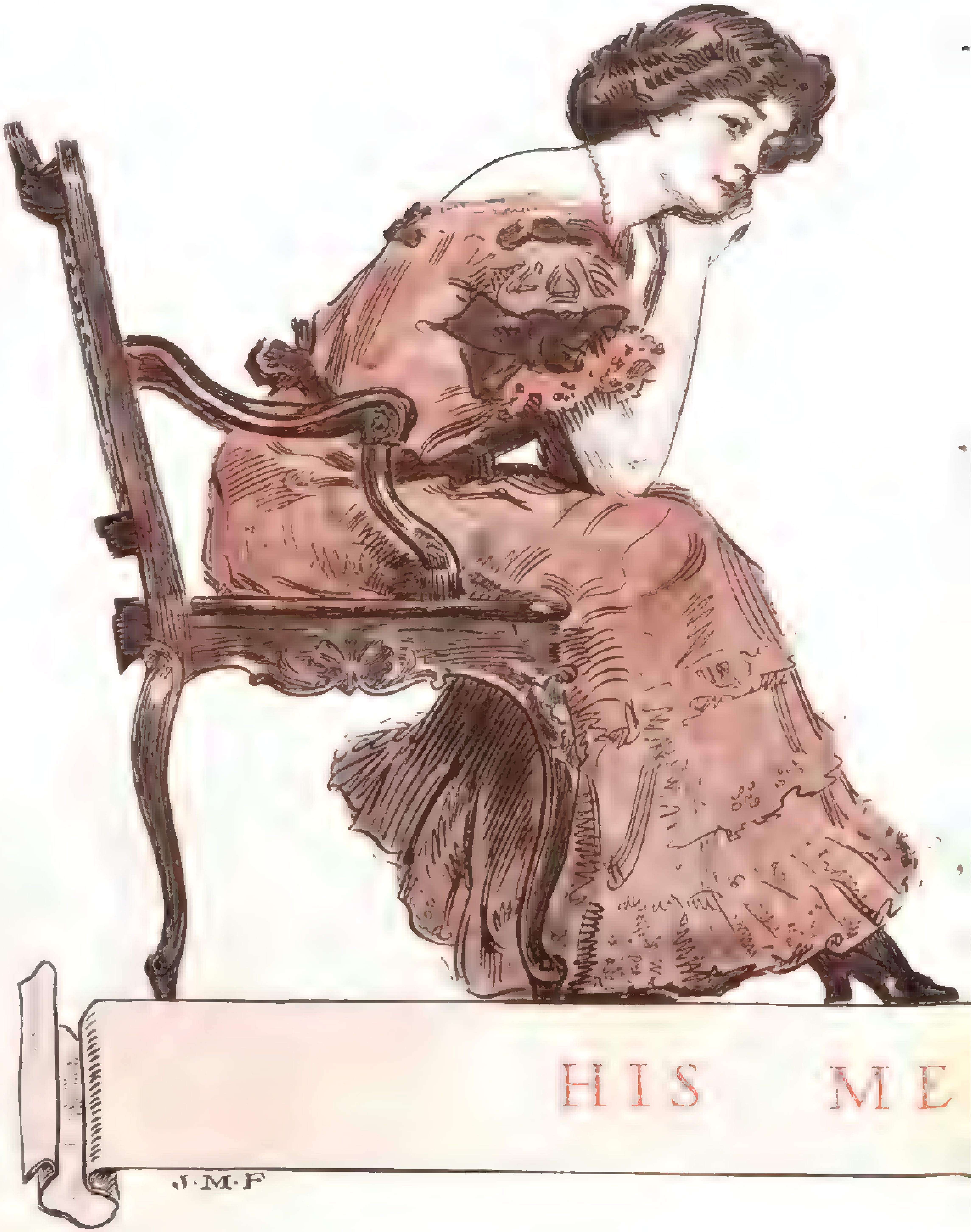
As a reproducer of music it brings into the home every form of music, some of which would cost a great deal of money bought in any other way.

As a reproducer of language it is used to teach every foreign language, far better in many respects than a human teacher could do it.

But its best use all over this great continent is as an entertainer, amusing in every home crowds of people, young and old, every evening, with its marvelous reproduction of songs, dialogues, instrumental music and every other form of entertainment produced by sound.

To get all the fun you can out of such an instrument you must get the Edison Phonograph, and in order to know how much better it is than other talking machines, you must compare them. Go to your nearest dealer and judge for yourself.

Thomas A. Edison



The Edison Records *for* November

are better than ever

HERE is the list of new Records for November which will be on sale in every Edison store in the country October 26th.

These Records represent the best judgment of our large staff of editors as to the most amusing, the most entertaining, the most classical, the most inspiring and the most interesting music and spoken dialogue the world has produced in the past thirty days.

Every new Record renews the Edison Phonograph. It is what you hear in the Phonograph that makes it interesting, not the Phonograph itself. So keep your Phonograph always fresh by supplying it with the newest Records. Hear the November Records at your nearest store, and then order them there.

[illegible] and His Hobby Horse [illegible]
[illegible] Tells Autumn Goodbye [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Oh [illegible] & Sterling [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] (Henry and Bryan) [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Snyder and Whiting [illegible]
[illegible] Again Waltz (Estrada) Edison Symphony [illegible]
[illegible] Irving Gillette
[illegible] You Held [illegible]
[illegible] in "The Parisian Model" Ada Jones & Billy Murray
[illegible] If I'm Goin' to Die I'm Goin' to Have Some Fun
(Geo. M. Cohan) Arthur Collins
[illegible] Military Band
[illegible] Frank C. Stanley
[illegible] Vaudeville Company
[illegible]
[illegible] Byron G. Harlan
[illegible] Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer (Wallace) Edison Venetian Trio
[illegible] I've Had Many [illegible] but None Like You (Kerr)
[illegible]
[illegible] and Cassell) Sacred Song
[illegible] Mixed Quartette
[illegible] Flanagan at the Doctor's (Original Monologue) Steve Porter
[illegible] Rakoczy March (Tobani) Edison Hungarian Orchestra
[illegible] Yesterday (Charles K. Harris) Reinald Werrenrath
[illegible] A Coon Courtship Vaudeville Sketch
Ada Jones and Len Spencer
[illegible] When the Band Plays "Yankee Doodle" (Corin and Fe[illegible]
Edward Meeker
[illegible] Many's the Time Medley Edison Military Band

Any one who sends his name and address today will have mailed to him THE PHONOGRAM, giving a complete description of each Record, the SUPPLEMENTAL CATALOGUE, giving the names of the new Records for the month, and the COMPLETE CATALOGUE, listing all the Edison Records now in existence for the sake of filling gaps in your Edison Record library.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY
11 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

YOUR HOME

Ideas for October

WE SHOULD never make the mistake of belittling or undervaluing the importance of a garden, and of all that makes for its beauty, its usefulness or its improvement. The garden is so important an adjunct, its finest development is so closely bound to the finest interests of the home, that a personal care for it comes as a matter of course to the man who really and fully cares for his home. Lord Bacon, writing of the importance and advantages of a garden, set down, with that vivid succinctness of which he was such a master, that "God Almighty first planted a garden." Tennyson sang of Adam and Eve as "the grand old gardener and his wife." And that marvelous city of Babylon, the pride and delight of ancient times, the "great Babylon that I have built," had for its greatest wonder, one of the seven wonders of the entire world, its gardens. Surely we can well afford to give close and heedful and loving attention to our gardens, whether of flowers or vegetables; we should do more than pay the weekly dole for grass-cutting or summon a man by telephone to set out a dozen geraniums or a line of beans.

But there is one thing which comes but slowly, even to the man who loves his garden—that is, the full appreciation of the importance of fall. It is only in the spring that the amateur's fancy turns to thoughts of gardening; it is after he has passed the amateur stage that he realizes the importance of autumn for other things aside from merely gathering what has been grown.

Fall is a valuable time of preparation, both for the impending winter and for the coming spring, and for flowers as well as vegetables.

Providing for the winter, however, ought not to be taken to mean that one should grow all the flowers he can during the winter months. A touch of greenery here and there, or a bunch of cut flowers on the table, is charming in the extreme on a cold day; but there should never be, in winter, as there properly are in other seasons, great masses of bloom.

For there is a time for everything. "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven," declared the ancient Preacher; and the season for the display of greenery and flowers is not when trees are bare and snow lies thick upon the ground.

It is not as if winter were a time to be dreaded, a season whose manifestations should be hidden. There is a glorious beauty about winter in the country, and there are health and strength as well. Winter should be frankly accepted; we should love the aspect of snow and ice and wintry storm, for, rightly looked at, winter is a season of beauty. Nature understands this, for in stripping the leaves from the trees she leaves them just as beautiful; in covering the fields with snow she puts upon them the gracious splendor of white.

The bleakness and the chill of wintry days, the "boughs which shake against the cold," are only to enhance the comfort and the warmth of home. When milk is frozen in the pail and Dick the shepherd blows his nail, he does not mind it, for he knows very well that Joan in a cozy kitchen is comfortably keeling the pot—she isn't trying to make a bunch of flowers grow. We knew a dear old lady whose home, in winter time, is a perfect bower of vines and plants. A great ivy is the principal thing, and it sweeps its greenery through hall and parlor, and there are groves of rubber plants and cactus and begonias. But the effect is utterly discordant; it is not in harmony with winter.

Arbutus and Phlox

If you are wealthy, and care to establish a definite greenhouse or conservatory in a place by itself, that is another matter; but for the living-rooms of your home be content with plants that are bits of greenery and cheer and color, rather than screens to mask the view of snowy field or icy stream, or to attempt to beguile you into the belief that it is summer. Achieve the triumph of a home that is not only consistent with winter, but at the same time is a cozy shelter from its cold.

Learn to love the storm, and the splendid beauties that come with snow and cold, and have your home one in which, to quote one of the perfectly-rounded phrases of a man who well understood the art of expression, you may "drink deep of the pleasures of shelter." Find enjoyment in sitting by the fireside rather than in sitting, say, under palm trees.

In the utilization of fall you will come to learn that it is the best season for planting or transplanting many a bulb or root or seed or vine.

Take the tender and delicate arbutus that trails its blossoming pink over the cool and mossy banks of early spring: the "Mayflower," as it has been called in New England ever since its beauty cheered the Plymouth colonists after their first dreadful winter—the "Mayflower blooming, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness." It is a vanishing flower, this; ravaged to destruction from the very appeal of its loveliness, and those who learn the secret places where it now dwells dare scarcely part with the knowledge even to their dearest friends. It is difficult to transplant, so fragile and sensitive it is, and the only time to attempt it—if attempt it you must!—with even a distant prospect of success, is in the fall.

Perennial phlox, too, is best attended to in the fall. We had planted it along the side of the house, and, carefully managing to have none but white, had secured a beautifully blossoming line of that color. But phlox, although not quite so prolific as Josh Billings' "kats," which "yield each year without any outlay something like eight hundred per cent.," is very prolific, and not only prolific, but irregularly so. We found, therefore, that what was at first a thoroughly satisfactory line, several plants in width, began by the end of the third year to develop into a series of clumps and crescents, with somewhat of open spaces, and that watchful adjustment was necessary; and we found that the time to adjust, to fill the spaces, to set back the too ambitious plants into line, was the fall.

Peonies and Sunshine

The glorious peony, too, the Chinese emblem of power, is best handled in the fall. It possesses a spirit of gentle obstinacy and must needs be humored! Should you desire to lighten up a dullish corner with its splendid glow it will not give you obedience; it will set forth nothing but green leaves, without the flowering stalk. Only in bright places will it display its beauty; and so, yield gracefully to its caprice, and plant it beside a sunny path or along a sunny embankment, away from the shadow of wall or shrub or tree. Humored and satisfied, it will display its blossoming wonders for you; and for its transplanting autumn is the best time, but before the coming of frost. It sends up its shoots so early in the spring that springtime transplanting is very dangerous for it; indeed, it is not likely to survive a spring experiment.

Peonies, it should be remembered, do not give quick returns. It usually takes three years, after their first planting, to have a blossoming bed established, and therefore they are not for migratory folk. We know of one devoted peony lover who has had the courage to plant four successive peony beds, at different homes, only to move on, in each case, to another home, before the plants were sufficiently established to give more than fugitive flowers. Many a present-blooming peony patch was planted forty or fifty years ago; and nothing gives the buyer of an old place greater pleasure than to find a fine growth of peonies there. Fall is the proper time to plant the peony tuber, and it should be covered carefully with a mulch of leaves or barn refuse to keep the frost from "heaving" it out. This action of alternate freezing and thawing upon the unmulched earth, this "heaving," as country folk call it, is really curious. Not only does the frost actually throw out roots and bulbs not properly planted and protected, but it may even throw fence-posts out of their holes.

Old-fashioned folk used to term the peony the "diphtheria root," from its reputed virtues in combating that dread

Ink is Fed to Both Top and Bottom of Nib

The one fundamental principle of fountain pen construction is the means of supplying ink to the pen point—the feed. Yet that's the one thing you hear least about in most fountain pens. In the old reliable

MABIE, TODD & CO.'S Swan FOUNTAIN PEN

the ink is fed to both top and bottom of the pen point—in exact accordance with nature's requirements as illustrated in writing with the ordinary steel pen where you'll notice the ink flows both from above and below the point.

That's why the "Swan"

"Always writes when you want it to write"—

never needs coaxing—never skips, spurts or [illegible]. The ink responds the instant the pen touches paper—no matter how light the touch. The flow of ink [illegible] never too much, never too little.

You could use a fountain pen [illegible] couldn't you?

We'd like to prove to you that the "Swan" is the best fountain pen for you. [illegible] until you are fully satisfied that it is the best fountain pen you ever [illegible]—until you know what a [illegible] quick steady writer it is—that it is reliable and a pen that is of real service.

So that you [illegible] [illegible] ively illustrated booklet [illegible] [illegible] booklet today. Address nearest office. Dept. [illegible]

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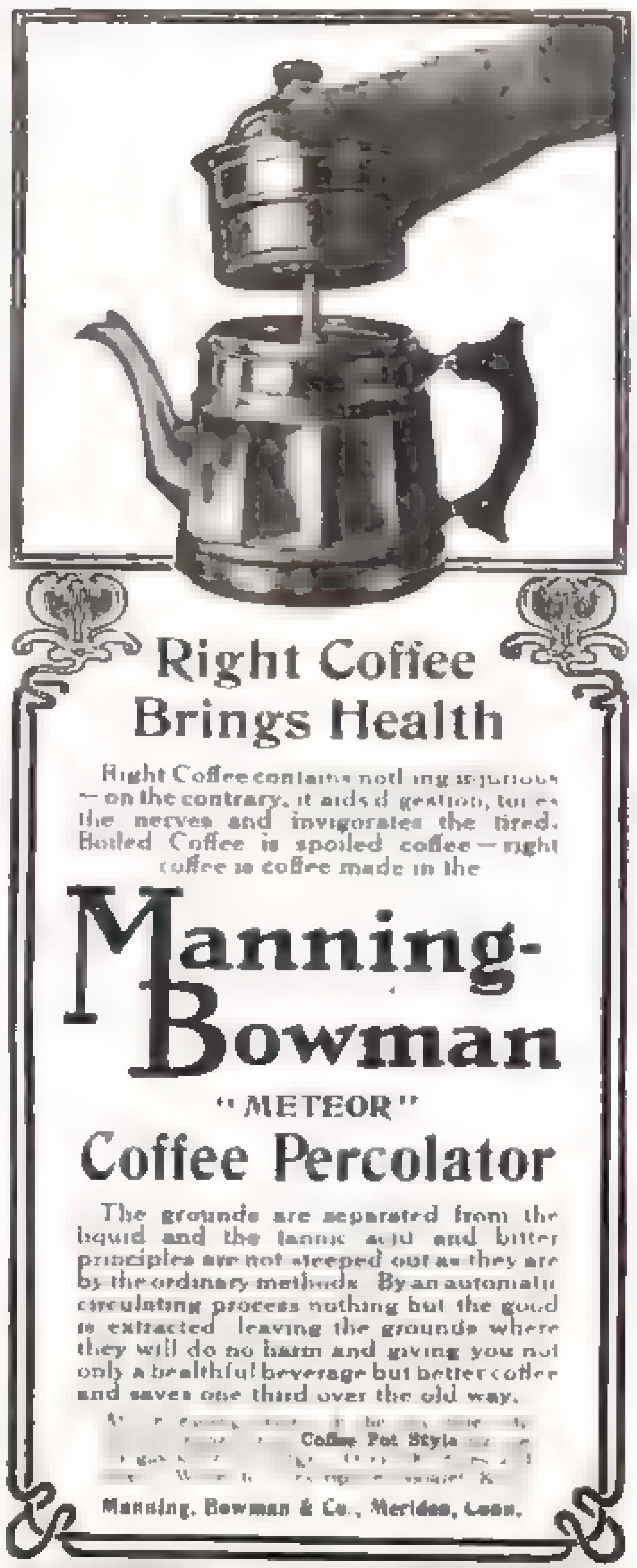
The Swan FOUNTAIN PEN


Right Coffee Brings Health

Right Coffee contains nothing injurious—on the contrary, it aids digestion, tones the nerves and invigorates the tired. Boiled Coffee is spoiled coffee—right coffee is coffee made in the

Manning-Bowman "METEOR" Coffee Percolator

The grounds are separated from the liquid and the tannic acid and bitter principles are not steeped out as they are by the ordinary methods. By an automatic circulating process nothing but the good is extracted, leaving the grounds where they will do no harm and giving you not only a healthful beverage but better coffee and saves one third over the old way.

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COUNTRY CLUB
No. 1 – 1½ in
No. 2 – 2⅛ in

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We see to it in the making that our collars are given the strength to outwear all others.

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Prickly Heat, Chafing, and Sunburn, and all afflictions of the skin.

Removes all odor of [illegible]

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$6 to $25

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VISITING DRESSES	$6.00 to $20
TAILOR MADE SUITS	$7.50 to $25
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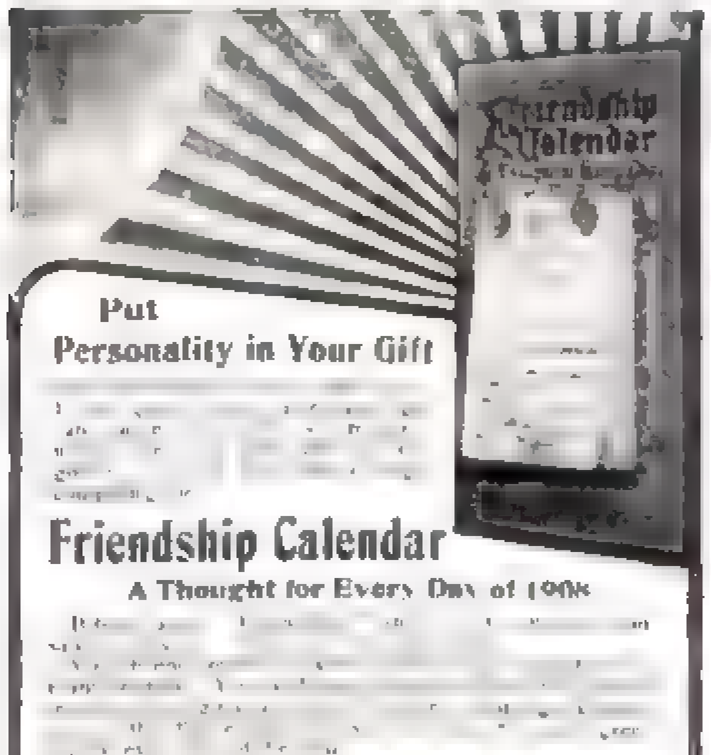
Largest Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the World
No Agents or Branches



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disease, and many an old-time garden lost its peony glories in consequence of this belief.

And there are the lilies, those flowers of purity and devoutness: if you wish to consider them, how they grow, and watch them develop an array surpassing Solomon's, it is best to plant or move them in the fall.

The list might still be considerably increased, but we need only mention, among flowers to plant in the fall, the daffodil, the daffydowndilly, whose name is itself a delight. Few flowers figure more charmingly in poetry and legend, and its very color is said to have changed from white to yellow when Pluto found Persephone asleep among the daffodils in a flowery field in Sicily.

Killing Out Weeds

Some of the rarer and more expensive bulbs, as those of some of the lilies and tulips, should have sand about them to insure against the possible decay that might come from direct contact with soil which has required the heavy application of fertilizer; and to most soils fertilizer is essential, as these bulbs will give good results only in rich ground. But to protect with sand is not difficult. You need but to make a sort of ball of damp sand, with a bulb in the middle, and plant it in a hole.

Field mice are a serious menace to bulbs, and better than such ingenious and elaborate protections as those of wire-netting buried to inclose the bed is an active fox terrier or a reliable cat. It is not only in the actual captures that the results come, but in the frightening away of the timid little mice by the prowling presence of the guardians.

Fall is not only the best time for planting some desirable things, but for killing some of the undesirable.

The dandelions that throughout the summer have so persistently speckled your lawn with alternate yellow and white should be attacked with determination in the fall, for this time of year is far better than when they are arousing themselves with the strength and virility of youth in the springtime. Use the spud unsparingly—a blade on the end of a stick; a highly usable instrument, for you can manipulate it with little or no stooping. Use the spud unsparingly, and, in getting out the long and slender tap-root of the dandelion (and there is a vindictive pleasure in seeing its yellow length emerge), do not care too much if you, at the same time, dig up a little grass as well. Of course, do not hurt the grass needlessly; but, if it must be killed to kill the dandelion, remember that it dies in a good cause. Put some grass seed in the torn-up spot, and trust to its coming up.

The common plantain, too, with its mass of fibrous roots—one of the worst of garden pests—may be admirably campaigned against in the cool days before the ground freezes. The spud will help with this, but not so well as with the dandelion. To get out the plantain, you must stoop, and, grasping the plant firmly, close to the ground, pull hard and steadily; not with a jerk. There is a curious and widespread belief associated with this weed, and it explains why the plantain is often called "white man's foot"; for, as the belief has it, the advent of the plantain was coincident with the appearance of white men on this continent.

Wiry, unsightly, coarse-growing and hummocky grasses, too, may best be attacked in the fall. They should be taken out ruthlessly, for bare spots are infinitely preferable.

And, in all spaces, sow grass seed (there are different kinds for shady and for sunny places), and either sprinkle with fertilizer or depend upon unassisted Nature. It is dangerous to cover with leaves, as they may mat closely and, when removed in the spring, leave bleached and delicate spots.

And do not cover your lawn with stable litter. The end does not justify such means! You are not only to live with the lawn in the coming spring—if that were all, the use of such refuse would be sufficiently proper—but you are to live with it during the immediately imminent winter, and you should not have it, as often as the snow goes, a thing of worse than unsightliness. And to satisfy those to whom the matter of looks may not be reason sufficient, it may be added that good commercial fertilizer is a more efficacious thing to apply,

Around the World

Well! Well! Well!

Since I saw you last spring some of us have been 'round the world again.

Lots of us know good clothes better *now* than we *did*.

Because *all* of us have *worn* good clothes since you accepted my advice and bought *Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments* to get *longest lasting-value* for your money in *shape-holding, style-permanent* suits and overcoats.

If you wear *Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments*, you know now what a *good* suit or overcoat really ought to *do* for you.

Men don't buy clothes any more to just cover their nakedness.

But the trouble is with *ordinary* clothes that *that's* about *all* they *do*—after a good rain has taken a crack at them and *wrinkled* and *puckered* them all up.

So thousands and thousands of *young men* and *old*, are wearing *Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments* today.

Because the *Exclusive Kaufman "Pre-Shrinking" Process* takes *all* the *shrink tendency* out of the *fabric*—out of the cloth before it is cut or made into your suit or overcoat.

No one else but the *Kaufmans* can *use* their *"Pre-Shrinking" Process*, which is the *only* one that properly

—Takes all the *shrink tendency out* of the cloth.

Prevents the garment *bagging* anywhere.

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Now, do YOU wear or WANT clothes made like that?

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"Pre-Shrunk"
Garments

Kaufman
PRE-SHRUNK
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Chas. Kaufman & Bros.
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Our prices range from $12. to $30. Most people can be suited in Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments—
$15. to $18.

Ask Kaufman Dealers for the new *Kaufman Fall and Winter Style Book—Handsomely illustrated.*
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—On *"Pre-Shrunk" advantages.*
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No stamps necessary.

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to experience the cleansing, preserving, beautifying effect of delicious liquid
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when the mouth is toothless. Too late to test the truth of the maxim, *"It is wise to use* **RUBIFOAM"** when unwise neglect of tooth care has left RUBIFOAM nothing to work upon.

Remember—this best of dentifrices, though a perfect tooth-keeper, is not a tooth-maker.

Listen to the advice of the toothless old man pictured above:
"Ah, do not wait! Heed my toothless fate!
Use RUBIFOAM ere it is too late!"

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and that stable litter is apt to plant within the lawn the seeds of highly undesirable plants and weeds, thus entailing additional work next season.

Queen Margaret, it will be remembered, in the second part of Henry the Sixth, says:

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.

And, of course, the Queen was quite right. In the spring weeds must be killed. But Shakespeare would readily enough have had her declare, had she been speaking in the fall-time, that weeds need not all be allowed to have a spring life.

Storing Vegetables

Eternal vigilance, in fact, is the price of freedom from weeds; and you should not only, in the fall days, get after such lawn disfigurers as dandelion and plantain, but in fence corners and behind the barn seek out and destroy the almost attractive mullein, the enterprising thistle and the great-leaved and malevolent burdock.

The weeds, too, such as ragweed, pigweed, Spanish needles and others that perish annually and grow in the spring from seeds scattered as cleverly as if the weeds possessed reason, may have their strength greatly minimized by a fall campaign of bonfires.

The preparation of what may be termed gardens in the cellar is an important feature of fall work. With attention to this one may not only have fruit and vegetables through the greater part of the cold months, but may have these zestful things without having to pay winter prices for them.

Potatoes should be placed in a long and capacious box in an absolutely dark cellar room. To avoid rats, which make their way into houses from orchard and field and waterside as winter approaches, have good sides to the box, and place it upon supports say a foot or eighteen inches high, which do not come to the edge, for rats are great climbers, and would eagerly seize the opportunity to go up corner posts to a potato box.

As to the winter garden of celery, there are two methods of treatment. By all means the best, where conditions permit, is to leave the celery well covered in its trench in the garden, to be dug out as wanted. In this way it retains a crispness which is somewhat lost by removing it to a cellar and there covering it with earth. But in the more northern parts of our country the gardens freeze so solidly in winter that it would be impossible or extremely difficult to dig out the celery even if it were not covered by drifting snow, and so in those regions it is best removed to the cellar, after having been in its out-of-doors trench long enough to become bleached.

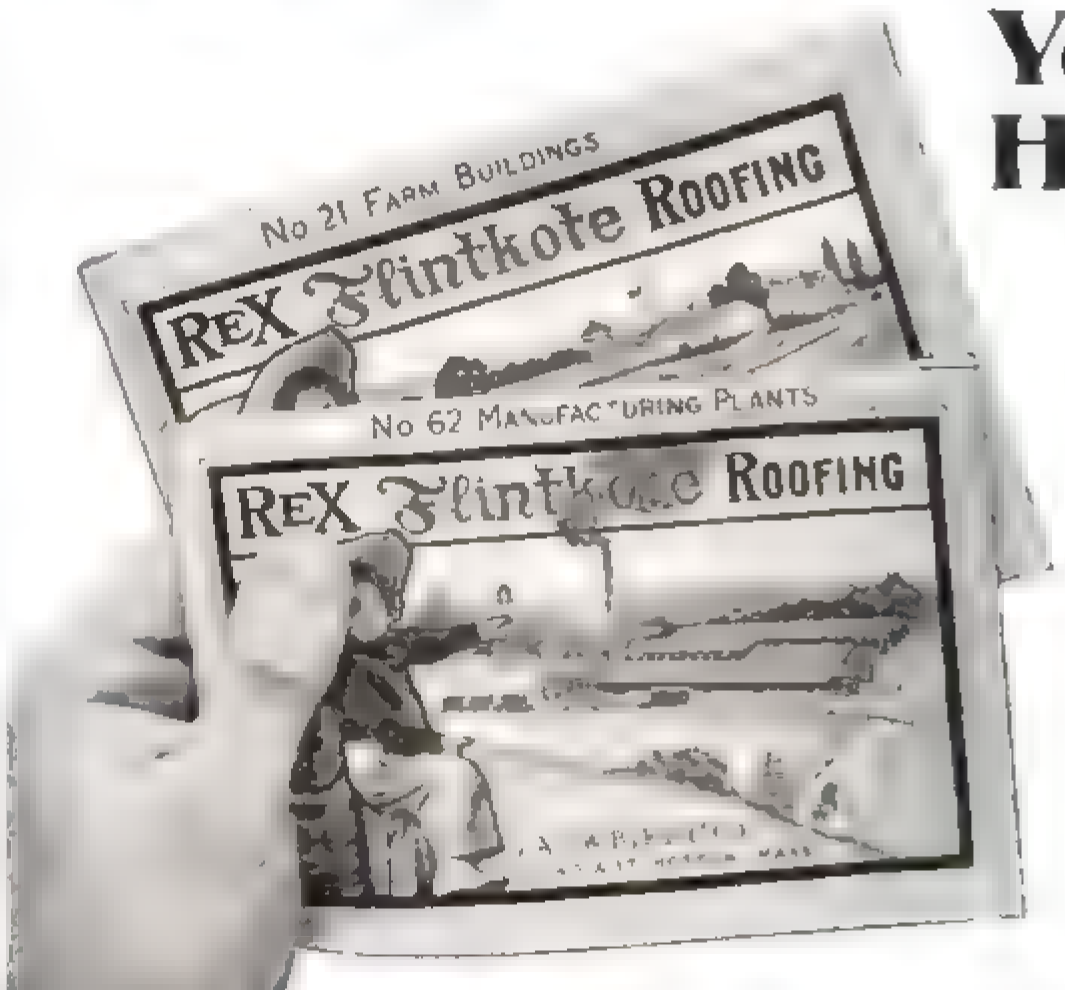
Such homely details are far from unimportant to the man who loves his own home and his own garden. There is a keen pleasure in coming to know just what one's garden will give and in putting away its produce in the cellar.

What may be termed the root crops, including turnips and carrots and parsnips, may make a brave showing in a winter cellar, especially if packed in sand, which keeps them plump and protects them from air. These, like potatoes and celery, must not be frozen—parsnips being an exception, as they may not only be frozen with impunity, but, as some believe, with positive improvement.

The watering of stored-away garden products is a doubtful thing to attempt. There are some who lightly sprinkle their cellared vegetables once in a while, and there are others who claim that this tends to rot them. For ourselves, we think that it is a case in which too little attention is far safer than too much.

Too much heat must be avoided, and this is a serious problem when there is a large furnace in the same cellar. Of course, the entire matter of putting vegetables in the cellar under dwelling-rooms is open to some objections; on the other hand, in a great part of the country vegetables must be kept in cellars or not at all; and an ideal way is to have the cellar detached from the house: perhaps entered by a doorway from the house cellar, or perhaps built under a hillside, entirely apart from the house.

But on all such matters as the fall and winter treatment of vegetables no set and absolute rules can be laid down, for we have



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such an irregular variety of weather, and different sections furnish such differing climates, and gardens and cellars and garden owners and cellar owners are of so many types.

Some vegetables may be not only stored, but actually grown, during cold weather, and there has recently been considerable experiment along this line. Those who have tried it—and it is eminently worth while trying for the sake of having fresh-vegetable relishes without having to pay the extravagant mid-winter prices—declare that by preparing certain vegetables out-of-doors, in the regular garden, late in the fall, and then transplanting them to the cellar, fine results may be obtained. Asparagus is one of these vegetables; and the roots of rhubarb, the homely "pieplant," may be actually frozen before taken up from out-of-doors, and then, permitted slowly to thaw in the cellar, and planted in boxes, will give that sour growth that is so refreshing and so esteemed before the advent of finer vegetables. As to water, here again there must be great caution in its use; use too little rather than too much, and have the soil light and sandy. To avoid the Scylla of water and decay, and the Charybdis of heat and dry-rot, one must steer a heedful course.

Other Cellar Treasures

As to peppers and onions, hang in strings from the cellar ceiling, in a cool, dry place. Even lima beans, if the vines are cut off at the roots before a "black frost," and hung in bunches in the cellar, may be picked, fresh and green, for from four to five weeks after the close of their season.

Geraniums, taken carefully from their beds late in the fall, with such earth as clings naturally to their roots, may be preserved through the winter by hanging them from the cellar ceiling, by strings tied gently just above the roots. Many have tried this and have failed, and a little thing worth knowing is that, after placing them in their bed again in the spring, the ground should be thoroughly soaked with warm water.

The bulbs of gladioli and the tubers of the dahlia are easily kept through the winter in a basket in a dark place. The canna is more delicate and difficult, but a sprinkling of charcoal around the tubers, to prevent the spread of decay, will aid materially.

Some people put quick-lime on the floor, near them, to destroy germs, and it is a good thing to have in any root cellar; but it must never be allowed to touch the things it preserves.

Always, with the triumphs of cellar storage or cellar growth, there is a distinct economy, a saving of money; and yet that is but the least important point. What really counts is that the owner has made still closer the ties that bind him to his home and its surroundings; in fact, it is as if there were an alliance made by the mutual development of the potentialities of garden and house and owner. And every one, rich and poor, who has a home and a garden, can do something successfully along the line of suggestions that we have made. In Italy, every household, rich or humble, manages to have, throughout the short Italian winter, a continuing and fresh supply of the little, oval, Italian tomatoes for their *salsa di pomo d'oro* (sauce of the golden apple) for the daily spaghetti; and this is one of the many things in which wisdom is shown us by the older civilizations.

AT A CONCERT

(Beethoven's Sixth Symphony)

At first, with voices palpitant and thin,
  Slaves to the master's baton hovering there,
With sigh of 'cello, wail of violin,
  The opening notes come trembling down the air.

And then the fagots and the clarinets,
  And then the flutes, the bass upswelling strong,
Until from keys and leaping finger-frets
  There bursts at last the full, free tide of song.

And with it all the house must rise and flow.
  Three thousand hearts till now immured, aloof,
From this, my lady in the box below,
  To that Sicilian peasant 'neath the roof.

A miracle! And yet, with stammering tongue,
  I cry for those divine deliverances:
God's music that I heard when I was young
  Behind the curtain of His silences.

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YOUR SAVINGS

Drainage and Levee Bonds as Investments

IN LAST week's article it was shown how a scarcity of water made it possible for irrigation bonds to be issued. This week it will be explained how too much water may sometimes make it necessary to bring out bonds, and thus afford an opportunity for the investment of surplus funds or savings. The latter kind of bonds are commonly known as drainage and levee district bonds. They perform a constructive service for a community in that the money derived from them is used to make land available for cultivation and consequently more valuable.

In the purchase of all kinds of bonds it is necessary to exercise great care and make as complete an investigation as possible, but these precautions, perhaps, are more urgent in the case of drainage or levee bonds than in almost any other kind of bond security, for the simple reason that, if you do not get a very high-class drainage or levee bond, you get one that is anything but a safe and profitable investment.

What Drainage and Levee Bonds Are

Drainage and levee district bonds are just what their names imply. They owe their existence to the fact that man wants to use certain land which Nature for a time makes it impossible for him to use. Since man is a very resourceful person he devises both ways and means of redeeming this land. But it takes money to do this, and the money is supplied by issuing bonds. In the case of swampy or submerged land the proceeds of the bonds are used to build drainage canals; in the case of land bordering on a river subject to floods, it is used to erect dikes or levees.

As in the case of irrigation, all the work of protecting the land or draining it cannot be done by the United States Government. It must be done by communities and districts. Hence the issue of drainage and levee bonds. The usual plan is for the leading men of a community to get together and organize what is called a drainage and levee district. Sometimes it is a drainage district and sometimes it is a levee district. Then a bill is introduced into the legislature providing for the issuance of the bonds and giving them what might be called State auspices. When the bonds are brought out in this way they form the highest class, and, in fact, the only ones that the investor should buy. In a way they become State bonds. These bonds are issued very much the same way that school-district or municipal bonds are issued, because they really have as their best security the good name of the community bringing them out, and they should have also, as further security, the taxes of that district. Frequently, these bonds are bought in bulk by some large bond and investment house, or some private bankers, and sold through the regular trade channels. The house buying them usually makes a careful investigation of the district, and especially the legal end of the issue, because many bond issues of this kind have been spoiled by litigation, and in some cases States and districts have repudiated issues which were not properly brought out.

Most of the best-known levee district bonds have been issued by Mississippi River States, notably Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas. In this vast region, where the great muddy river hurls its devastating self across the country, the people have raised their bulwarks with the proceeds of bonds. The levee bond is sometimes safer than a drainage district bond because the country it embraces is more valuable. This is notably true of some of the bayou districts in the South. A typical bond of this kind that I have in mind for purposes of illustration is issued by a district in Arkansas that extends from Little Rock, the State capital, to within a short distance of Pine Bluff, and embraces 300,000 acres of farm land in three counties. Within this territory are twenty-four towns. It is the heart of a rich cotton district. This district issued $300,000 worth of bonds to build levees. The assessed valuation of the property in the district is more than $2,000,000. The bonds were issued by special legislative act and under the supervision of trustees selected from among the representative men of each of the counties. The legislative act provided for the levying and collecting of sufficient tax to pay the interest and principal of the bonds. The bonds are further secured by a lien or claim on all the lands, railroads and tramways in the district. These bonds are 6 per cent. bonds, but there is a premium on them, and the yield to the investor would be about 5 per cent. The conditions surrounding these bonds may almost be said to be ideal ones for a bond of this kind.

A typical drainage district bond of the same high class is one that was issued by a drainage district in Illinois, where the State laws are favorable to issues of this kind It includes a part of the city of East St. Louis, which fact adds, of course, to the value of the land. In this case a part of the drained land is valuable suburban property, while the rest, not included in the city, is excellent truck-garden land. Thus every part of the drainage district has become valuable. These bonds are registered with the State Auditor at Springfield, and the assessments for the payment of principal and interest are collected by the State Treasurer at the same time and in the same manner as State taxes. These bonds, which are 5 per cent. bonds, are being sold at about par, and the yield is about 5 per cent.

Safeguards for the Bonds

Since drainage and levee bonds are issued (or should be issued) under State or civic auspices, it is highly important that the investor should buy only those issued in States where proper laws are in force to protect them. In Minnesota and Illinois they are the most favorable. In these States the construction of the law is that the bonds are a lien or claim upon the county funds, which means the revenue from the taxes. Thus they resemble the municipal or school-district bonds.

One complication which has made some drainage and levee bonds objectionable is the fact that they have often been clogged with litigation. Here is one kind: a certain man, whose land is three-fourths under water, pays the same amount of taxes that a man does whose land is one-fourth under water. The second man protests that he is not getting as much benefit as the first, and declines to pay his taxes. Frequently, the bonds have not been legally brought out, and there is constant difficulty over the collection of taxes. Hence it is extremely advisable to buy these bonds only through a reputable house that has made a very careful investigation of all the legal phases of the issue, and whose lawyers pronounce them safe from legal attack.

The best types of these bonds, both levee and drainage, are those issued by districts in the midst of a rich farming country, where the value of the land greatly exceeds the cost of all the improvements or the amount of the bond issue. It should be a district where the affairs of the drainage or levee commission are administered by reputable and honest men, and where the land is widely held — that is, owned by a great many different people. If the land is owned by a few people it leads to land speculation, and this is often disastrous to the prosperity of a community.

In this connection it is important to point out that there are on the market to-day a great many so-called drainage bonds which are issued by mushroom companies claiming to have great tracts to drain and develop, and which offer to yield eight or nine per cent. — a promise it is impossible to fulfill.

An article about drainage bonds would be incomplete without a reference to the Chicago Sanitary District Bonds, which are frequently known as Chicago Drainage Bonds. They are issued by a district that includes the city of Chicago and altogether embraces three hundred and fifty-eight square miles. The proceeds were used to divert the sewage of the city from Lake Michigan to the Illinois River. The bonds are secured by a tax on the district. These bonds are regarded as practically being bonds of the city of Chicago. They may be bought to yield about 4½ per cent.

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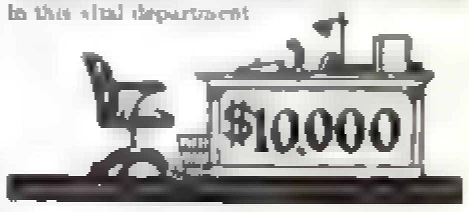

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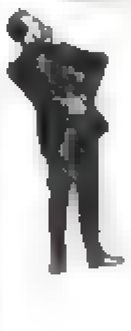

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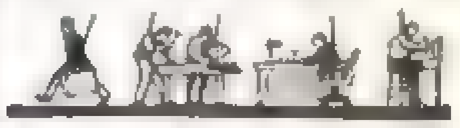

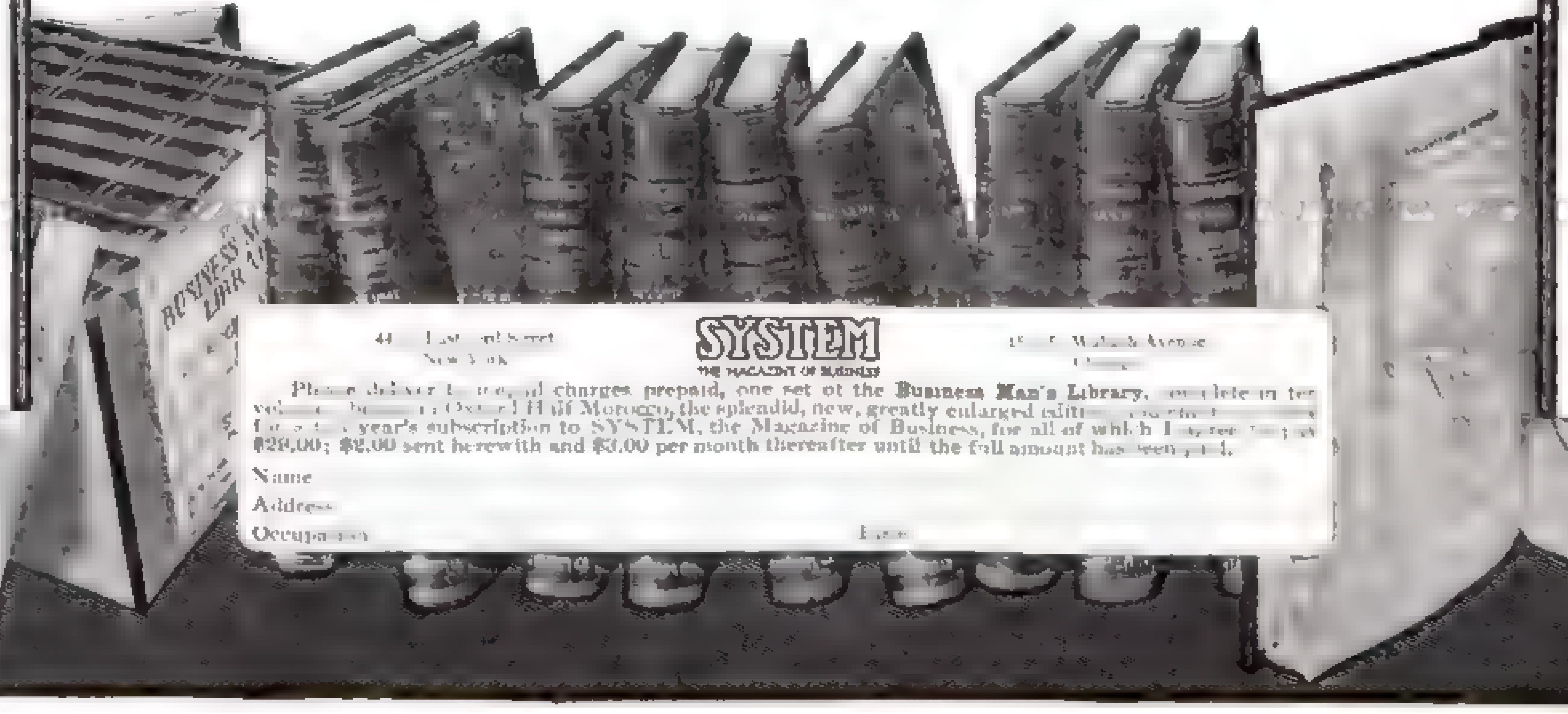

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JACK SPURLOCK—PRODIGAL

(Continued from Page 11)

"Oh, I thought you would," I gurgled pleasantly. "And here's another old friend of ours," I added, as the Major detached himself from a pillar and came toward us, with hands outstretched and joyful recognition beaming like a benediction from his face. "My chief, Old Doctor Jackson, you remember, the celebrated influenza specialist and discoverer of the sovereign remedy, Lah Grippah."

"This is indeed a pleasure, yo' lo'dship," exclaimed the Major. "I had not thought to meet you so far from yo' ancestral halls."

"Aw, yes, delighted," his lordship returned miserably. "But if you gentlemen will excuse me I'll run up and get ready for supper; been on the go all day, you know," and he hurried away to see, I guessed, if he could figure out just what our little game was, and what his course of action should be.

Instead of staying to talk with the villagers, who, with questions fairly bursting from their lips, were already edging up to us, we followed his lordship. For the Major had a fine appreciation of advertising values, and piqued, but never satiated, curiosity. Once inside, I turned to him and said: "Well, Major, we're going to spoil one scoundrel and his little game. The only question is, how and when to do it?"

"Better play him fo' a day or two, Jack," the Major replied thoughtfully. "I reckon he's goin' to stimulate the medicine business right smart fo' us. Now why don't that dashed printer hurry with those blank labels?"

His lordship appeared at the supper-table, not, I fancy, because he wanted any supper, but because he was afraid to stay away. Miss Lynn, the innkeeper, excited and exclamatory over the Major's news that Frothy was an old friend of ours, deluged him with questions, to which he returned short and evasive answers. In fact, he showed such total lack of imagination that the Major, who had been listening with the keenest enjoyment, felt constrained both to liven up the conversation and to teach him how to treat his old friends. For Frothy's manner toward us was characterized by what he fondly believed to be the hauteur and coldness of a Vere de Vere, though in his proper person and on his familiar Rialto he would probably have called it "giving us the frosty mitt." So when Miss Lynn inquired breathlessly, "And who was at this house-pa'ty, yo' lo'dship?" before the unhappy Frothy could reply, the Major cut in with:

"Speakin' of the house-pa'ty, yo' lo'dship, how goes that little affair of yo's with the Lady Victoria Maud? A charmin' girl, suh, a woman whose trust and affection any man might well be proud of winnin'."

It was a frightful situation for Frothy. On either side was a smiling, but merciless, iconoclast from Missouri; in the foreground a pop-eyed, large-eared, loose-mouthed lady; in the middle distance, a trusting, but not-to-be-trifled-with, middle-aged maiden; and in the background, two determined cousins with shotguns, and a full chorus of village youths with rails, tar-buckets, feather pillows and other necessary props. No wonder Frothy forgot his lines, and stammered in the purest Broadway American:

"Wh-wh-at Lady Maud? Wh-at d' you mean?"

"You shouldn't have mentioned that, Doctor," I spoke up reprovingly. "You know the Duke said it was a dead secret, and that it wasn't to be announced till just before the marriage, as his lordship didn't like long engagements."

"I beg yo' pa'don, my deah fellow!" the Major exclaimed, turning a distressed face toward Frothy. "It was very thoughtless of me—but here among yo' friends—a—er—sacred confidence—I am sure that no harm has been done. Unless—yes—I see from yo' manner that I have blundered—fo'give me, I beg, fo' openin' old wounds this way."

Nothing could have been more tender and sympathetic than the look that the Major gave Frothy; and nothing more ferocious in its powerless rage than the one that Frothy returned. But he was quick to take the avenue of escape that opened up for him.

"That affair was broken off long ago," he explained. "I was never really in love with her; it was simply a flirtation, nothing more." Then he blocked further comment by excusing himself, and managed to retire in fairly good order. But he had acknowledged us, and the Lady Victoria Maud, and we had scored the first points in our game.

"Very distressin', very distressin'!" the Major exclaimed as soon as Frothy was out of hearing. "He has taken the affair to heart, I fear. But there—I'd clean fo'gotten—yo' charmin' friend, madam, has, no doubt, healed the old wounds of the little god, while inflictin' fresh ones. Of cou'se, we mustn't mention this affair. It could do no good, and it might ——"

We all assented, but there was an absent, glazed look in Miss Lynn's eyes which told us that she was already conning over a list of her friends and trying to decide which one was most worthy to hear the great news first. So she, too, soon excused herself, exclaiming: "How romantic! I knew all along that he was a real lo'd; and a love affair, too, with the Lady Victoria Maud! What did you say her last name was?"

"Her last name, madam? Her last name?" the Major repeated slowly, and I could see that this unexpected thirst for detail had caught him unprepared. "Her full name is the Lady Victoria Maud—er—er—Alexandria Beatrice Bromley, beloved and only daughter of Lo'd Fastnet."

I started toward the portico for an after-supper smoke, but the Major's touch restrained me. "Go up to my room, Jack," he whispered. "His lo'dship should join us there in about ten minutes."

Frothy rapped on the door in five, and, answering the Major's "Come in," strode defiantly into the room—a little too defiantly for a man who wasn't afraid. The Major stood up to receive him, but he did not offer him a chair.

"I want to know what you fellows are up to," Frothy blurted out, as soon as he had closed the door behind him.

"Up to, yo' lo'dship?" the Major repeated. "Explain yo'self, I beg." There was the growl of distant thunder in his tone.

"Oh, you know what I mean," was the impatient answer. There was no pretense of an English accent in Frothy's voice now.

"No, suh, I do not know what you mean," the Major replied with much impressiveness. "But I do know, suh, that yo' manner is most offensive to me." He paused a moment and then continued, as if with sudden understanding: "Unless, suh, you feel that anything in my remarks about the Lady Victoria Maud reflects on yo' honah, and you wish to demand satisfaction. In that event, I would point out to yo' lo'dship that custom prescribes that yo' friend, rather than yo' lo'dship in person, should wait on me."

Frothy gave ground visibly before the Major's fierce eye.

"No offense, Doctor, no offense," he began with an attempt at familiarity. "But why do you pretend that you recognize me—that's what I want to know?"

"Pretend? Pretend, suh?" echoed the Major, working himself into a rage. "How dare you, suh? Do you mean to doubt my word, to insinuate that I was not in attendance on his Grace, or—am I to understand that you are not Lo'd Percy Frothingham, of Chudleigh Towers, Sussex?"

Frothy gave a sickly grin as he grasped the significance of the question. "Of course I'm Lord Frothingham," he admitted weakly.

"And—take a good, careful look, yo' lo'dship, to refresh yo' treacherous memory—you remember Doctor Spurlock and myself, and that—er—unfo'tunate little affair with the Lady Victoria Maud?"

"Certainly, Doctor," the now thoroughly tamed Frothy replied.

"Then, yo' lo'dship, all misunderstandin's havin' been cleared away, we need detain you no longer."

His lordship hesitated, thought better of it, voiced a weak "Good-night," and got as far as the door on his way out, when a call from the Major halted him:

"And oh! Lo'd Percy—I'd almost fo'gotten—you remember that last night at the Duke's, when we played bridge?"

"Ye—e—s," reluctantly.

"And you remember that I O U for a thousand guineas you gave me?"

"Ye—e—s," with an awful effort of memory and in a choking voice.

"Well, yo' lo'dship, I'm a little sho't, and I could use that money."

Stony silence while his lordship swallowed something. I was a little surprised

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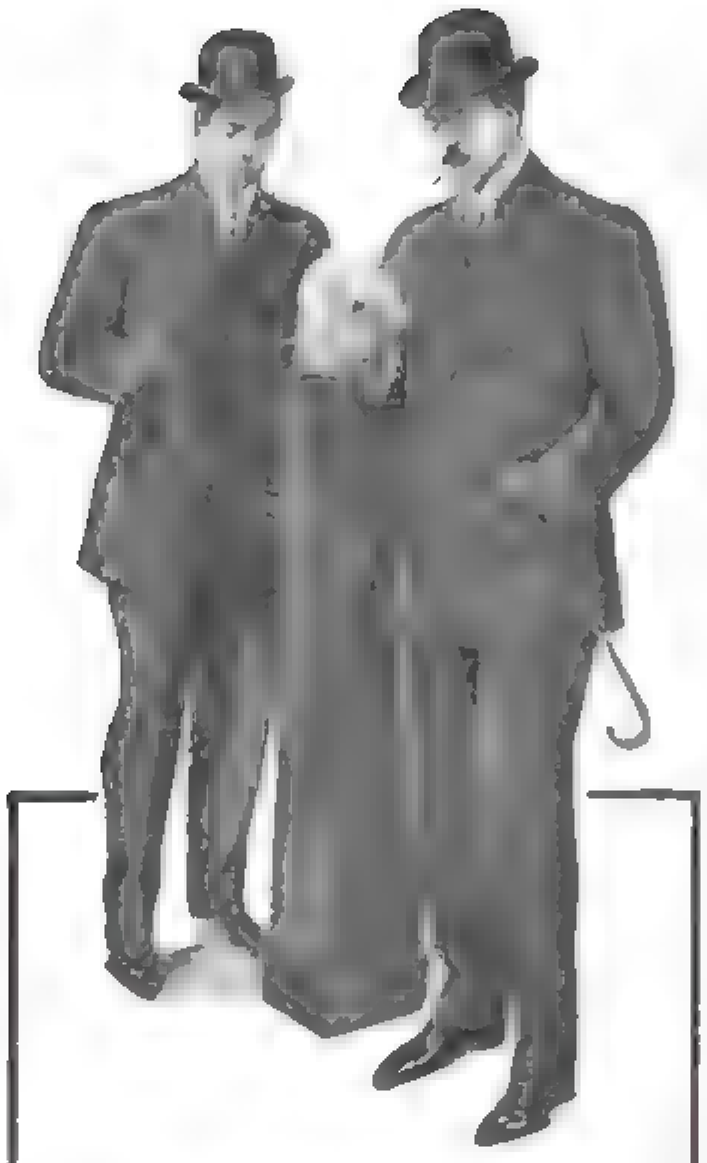

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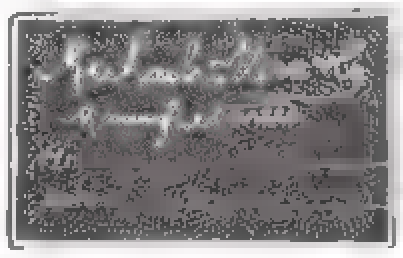

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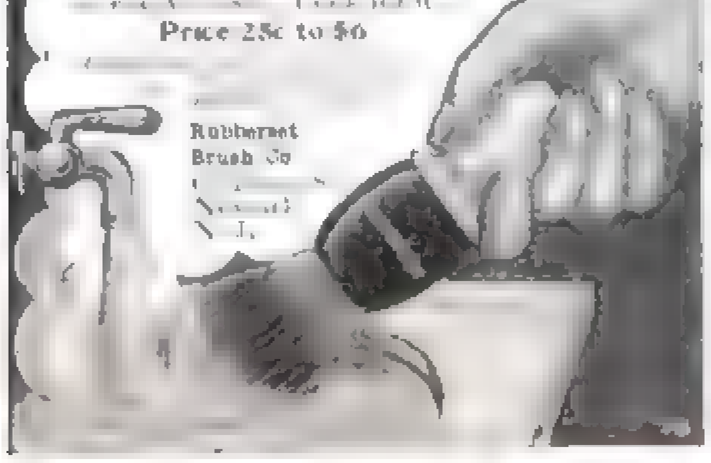

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myself at the Major's remembering the I O U, for I knew that he wouldn't touch a cent of Frothy's dirty money, even if the fellow could raise any, and I couldn't see just how this particular play fitted into our game. But I wasn't to remain long in doubt. Rage and relief were now apparent in Frothy's face—rage at our rapacity; relief that he wasn't to be exposed, but only to be held up for a share.

"Why, the fact is, Doctor," was the answer, "I'm a little short myself just now, but I'm expecting money by any mail, and then I'll cash up." He was a little bolder now that he thought we were fellow-rascals, but he was still feeling his way cautiously.

"Very good, suh," the Major returned; "but, of cou'se, you will not think of marryin' Miss Roby until after you receive yo' remittances and credentials from England. While I know that a man of yo' lo'dship's pride and position would not o'dinarily think of doin' such a thing, sometimes, under the impatience engendered by an overmasterin' passion fo' a charmin' woman, the most honorable man will do things which he would not contemplate in his less—er—impetuous moments. But, on reflection, suh, you will see that no matter how much yo' affianced may desire to prove her affection by marryin' you in spite of doubters, yo' pride will not permit you to proceed in this matter until you are in a position to prove that yo' traducers are liars."

"Oh, come now, Doctor," Frothy protested with a leer of understanding. "You know that until after the wed——"

"Not another word, suh!" the Major roared. "Yo' lo'dship is fo'gettin' himself. You fo'get the honah, the traditions of yo' noble house. There will be no weddin', suh, not a single, solitary weddin' bell fo' you, suh, until after you get that money from home and yo' credentials. And as yo' affianced is an o'phan, I shall do myself the honah, suh, to act in a father's place, should any houn' behave toward her in a manner which seems to call fo' the chastisin' hand of a male relative. Good-night, suh! No, suh! Not another word," and the Major backed Frothy out of the room and shut the door in his face.

"What's your idea in stringing Lord Percy along?" I asked, as soon as we were alone again. "Why not expose the scoundrel and be done with it?"

"Because, Jack, I want to fo'ce the blackguard to light out of his own acco'd. If we expose him, we put that po' woman he's been foolin' in a fix where she can never hold up her head again, but there's a certain mou'nful distinction in being jilted by a lo'd who's had an affair with the Lady Victoria Maud. Besides," the Major added thoughtfully, "if we prove that there's no Lo'd Frothingham, what becomes of the advertisin' we're goin' to get from havin' seen his Grace through that little spell of influenza?"

I saw the point and refrained from further questioning.

Next morning Frothy was not at the table, and we learned that he had breakfasted early and gone somewhere to kill time, until the boat left for the little settlement, five miles down the bay, where Miss Roby lived. There was no hotel there, only a dozen houses, and, it seemed, he had been in the habit of taking a late morning boat, dining and spending the afternoon with Miss Roby, and coming home for supper on the up-boat. Miss Lynn was also missing from the breakfast-table, but the Major didn't ask after her. "I know where she is, Jack," he volunteered. "I saw her drive off while I was shavin'—I reckon she couldn't hold in fo' the boat. She's gone to tell Miss Roby about that little affair with the Lady Victoria Maud. She told the neighbors last night."

It was one of those soft, lazy days in early fall which are made to be wasted, so we loafed on the veranda, smoking and talking in a desultory fashion, until a carriage drove up and Miss Lynn jumped out of it.

"Oh, Doctor!" she called as soon as she caught sight of the Major. "Miss Roby wants to know if you won't go over to see her directly. She's caught a dreadful cold, and her wedding only two days off, and I told her you could cure her."

"I most assuredly can, madam, and I will," the Major responded with alacrity. "While I am not—er—regularly practicin' on this trip, it bein' in the natchah of a little outin'—though I shall incidentally take occasion to make yo' sufferers

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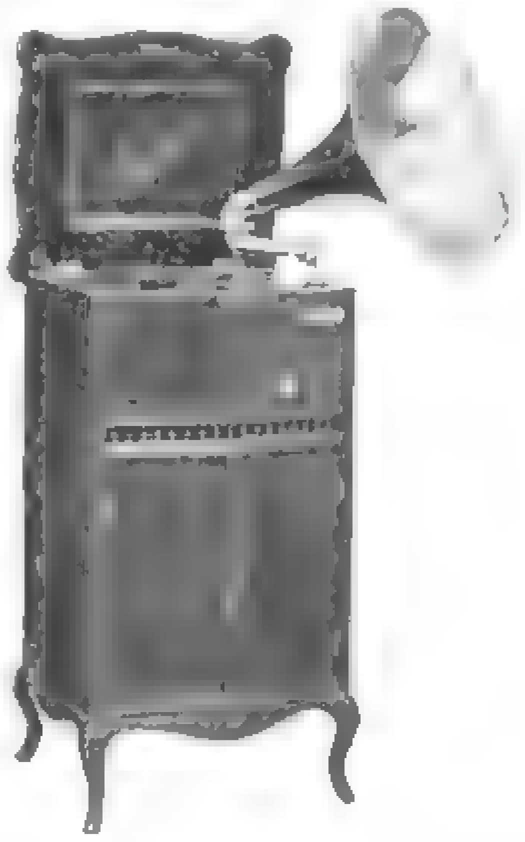

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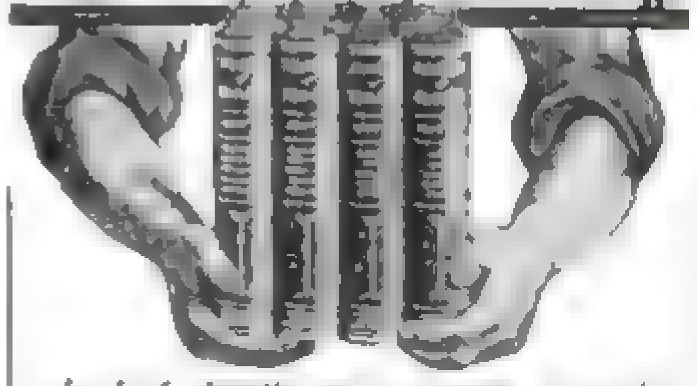

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"Thank you, Doctor, an' it'll be a mighty big favor to Miss Roby, fo' she's worryin' herself sick over bein' married with a red nose. And she wants you to take Lo'd Frothingham over in the carriage with you."

"It's too bad, madam," the Major returned regretfully, "but Lo'd Percy has started off on a long tramp, and left word that he would go directly to the boat-landin'," and, with a bow to Miss Lynn and a wink to me, the old rascal skipped into the carriage and was driven off down the white shell road.

The Major did not return until after two o'clock, and with him in the carriage, looking rather sulky, was Frothy.

"I brought his lo'dship back with me," the Major explained, as he jumped nimbly to the ground, "because, as Miss Roby's physician, I feel it my duty to see that she is kept absolutely quiet until the present distressin' symptoms are relieved."

I could see that the Major was bursting with information, and, as I was bursting with curiosity, we were not long in getting together in his room.

"Well, what's she like?" I demanded, as soon as we were alone.

"An angel, suh," was the emphatic response. "An angel, suh, with a dashed fine plantation and twenty niggers. She's a gentlewoman, suh, of blood and breedin', and true to the noblest traditions of the South. I never ate a better dinner in my life. Why, suh, that suckin' pig, with baked sweet potatoes, made me feel that I was takin' a holy pilgrimage back to the — er — hallowed scenes of my boyhood. I have conceived a profound, an endurin' admiration fo' the lady, and it will be a pleasure, as well as a duty, now that I have seen her, to save her from this blank scoundrel. No wonder his wooin' has been ardent! That plantation would be a dashed comfo'table place to live, Jack. Just the spot fo' a gentleman to spend his declinin' years in dignified retirement. *Otium cum dignitate.* Mighty well-trained niggers, too, suh — quite like the old kind. Had to kick one out of my way, and, instead of lookin' annoyed, as one of these new niggers would, he just picked himself up and said, 'Thank you, suh.'"

It took me a moment to sort out the Major's praises for Miss Roby from his pæans over the sucking pig and the negroes. But this done and the facts about her digested, I asked:

"But, if she's all this, how in the name of common-sense has a cheap skate like Frothy managed to impose on her?"

"Simply because she's all that and mo', suh," the Major returned. "She's a dashed fine, simple woman, who's lived in a simple, honest way all her life and read so many novels by the Duchess that she really believes that lo'ds go around matin' like robins, and fo' first choice pick a dairymaid or a general-housework girl to preside over their ancestral halls. This dashed bounder of a barnstormer, with his pinky cheeks and his curly mustache and his sickenin' way of lookin' at her with his head cocked to one side, like a coon dog squintin' up a tree at a 'possum, has her plum' hypnotized, suh."

"And how did it happen that he came back with you?"

"Why, suh, do you know that that scoundrel had the effrontery to say that he was goin' to stay and spend the afternoon with her? I came mighty near exposin' him on the spot, but, instead, I felt Miss Roby's pulse and discovered some new and alarmin' symptoms. So I told her to go to bed directly, and not to think of stirrin' again until mornin'."

"When you will call again to see how she's getting on."

"Exactly, suh."

"And, in the mean time, how about finishing up with Frothy?"

"We'll let that go over till to-morrow, Jack. Then I'll have decided how the thing can be done quietly and with the greatest consideration fo' the lady's feelin's."

Right after breakfast next morning the Major drove over to Miss Roby's plantation, and, despite his stern caution that his patient would hardly be well enough to see visitors that day, Frothy followed on the boat. Again they returned together, for, as I learned later, Miss Roby's alarming symptoms had developed afresh with the appearance of Frothy, and, despite her protests that she felt perfectly well, the

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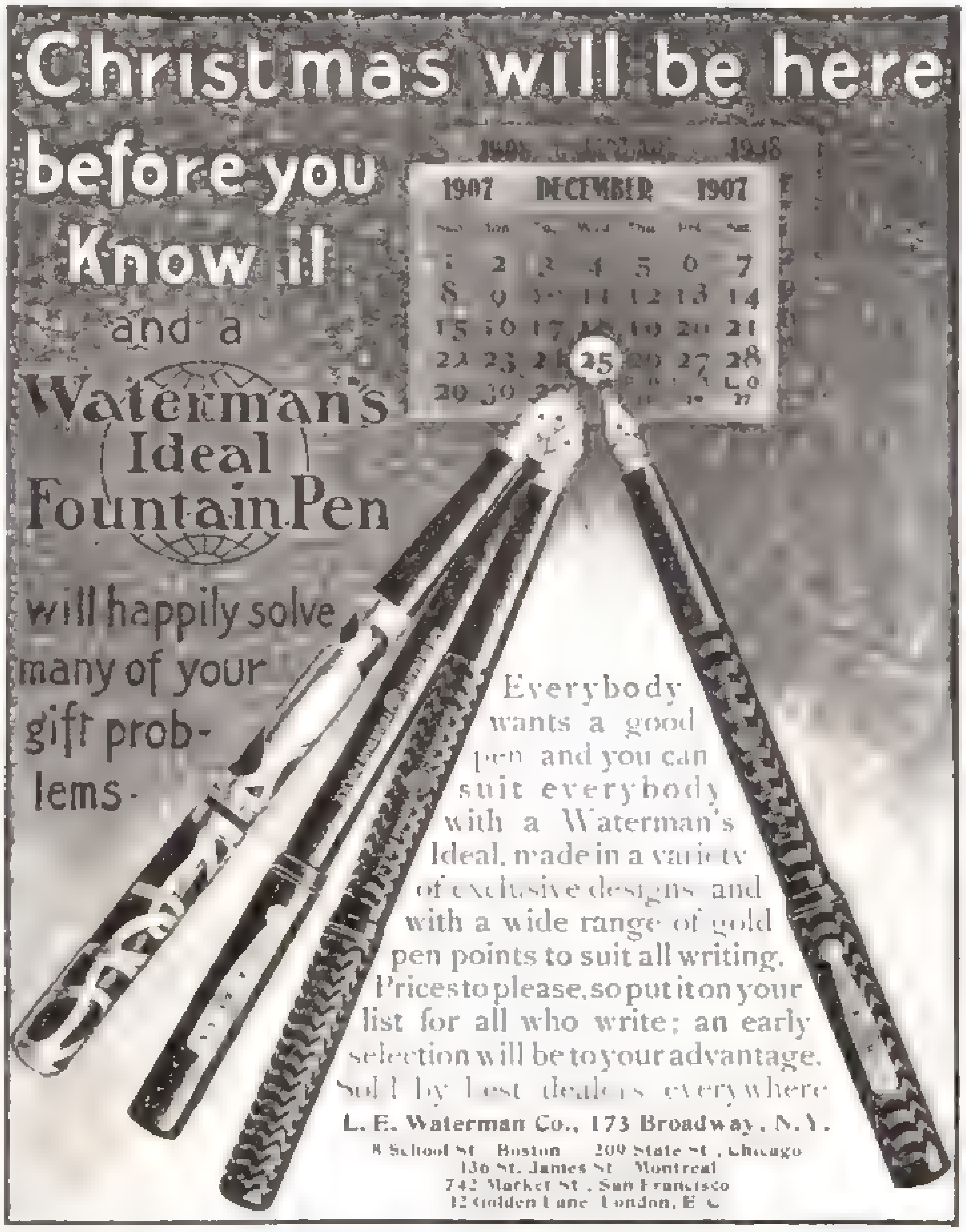
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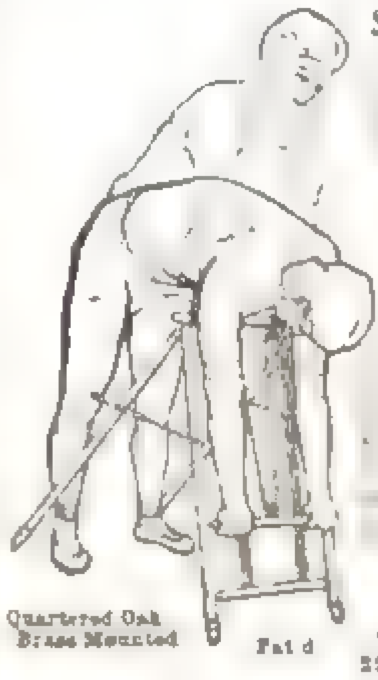

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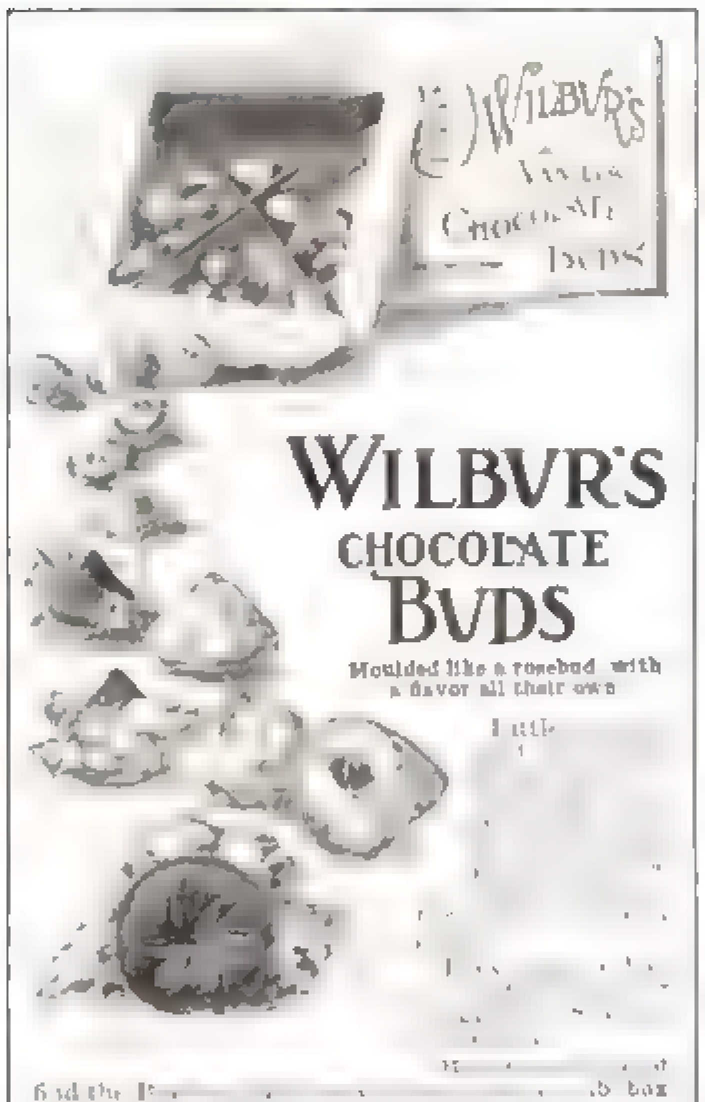

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Major had bundled her off to bed for the rest of the day, assuring her that this deceptive feeling of health was one of the gravest symptoms of her malady.

Frothy jumped out of the carriage and started to make off down the street. Since our first talk he had carefully kept away from us as much as possible, but the Major, who was right on his heels, laid a restraining hand on his shoulder.

"One moment, yo' lo'dship," he said pleasantly. "If you have no objection, Doctor Spurlock and I will accompany you on yo' little constitutional."

Frothy looked far from cordial, but we went anyway, and, furthermore, we directed his footsteps to a secluded spot by the water. There the Major opened up on the unhappy barnstormer.

"Yo' lo'dship," he began gravely, "I was greatly surprised to learn this mo'nin' that, despite the failure of yo' credentials to arrive, you are permittin' the arrangements fo' yo' weddin' to-morrow to proceed. Permit me to info'm you, suh, that on reflection and actin' *in loco parentis*, so to speak, I have decided that yo' marriage to Miss Roby will not take place to-morrow or on any other day, as I do not believe that such an alliance is calculated to make fo' the lady's happiness. Though fitted to ado'n any society, I fear that, unaccustomed as she is to smokin' cigarettes and soppin' up highballs, she might not find yo's congenial. Let me suggest that one of the same noble lineage as yo'self, the Lady Victoria Maud, fo' instance, would be a mo' suitable match fo' you. But, so far as Miss Roby goes, you will consider yo'self on a dead card. Even if you can, I cannot consent to such a *mésalliance*, suh."

"Oh! I'll take a chance on the *mésalliance* part," was the jaunty answer. But there was an ugly look on Frothy's face, for he saw that the crisis in his affairs had come.

"I did not refer to you, but to the lady, when I used the word *mésalliance*," the Major returned icily. "We will consider that matter settled, suh, and now consult about how yo' lo'dship can most considerately break this engagement befo' catchin' the afternoon boat fo' Baltimo'."

"Forget it," Frothy returned angrily. "You give me a pain. I see through your game, all right. You think you'll have a try for the old girl yourself, do you, and get it all, instead of blackmailing me out of a part of it? I'm willing to talk business, but first let's drop all this nonsense about ——"

"Yes, I'll drop it, you damned houn'," the Major returned in a tone that was absolutely deadly, and that brought Frothy up white and scared. "One mo' mention of that lady's name, except in terms of the highest respect; one mo' such dastardly insinuation about my motives, and I'll shoot you down like the low Bowery cur that you are. You will now precede us to the hotel, there write a letter that I shall dictate, and leave the East Sho', never to return."

The trip back to the hotel was made in silence and in good order. There in the Major's room we dictated to Frothy a letter of explanation and parting that reeked with flowery adjectives descriptive of Miss Roby, and abject substantives descriptive of Frothy. Whenever the Major dug up a phrase which he thought particularly choice he would exclaim: "It's a burnin' shame, Jack, to let this dashed scoundrel use such beautiful gems of thought! But fo' Miss Roby's sake, we must do the thing up propah." And do it up proper we did, from that opening sentence which the Major dictated: "Would God that I had died befo' I came into yo' pure, yo' beautiful, yo' perfect life—put, unworthy wretch that I am, after died," he amended—down to that final: "And so, though I am to'n by conflictin' emotions, tossed between love and duty, I am doin' what you would tell me to do, if I had the courage to face you—um-m—stick cowardly and pusillanimous skunk: no, craven that I am, befo' what—in obeyin' the stern mandate of my father to return and marry the Lady Victoria Maud, even though I love her not."

That signed, sealed and dropped in the post-office by the Major himself, we told Frothy that we would see that his trunk was sent to a Baltimore address, the Major remarking that he didn't want to call any attention to Frothy's departure by letting him take his baggage with him, and we escorted his lordship down to the boat. The beggar took it all calmly enough, now that he was sure that we meant business,

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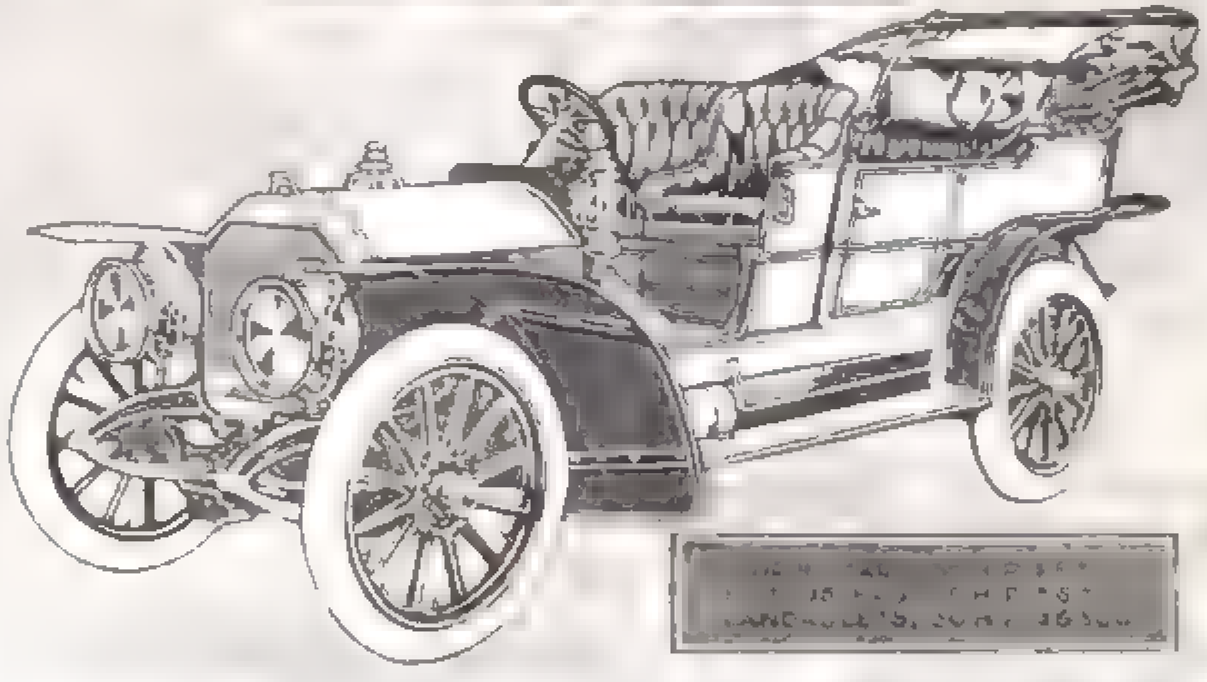

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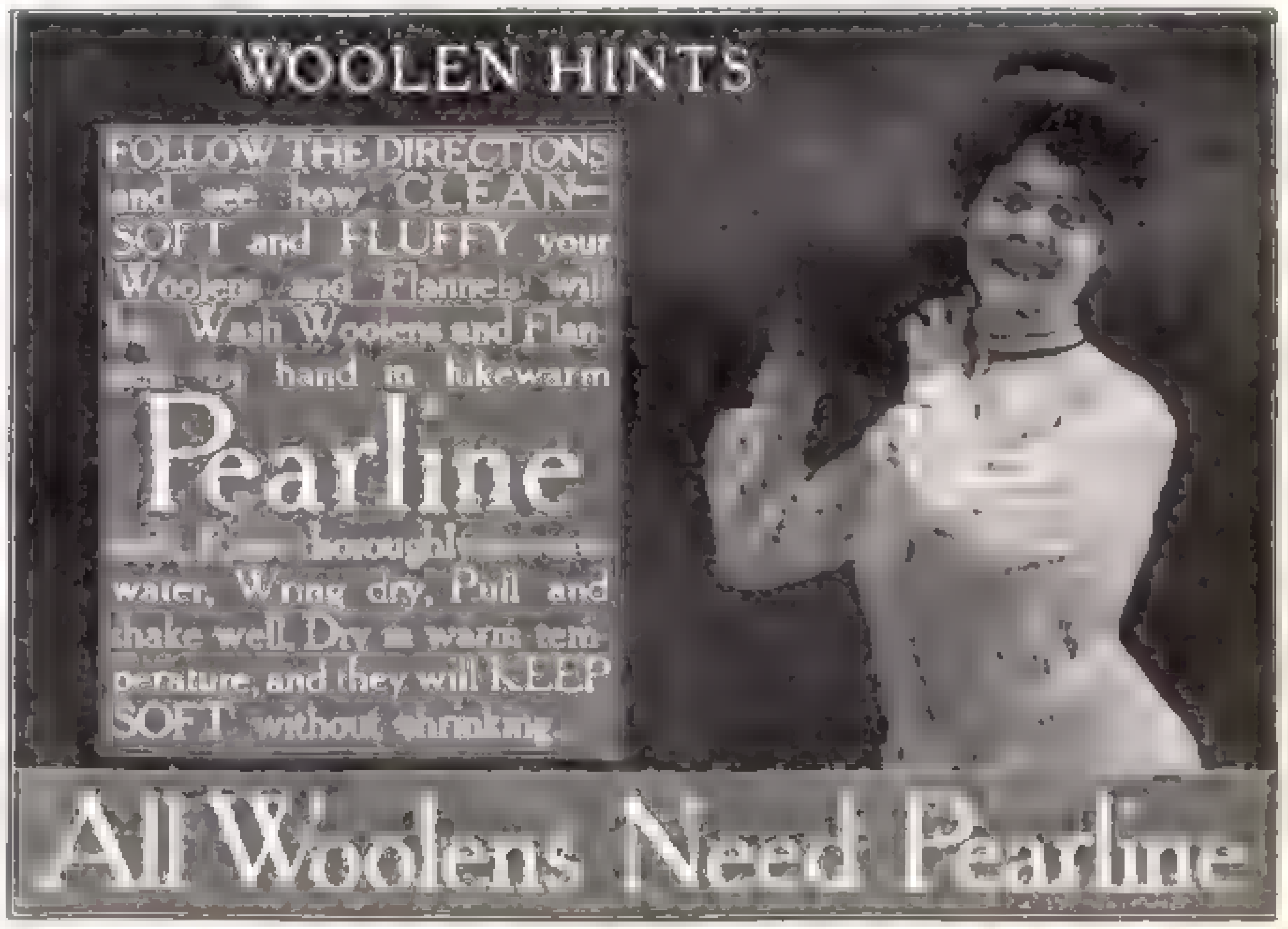

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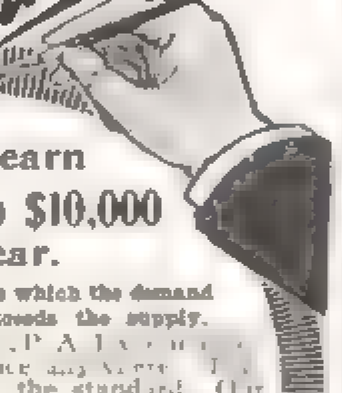

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and, as he went up the gangplank, he called back to the indignant Major: "Ta, ta, old bear's grease. Lay you ten to one she won't have you."

It was only with the greatest difficulty that I restrained the Major from following Frothy on board and giving him a caning. But I managed to hold him back with a "What's the use?" until after the boat had cast off, when I added teasingly: "And you can afford to be generous now that you have a clear field with the lady."

"Don't, Jack, I implo' you," the Major returned, with genuine distress in his face. "I confess with shame that the blackguard's strictures were not entirely undeserved; in sho't, that I was beginnin' to feel a mo' than fatherly regard fo' the lady. But that — er — dream is over, suh. I have already banished all thoughts of that plantation from my mind. Fo' I should be no better than that fellow if I allowed myself to take advantage of a situation that I have created. We must get down to work, Jack," and the Major regarded me with a mixture of Christian resignation and business hope in his face.

On our return to the hotel we found the package from the printer, so there was really nothing to stop our getting right down to work if we wanted to, but, someway, we didn't want to. I heartily agreed with the Major's tentative, "After a quiet evenin' and a good night's sleep, suh, we shall rise like lions refreshed fo' our duties," and we dropped the disagreeable subject.

Nevertheless, we weren't in a particularly leonine mood next morning; we were waiting for something to drop. But at breakfast Miss Lynn was still planning to go to the wedding, and, while she remarked on his lordship's absence, she thought nothing of it, assuming that he had gone over to Miss Roby's village the day before in order to be handy for the ceremony. At eleven o'clock no messenger had ridden over from Miss Roby to announce his lordship's defection, and we saw people beginning to start for the wedding. Miss Lynn came down, starched and rustling in her best clothes, and asked us if we shouldn't like to drive over with her. "I don't think we'd better, Jack," the Major said in an aside; "they might want to take it out on us as his lo'dship's next friends." But I knew from his tone that he was going to accept, and in the next breath he did.

Half-way there I had an inspiration. Like bright things, inspirations come to me about twenty-four hours after it's all over.

"How did his lordship get over to Miss Roby's last evening?" I asked Miss Lynn. "Walk?"

"No, he wouldn't have done that, fo' it's a right smart piece. He'd have driven over or taken the evenin' boat."

"The evenin' boat!" the Major echoed in a startled voice. "Is there an evenin' boat down?"

"Of cou'se, Doctor."

"How long after the up-boat leaves?"

"About an hour; a little mo', perhaps."

"And does it carry any mail, might I inquire?"

"Yes, it takes the down-mail. Did you have some letters to go on it?"

"Yes, an impo'tant one, madam," the Major replied. "And I trust that it has not miscarried." For the first time we exchanged glances, the Major swapping a growing suspicion for a miserable certainty that he found in my eyes. So that was why Frothy had taken his departure so calmly!

"Geo'ge," the Major called to the driver, "push that ho'se!" Then he added in an aside to me: "What simpletons we were not to know about that boat! Of cou'se the scoundrel got off at the next dock, caught the down-boat that was carryin' his letter and got it unopened from Miss Roby. And he counts on our not findin' out till the last minute and then keepin' quiet in the hope of gettin' somethin' out of him. Of cou'se he'll have the ceremony just as much befo' twelve as they'll let him. Say it's his dashed impatience to call her his own, the blank skunk!"

There was no pushing the horse. The most resolute cracking of the whip over his flanks failed to move him from his jog. We could only fret silently, and, being without watches, we were deprived of the poor consolation of noting the flight of time. But at last we pulled up before the little crossroads church and hustled Miss Lynn out of the carriage. Rigs were already hitched to all the racks and nearby trees; darky drivers were peering in at the open windows, but no white folks were in sight. That looked bad. At the door, the monotonous

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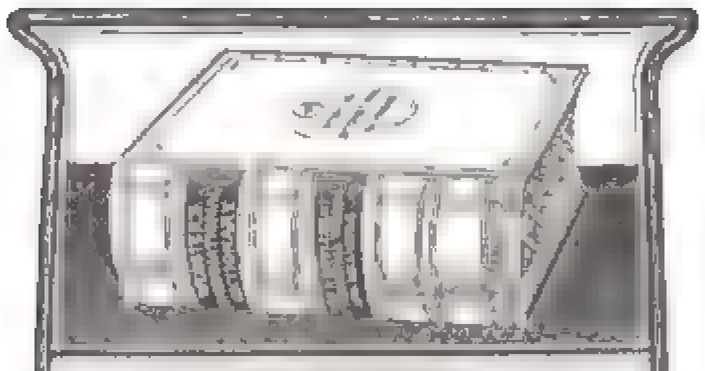

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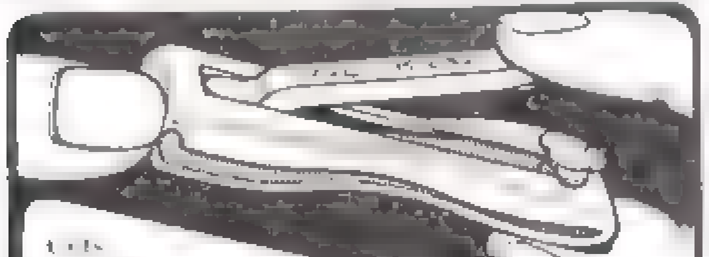

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singsong of the clergyman's voice greeted our ears. The ceremony was on.

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With the last word the Major strode forward. "I fo'bid the banns!" he shouted dramatically. The ceremony was off.

There was dead silence for a moment — bride fainting — Frothy in a funk — everybody pop-eyed — then great disorder, as they say in the House of Commons. The Major raised his hand, and curiosity got the better of excitement. The noise stopped, and the people wiggled their ears so as not to miss a whisper of the scandal.

"That fellow there," the Major exclaimed, pointing at Frothy, "is an impostor, a cheap actor. I don't know what his name is, but it isn't Frothingham; he doesn't come from England, but from the Bowery. This ceremony must not proceed. In the name of the — er — sovereign State of Maryland, I fo'bid the banns." It was simply great to hear him roll it out.

Then Frothy, braced by his extremity, played his big card.

"That's a lie," he shouted. "That old buck's been scheming to marry Miss Roby and get her money ever since he met her. He knows perfectly well that I'm Lord Frothingham, and before he'd decided to try on this dodge, *he recognized me in the presence of witnesses who are here now!"*

"That's so," a dozen voices from the pews chorused, and then the rough-house began afresh. Someway, I seem to be a natural focus of trouble, for in a moment the Major and I found ourselves the centre of a crowd, yelling, questioning and threatening. But in spite of all our arguments and our pleading for a postponement until a thorough investigation could be made, the drift was against us. The crowd was there for a wedding and a big dinner afterward, and the counsels of reason went down before the promptings of appetite. We were finally hustled outside, where our treatment was none too gentle. "And just as soon as we get the young folks tied we'll attend to yo' case," the leader said significantly, as he administered a lingering farewell cuff to me. He really seemed to hate to part with me. "You've got ten minutes' start. See how far you can get in it."

"That means business on the East Sho', Jack," the ruffled Major panted, as we started off on a walk which was so fast that an unsympathetic observer might have called it a run. "This is one of the most damnable outrages that has ever been perpetrated in Maryland, but there'll be a worse one soon if we don't hurry — and a coat of tar and feathers ain't a soothin' poultice fo' injured feelin's."

We made for the bay as our best chance, and, by great good luck, found a negro fisherman near the dock, bailing out his sloop. After a hasty dicker with him, we stood off and up shore in the sloop, to pick up the Baltimore boat. It didn't seem wise, in the present temper of the populace, to return to the hotel for our clothes.

Once out in the bay, the Major stood up, and, striking a Napoleon-on-board-the-Bellerophon attitude, cursed the receding East Sho', its oysters, its canvasbacks, its terrapin and its inhabitants. Then, in a spasm of regret, he added more gently:

"Yet I certainly could have been happy on that plantation, Jack. She was the finest woman I've ever met."

Yours, JACK.

Editor's Note — The next installment of Jack Spurlock will appear in an early number.

The Workman's Lack of Interest

(Concluded from Page 9)

and a phase of it which, properly considered, would very largely tend to eliminate the lack of interest of which employers complain. It is the same feeling — and no other — which actuates alike the banker, the merchant, the railroad manager and the contractor; and the bitterness involved is the same as would be felt by any of those men at reading published news of matters intimately connected with their daily occupations of which they had previously been uninformed. There is no treatment which will so surely cause a man to settle into an attitude of utter indifference — to feel that he is estimated solely as a machine.

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The Little Widow of Jansen

(Continued from Page 7)

him; and she can't free herself without ruining him; and she can't marry the man she loves because of that villain yonder, crying for his life to be saved. By Josh and by Joan, but it's a shame, a dirty shame, it is!"

Suddenly Varley turned and gripped his arm with fingers of steel:

"His name—his real name?"

"His name's Meydon—and a dirty shame it is, Varley!"

Varley was white. He had been leading his horse and talking to Finden. He mounted quickly now, and was about to ride away, but stopped short again. "Who knows—who knows the truth?" he asked.

"Father Bourassa and me—no others," he answered. "I knew Meydon thirty years ago."

There was a moment's hesitation, then Varley said hoarsely, "Tell me—tell me all."

When all was told he turned his horse toward the wide waste of the prairie and galloped away. Finden watched him till he was lost to view beyond the bluff.

"Now, a man like that, you can't guess what he'll do," he said reflectively. "He's a high-stepper, and there's no telling what foolishness will get hold of him. It'd be safer if he got lost on the prairie for twenty-four hours. He said that Meydon's only got twenty-four hours, if the trick isn't done! Well—"

He took a penny from his pocket. "I'll toss for it. Heads he does it, and tails he doesn't."

He tossed. It came down heads. "Well, there's one more fool in the world than I thought," he said philosophically, as though he had settled the question; as though the man riding away into the prairie with a dark problem to be solved had told the penny what he meant to do.

Mrs. Meydon, Father Bourassa and Finden stood in the little waiting-room of the hospital at Jansen, one at each window, and watched the wild thunderstorm which had broken over the prairie. The white heliographs of the elements flashed their warnings across the black sky, and the roaring artillery of the thunder came after, making the circle of prairie and tree and stream a theatre of anger and conflict. The streets of Jansen were washed with flood, and the green and gold things of garden and field and harvest crumbled beneath the sheets of rain.

The faces at the window of the little room of the hospital, however, were but half-conscious of the storm; it seemed only an accompaniment of their thoughts, to typify the elements of tragedy surrounding them.

For Varley there had been but one thing to do. A life might be saved, and it was his duty to save it. He had ridden back from the prairie as the sun was setting, the night before, and had made all arrangements at the hospital, giving orders that Meydon should have no food whatever till the operation was performed the next afternoon, and nothing to drink except a little brandy and water.

The operation was performed successfully, and Varley had issued from the operating-room with the look of a man who had gone through an ordeal which had taxed his nerve to the utmost, to find Valerie Meydon waiting, with a piteous, dazed look in her eyes. But this look passed when she heard him say, "All right."

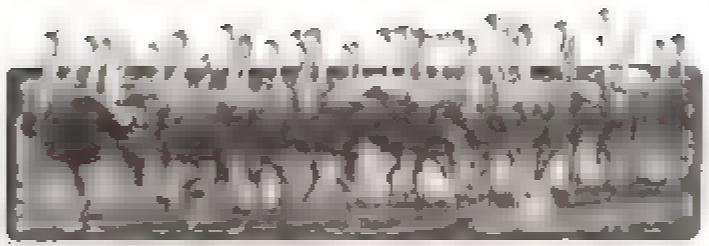
The words brought a sense of relief, for if he had failed it would have seemed almost unbearable in the circumstances—the cup of trembling must be drunk to the dregs.

Few words had passed between them, and he had gone, while she remained behind with Father Bourassa till the patient should wake from the sleep into which he had fallen when Varley left.

But within two hours they sent for Varley again, for Meydon was in evident danger. Varley had come, and had now been with the patient for some time.

At last the door opened and Varley came in quickly. He beckoned to Mrs. Meydon and to Father Bourassa. "He wishes to speak with you," he said to her. "There is little time."

Her eyes scarcely saw him as she left the room and passed to where Meydon lay



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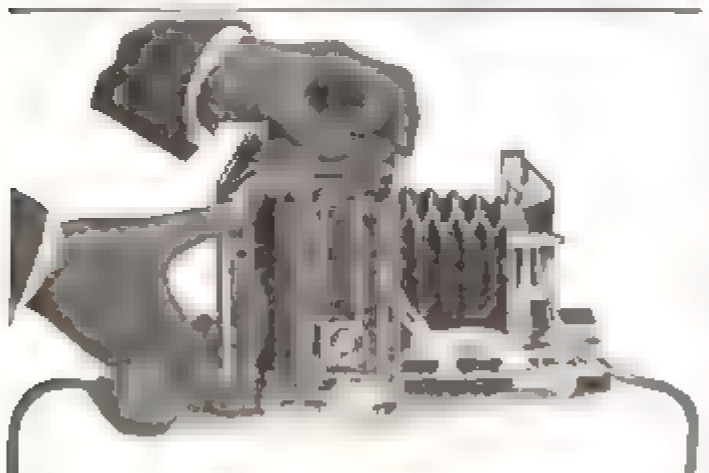

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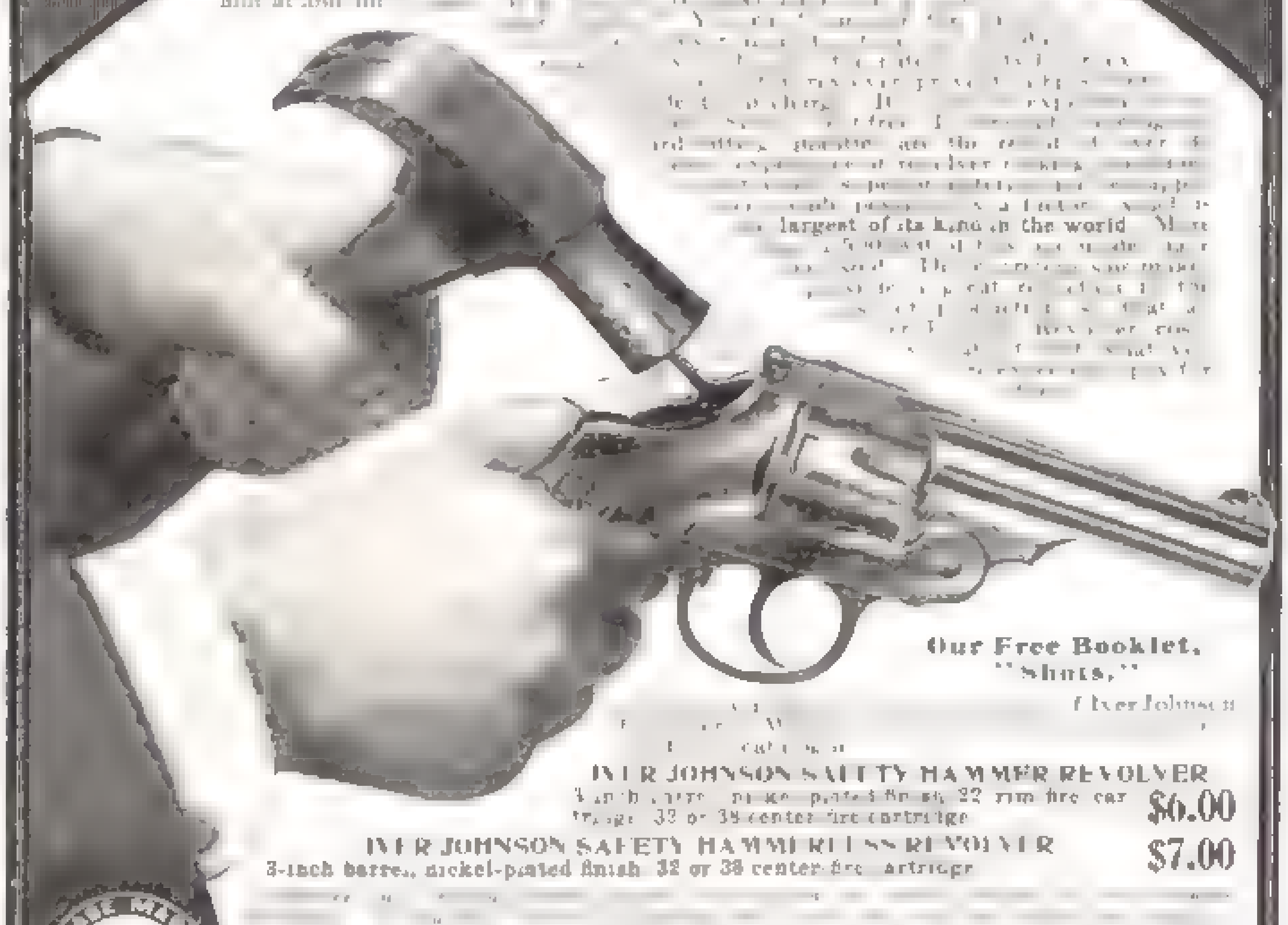

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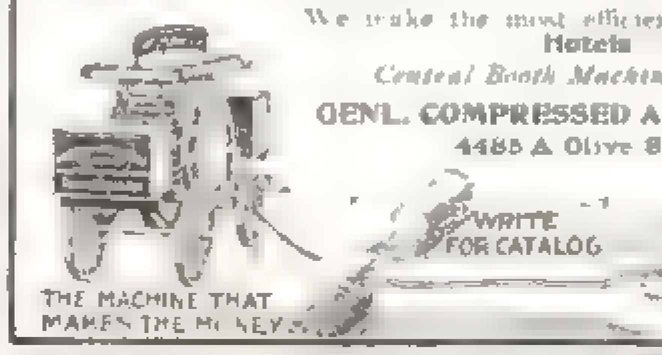

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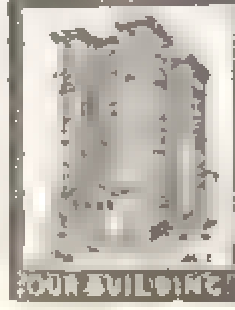

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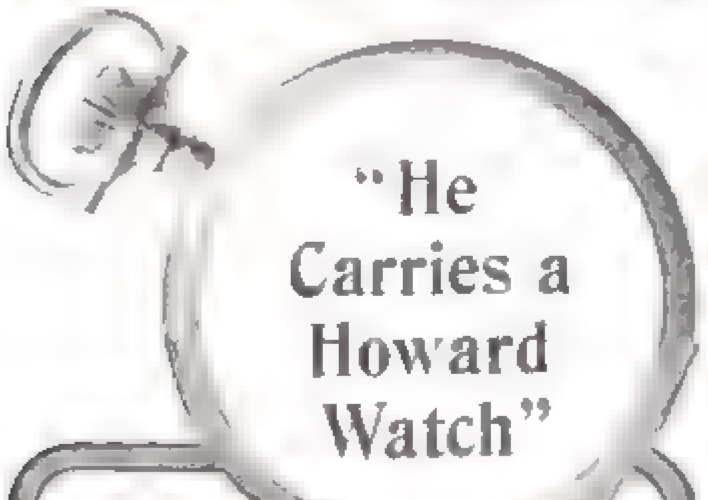
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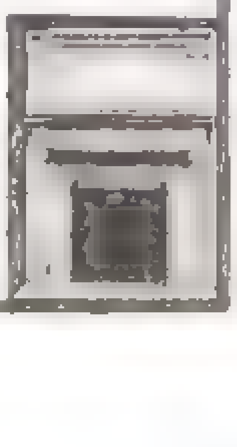

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nerveless, but with wide-open eyes, waiting for her. The eyes closed, however, before she reached the bed. Presently they opened again, but the lids remained fixed. He did not hear what she said.

In the little waiting-room Finden said to Varley, "What happened?"

"Food was absolutely forbidden, but he got it from another patient early this morning while the nurse was out for a moment. It has killed him."

"'Twas the least he could do, but no credit's due him. It was to be. I'm not envying Father Bourassa nor her there with him."

Varley made no reply. He was watching the receding storm with eyes which told nothing.

Finden spoke once more, but Varley did not hear him. Presently the door opened and Father Bourassa entered. He made a gesture of the hand to signify that all was over.

Outside, the sun was breaking through the clouds upon the Western prairie, and there floated through the evening air the sound of a child's voice singing beneath the trees that fringed the river:

Will you come back, darlin'? Never heed the pain and blightin'.
Never trouble that you're wounded, that you bear the scars of fightin';
Here's the luck o' Heaven to you,
Here's the hand of love will brew you
The cup of peace — ah, darlin', will you come back home?

THE BATTLE OF THE BOTTLE

(Concluded from Page 5)

The country negro takes up a collection among his friends, accumulates three dollars, and receives the jug. "Jeems Jones" was a fiction.

The expressman is the agent of the liquor dealer and gets his commission; the dealer gets his profit; the negro gets his whisky; everybody gets happy. Benevolent device. It required a great deal of legislation, litigation and irritation to break up this practice.

The Local Option idea spread from State to State and grew stronger; county after county fell into line for Prohibition. The sale of liquor was driven inch by inch from country districts into the cities. From these strongly-intrenched citadels wholesale dealers supplied the Prohibition territory by means of the jug trade and the C. O. D. device.

The wholesaler did not object to the growth of Local Option. As a matter of fact, those in the greater cities, where they felt secure, were glad enough when smaller towns went dry—which simply enlarged the field of their own operations.

The Prohibition counties complained bitterly that, although they had voted dry, these wholesalers continued to send secret agents among them, flooding their homes with whisky, disturbing their labor and nullifying their laws. The violent antagonism created by this jug trade has made State Prohibition possible. In many States there can be no doubt that the Prohibitionists are in absolute control, and can enact such laws if they desire.

The slow process of evolution has built up this sentiment by logical gradations:

1. From the doggery to the Five-mile law.
2. From Five-mile law to Beat, or Precinct, Option.
3. From Beat, or Precinct, Option to County Local Option.
4. From County Local Option to State Prohibition—the ultimate goal.

More than half the geographical limits of these United States are already under prohibitory laws. The battle-ground must inevitably move to Washington; that is the strategic situation. Congress will be asked to relegate the liquor traffic to the police control of the several States, unhampered by interstate commerce rules. Each State will then be free to forbid the shipment of liquors into its territory.

Congress will also be asked to stop the issuance of internal revenue licenses in dry districts—or except upon the production of a local license. It is difficult to see how this latter proposition can be refused—how the nation can continue to protect the blind tiger in his violations of State laws.

There is no doubt about the OSTERMOOR

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The Ostermoor Mattress has been *proved* by every test that human reason demands.

The theory behind it is right—that the best mattress must be *built*, not stuffed—free from animal hair or anything else unclean and unsanitary.

It has stood the test of time—for over *50 years* we have been making Ostermoor mattresses to satisfy a *constantly increasing* demand.

It has a multitude of witnesses to its excellences. Many thousands have of their own accord sent us letters of gratitude and congratulation over this mattress that induces sleep and ministers to health. The name *Ostermoor* is to-day a household word, due not alone to our convincing advertisements, but to the good report of it that neighbor has made to neighbor.

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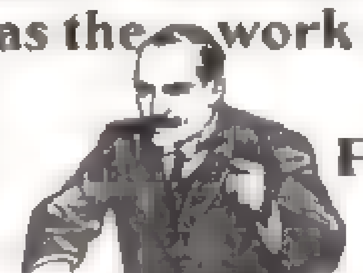

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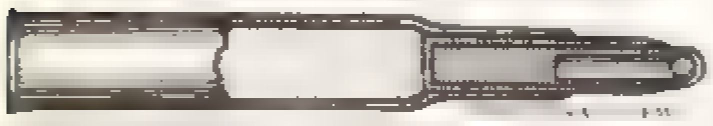

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Our Fighting Ships

(Continued from Page 1)

propelled by compressed air, working through engines in the stern. In principle they are yet the same, but turbine engines are now installed, and the expanding air is heated by a fire that is started automatically and gives a great measure of efficiency. The diameter of the torpedo has been increased to 21 inches. The effective range of the torpedo in 1897 was (if in luck) one thousand yards; the modern torpedo travels thirty-five knots an hour—ten faster than the old—and has a range of four thousand yards. It is necessarily much more accurate.

It is an interesting fact—in a way the most interesting in the history of the Navy—that the last and greatest step in the development of the modern battleship was the direct result of the evolution of the man behind the gun. The development of the ship followed on the increased skill of the gunners.

At the battle of Santiago our gunners made three hits for every one hundred shots fired, though to secure that record it was necessary to count 1-pounder shots in the smokestacks of the enemy. Theretofore Congress had appropriated for "gunnery exercises"—all expenses pertaining to target practice—only six thousand dollars a year. The act of March 3, 1903 (after Roosevelt became President), gave one hundred and twenty thousand dollars for that purpose.

The battleship Illinois, that holds the target record of the Navy at the present writing, made a per cent. of 75.782 in using all guns.

The crew of the after-turret on the Alabama has made eleven straight hits with the 13-inch gun.

The Kentucky frontiersman who never failed to hit a squirrel in the eye has been celebrated in history, but we will regard the men of the Alabama instead. They accomplished the harder task.

The Big Gun at Short Range

With the attainment of such skill as this, and the British Navy is only a little, if any, behind ours in this respect, the day of the all-big-gun battleship dawned. For the big gun has become as accurate at short range as the small one, while at long range—four or five miles—it is the only one that can prove destructive. In spite of the greater speed with which small guns may yet be fired, the big gun is the most effective at all ranges; the reason for mounting an intermediate battery no longer exists.

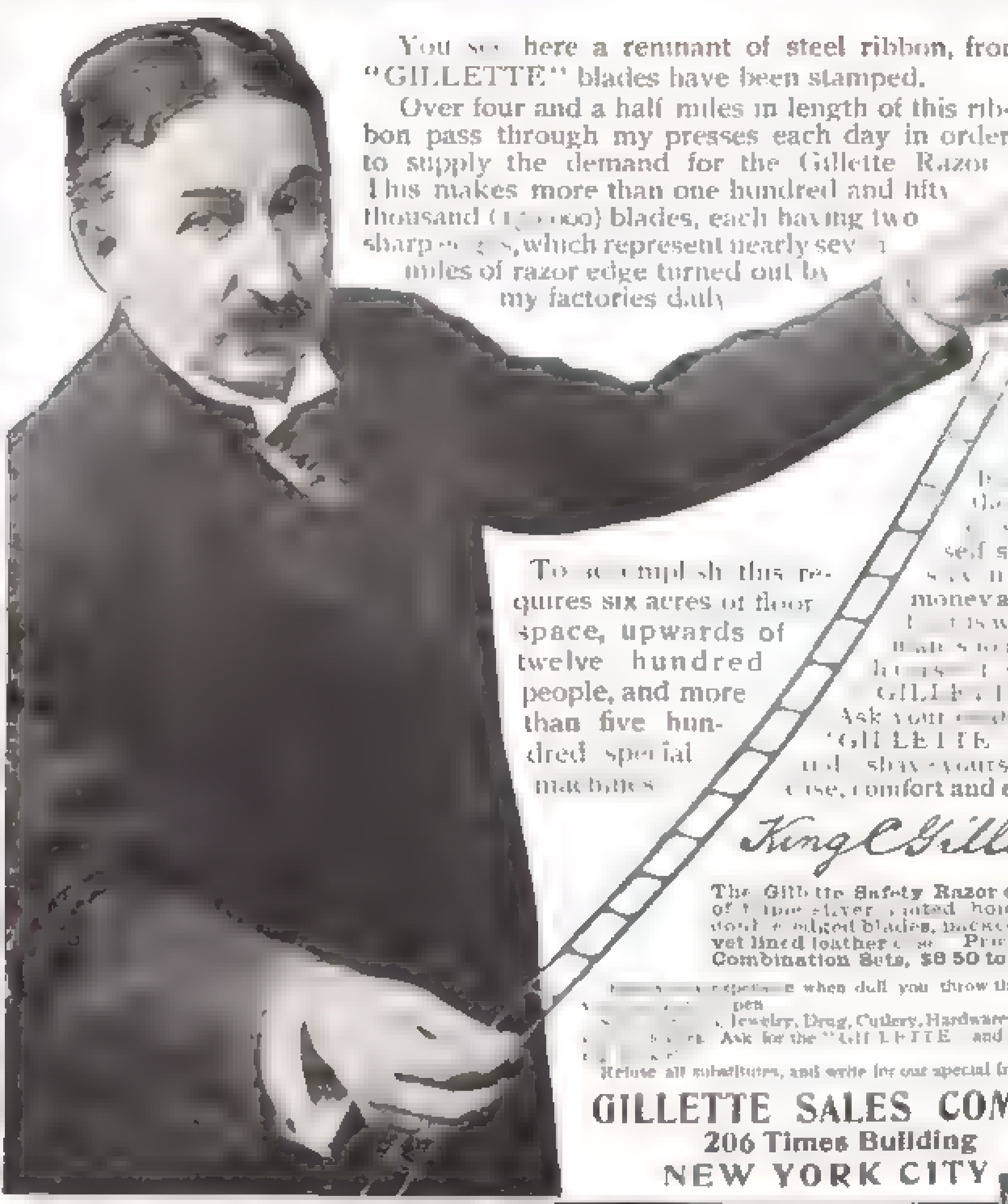
The Dreadnaught, the first of the all-big-gun ships, displaces about 18,000 tons. She mounts ten 12-inch guns in such fashion that six can be fired in an end-on attack and eight in a broadside. She has made (with turbine engines) a speed of 21.5 knots, and has steamed from Gibraltar to the West Indies at seventeen, arriving with enough coal to travel one thousand knots farther at the same speed. She is manœuvred with extraordinary ease.

While she was in hand our designers, having an appropriation for two ships of 16,000 tons each, brought out our South Carolina class. They mount eight 12-inch guns in the plane of the keel, the inner turrets standing so high that they can fire over the turrets at the extremities. The ships thus have an end-on fire of four guns with a broadside of eight—the equal of that of the Dreadnaught. These two ships were a decided advance on the Louisiana class, but by no means equal to the larger and swifter Dreadnaught. Congress, therefore, appropriated money for two ships with the distinct proviso that they should be superior to anything of their date—the Delaware class of two ships.

Ten Times the Oregon's Strength

The Oregon, the best of the ships that excited the enthusiasm of the nation ten years ago, displaced 10,282 tons. The Delaware, ready for service, will displace twice as much. The muzzle energy of the Oregon's entire broadside was about 170,000 foot tons; that of the Delaware (ten 12-inch guns) will be not far below 500,000 foot tons. At modern battle-range—three to five miles—the gun preponderance of the Delaware will be about as ten to one. The Delaware is to have a speed of twenty knots.

We had four battleships in commission in 1897. We have in commission or in hand



You see here a remnant of steel ribbon, from which "GILLETTE" blades have been stamped.

Over four and a half miles in length of this ribbon pass through my presses each day in order to supply the demand for the Gillette Razor. This makes more than one hundred and fifty thousand (150,000) blades, each having two sharp edges, which represent nearly seven miles of razor edge turned out by my factories daily.

To accomplish this requires six acres of floor space, upwards of twelve hundred people, and more than five hundred special machines.

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The Gillette Safety Razor consists of triple silver plated holder—12 double edged blades, packed in velvet lined leather case. Price $5.00. Combination Sets, $6.50 to $50.00.

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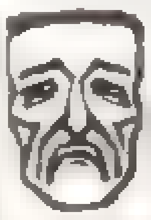

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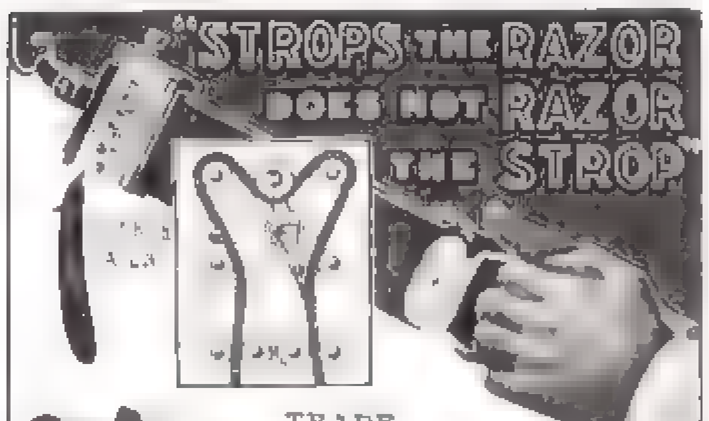

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twenty-nine at the present time. Of these sixteen have been designed since the War with Spain, and they are all splendid ships. The three Georgias and the five Louisianas are the best the world affords of their date In the matter of cruisers and the smaller vessels, date for date, we have reason for pride.

The American Navy in 1897 stood fourth in the world's lists of ships; to-day it stands second, while its *personnel* is the boast of every patriot.

Spain refused to accept peacefully the intervention that became necessary because her people believed the American ships were "rotten" and all Americans were "pigs," too much absorbed in pursuing dollars to fight. War came upon us because our Navy was unknown, and because we had a reputation for greed only. For more than one hundred years Great Britain maintained as threats well-equipped fleets and stations within striking distance of our coasts After the building of our Georgias and Louisianas these threats were withdrawn; a powerful navy had strengthened the British respect for, and confidence in, us.

Professor Roberts, of the Cornell Agricultural School, in his Fertility of the Land says that the invention of the reaper would have been worth while, even if it were not an economical factor in harvest-time, because of the mental uplift it has given to every farm boy who has learned to use it In like manner the modern battleship is worth while.

Even if it were not economical as an insurance premium against war, the mental uplift it gives the nation is worth the cost; for who shall put a limit to the progressive powers of a people able to lead in building this the most magnificent product of human ingenuity and might?

The Aluminum Boom

THE production of aluminum during the year 1907 will be considerably over seventeen million pounds. In 1883 it amounted to only eighty-three pounds, and three years later, in 1886, it had reached only three thousand pounds—facts which give a notion of the extraordinary growth of the consumption of this new and valuable metal.

The price of imported aluminum in 1886 was fifteen dollars a pound. Three years later, owing to the development of new methods of separating it from the substances with which it is found combined in Nature, it came down to four dollars a pound.

Not long afterward it fell to two dollars, and last year it went as low as thirty-three cents.

The metal is a little higher now, owing to the enormous demand, and recently aluminum ingots were quoted at forty-nine cents a pound.

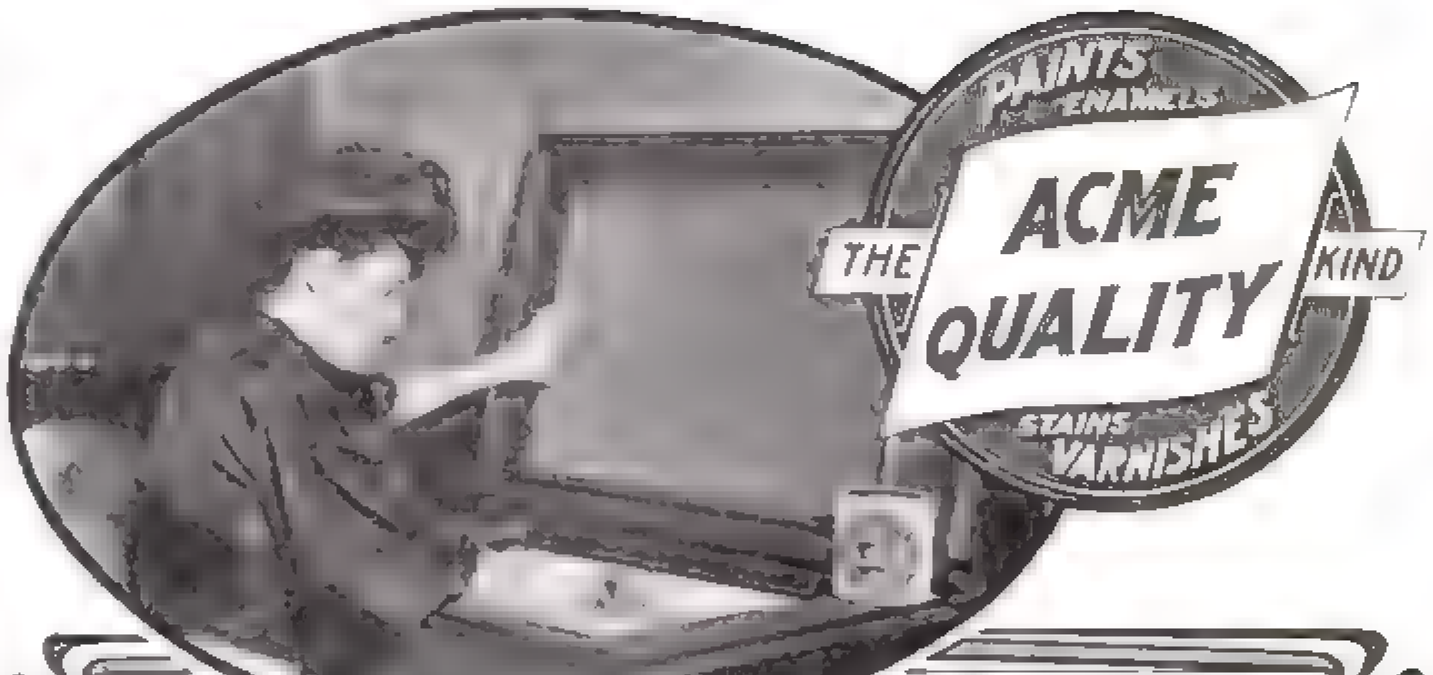
An aluminum city has recently been planned, and is soon to be established at Massena, New York, by a company which limits its output to aluminum ingots and wire—the latter being used on a large scale nowadays for electrical purposes. The manufacture of aluminum utensils is a distinct line of industry, carried on by other concerns.

Hitherto the production of aluminum in this country has been practically monopolized by one concern, operating under two important patents. One of these patents ran out last year, and the other will expire in February, 1909.

Protection being thereby withdrawn from the processes essential in the business, the latter will soon be invaded by a number of competitors, one of which proposes to utilize, in the form of electricity, water power on the Cumberland River, below Williamsburg, Kentucky, where twenty thousand horse-power will be available throughout the year.

Notwithstanding the augmented output, the demand for aluminum is so great that the supply on the market is always short. Among the newer uses to which it is put are electric wire, crank cases and gear boxes for motor-cars, panels for lining subway cars, metal-plating, pigments, and cases for lightning arresters.

Aluminum cases for this last purpose have proved a valuable addition to devices for protection against lightning. It may be mentioned, in addition, that the metal is being employed in steadily increasing quantities as a substitute for tin, owing to the high price of the latter.



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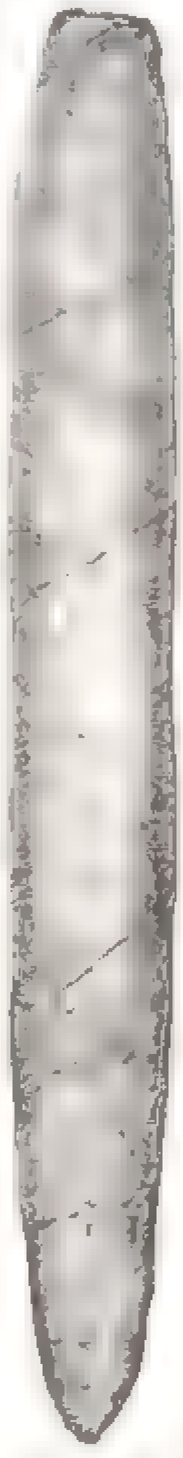

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I hear that almost daily; in fact, I am led to believe that I succeed in making about one hundred men "think" about sending me a trial order to every one who does.

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THE LATE WALTER WALING

(Continued from Page 19)

promise to meet Walter's train on the morrow and assist us to turn back the hero.

VII

SIMPSON, by the divine right of the press, got us admitted to the platform of the incoming train, where, by regulation, none but porters were allowed. All four of us were there, and outside, at the Forty-second Street entrance, we had a closed automobile ready to bear us to the colonel's house in Seventy-sixth Street. We were very quiet—the quiet of men engaged in a desperate undertaking—and when we talked it was in conspirator-like whispers. Barkington was in a trembling state of nervousness, and his legs showed such a tendency to bear him toward the rear that Mears and I had to stiffen him up on either side. Not that I was so much better myself, but I was like the coward who was too much of a coward to run. Mears and Simpson, on the other hand, were comparatively cool, and discussed a Canadian time-table in the most matter-of-fact manner, with the view of speeding Waling's departure toward the frozen north.

The train came roaring in, and a moment later we found ourselves in a sea of descending passengers, with hand-baggage cascading all about us. In the general bustle and jostle and confusion it seemed as though we should never find our man. We ran hither and thither, examining every likely face and making certain of every broad back. Ah, who was that in a shabby yellow overcoat, tipping a porter? The elephantine deliberation, the trousers clinging so tightly to the massive legs, the generous and tranquil outline of one who had never learned to hurry—all unmistakably proclaimed the hero of Wing Yang!

I believe he had meant to receive us coldly, to wear on that large and rosy countenance the expression of a firm resolve, to comport himself, in fact, with all the glacial dignity of a deeply-injured man. But the sight of his old friends was too much for him, his kindly face could not mould itself for long in such an uncongenial mask; he was unable to resist our outstretched hands and our hearty and enthusiastic greeting. For we *were* glad to see him, you know—tremendously glad. There was never a more lovable fellow than Walter Waling, and under other circumstances——

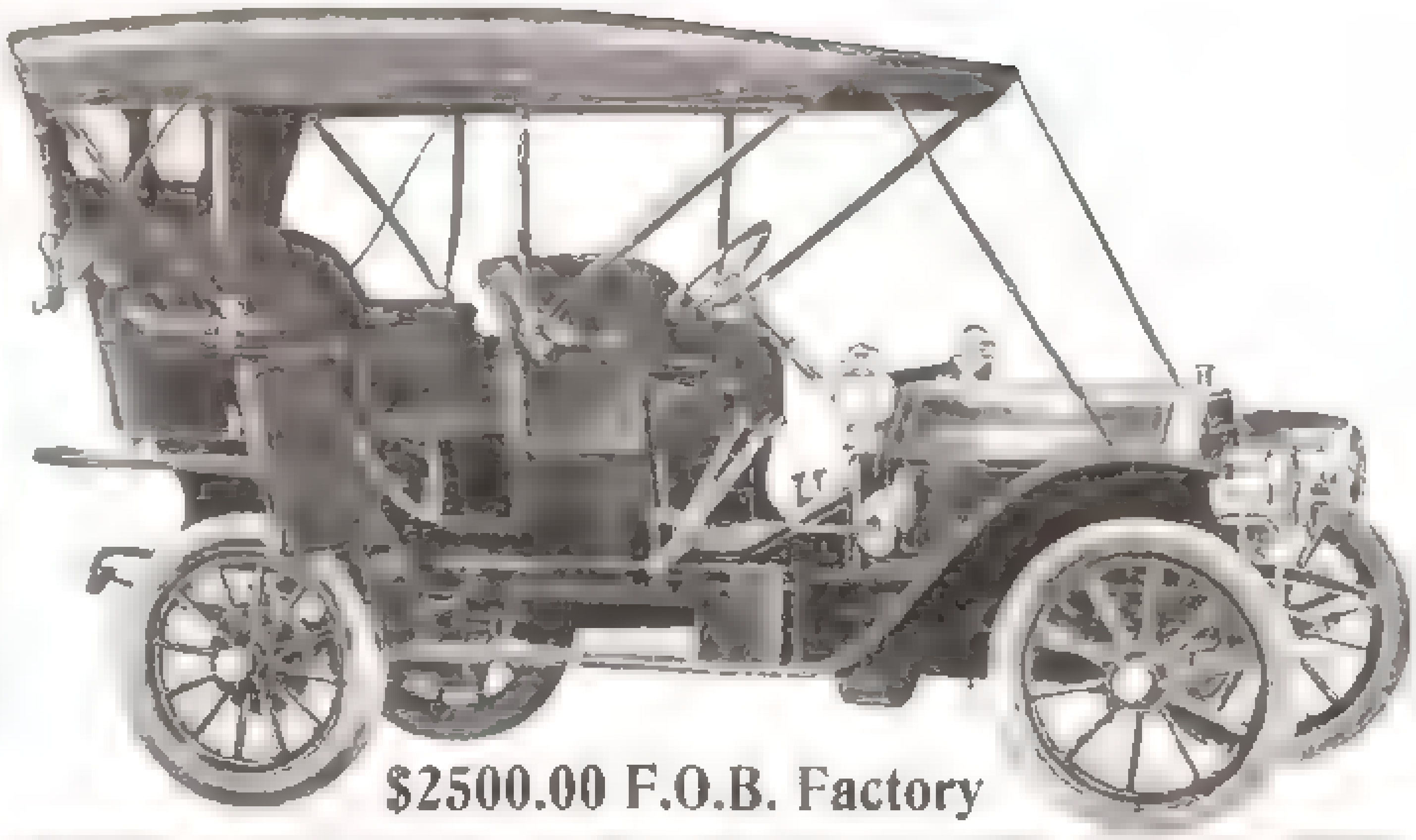
It even added to the pathos of the meeting that we should snatch him from the grave but to send him back, and our hands, as they grasped his own, met both in greeting and farewell. However brightly friendship might glow, we had yet to remember the bitter necessities of the situation and not shrink from facing them.

We waited till we had got him into a comfortable armchair at the colonel's, with a glass of champagne beside him and the smoke of a fifty-cent cigar issuing fragrantly from his lips. Mears led off first. His address, if I may call it so, was a trifle statistical, though very much to the point. It was all to show that Walter wasn't worth the price of paper as a live author, while as a dead one he was a top-notcher in the book business. Simpson followed with the case for the Clarion. He made no appeal to sentiment or anything of that kind. It was a straightforward business question, he said, and it involved the prestige of the biggest daily in New York. He didn't blame Waling: he didn't blame himself; the only point was how much the Clarion ought to pay. He hoped that Walter would name something within the bounds of reason, and wound up by suggesting five thousand dollars down, or a hundred a week till the end of the war.

Walter smoked in silence and remained as impassive as a wooden Indian. His lips had tightened a little and perhaps his eyes had brightened somewhat, but otherwise he seemed unchanged as he continued to stare before him in a blank preoccupation.

Barkington did not know how to begin when his turn came. He rose, and, going over to the mantelpiece, leaned against it, biting hard at his cigar.

"Waling," he said at last, in a voice choking with emotion, "the old Eighty-eighth is on its knees before you. You have to weigh the prosperity and splendid name of the regiment against purely personal and—er—selfish considerations. As



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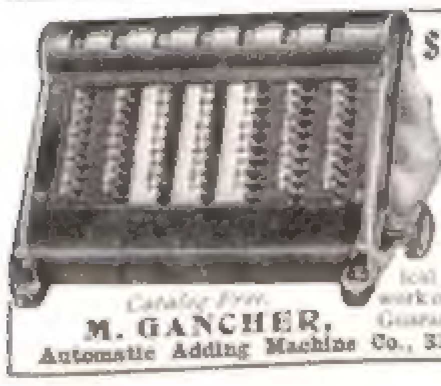

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the veteran bugler of Company D I cannot imagine you will hesitate. The traditions of the Eighty-eighth beat high in the heart of every one of its sons, and the scroll of fame is gloriously emblazoned with the names of those who have—er—died unflinchingly in the defense of its honor. We, your old comrades, ask you to join that heroic band, and—er—while ever with us in spirit—er—suggest—suggest ——"

"Baffin's Bay," said Simpson brutally, filling in the pause.

"Yes, Baffin's Bay," added the colonel.

Walter hunched himself closer within his chair with an air that seemed to say little old New York was good enough for him. He had never been much of a traveler at any time and used to think even Harlem a long way off. His face looked more woebegone than ever, and his lower lip had sunk like a baby's. I fancy he could not trust himself to speak. At any rate, he still remained dumb, and drearily waited for me to wind up the sandbagging.

I flatter myself I took a loftier stand than any of the others. I made it a question of ideals, for, as far as I was concerned, that was really what it was.

"Sweeping books, newspapers, regiments all to one side," I began, "let us consider the broad, human aspect of this strange affair. In an age of shattered illusions, with materialism everywhere triumphant, and crass self-seeking the only rule in life, ought we not cling, with the more passionate intensity, to those rare examples of nobility and self-sacrifice that inspire even the basest of us with a momentary gleam of higher things?

"You, my dear Walter, however unwittingly, have identified yourself (may I call it?) with an ideal. The lonely factory girl, the toiling miner, the grimy mechanic at his drills and lathes—nay, bankers, brokers, insurance agents, professional men and women everywhere—do they not lift their tired eyes to you and take fresh heart with the thought that honor has not fled from our midst, and that men can still die at the call of duty? When Curtius jumped into the abyss, when the other chap held the bridge—was not the moral value of their achievement of infinitely greater consequence than the mere local boundaries they preserved?

"This great, stupid, greedy world has been lighted down the ages by such men as you—yes, you—I say it deliberately—for if the Manchurian episode were a myth, this room will yet be the scene of a devotion even greater than the one that wove the laurel wreath about your brow. Walter, you have listened to your publisher, to your editor, to your colonel, but here before you there appeals one greater than all three—an ideal that it is your sacred obligation to leave untarnished and undisturbed by any egotistical assertion of self. Spurn the impulse to say no, and, holding out your arms to all humanity, accept unmurmuringly the charge humanity has confided to you!"

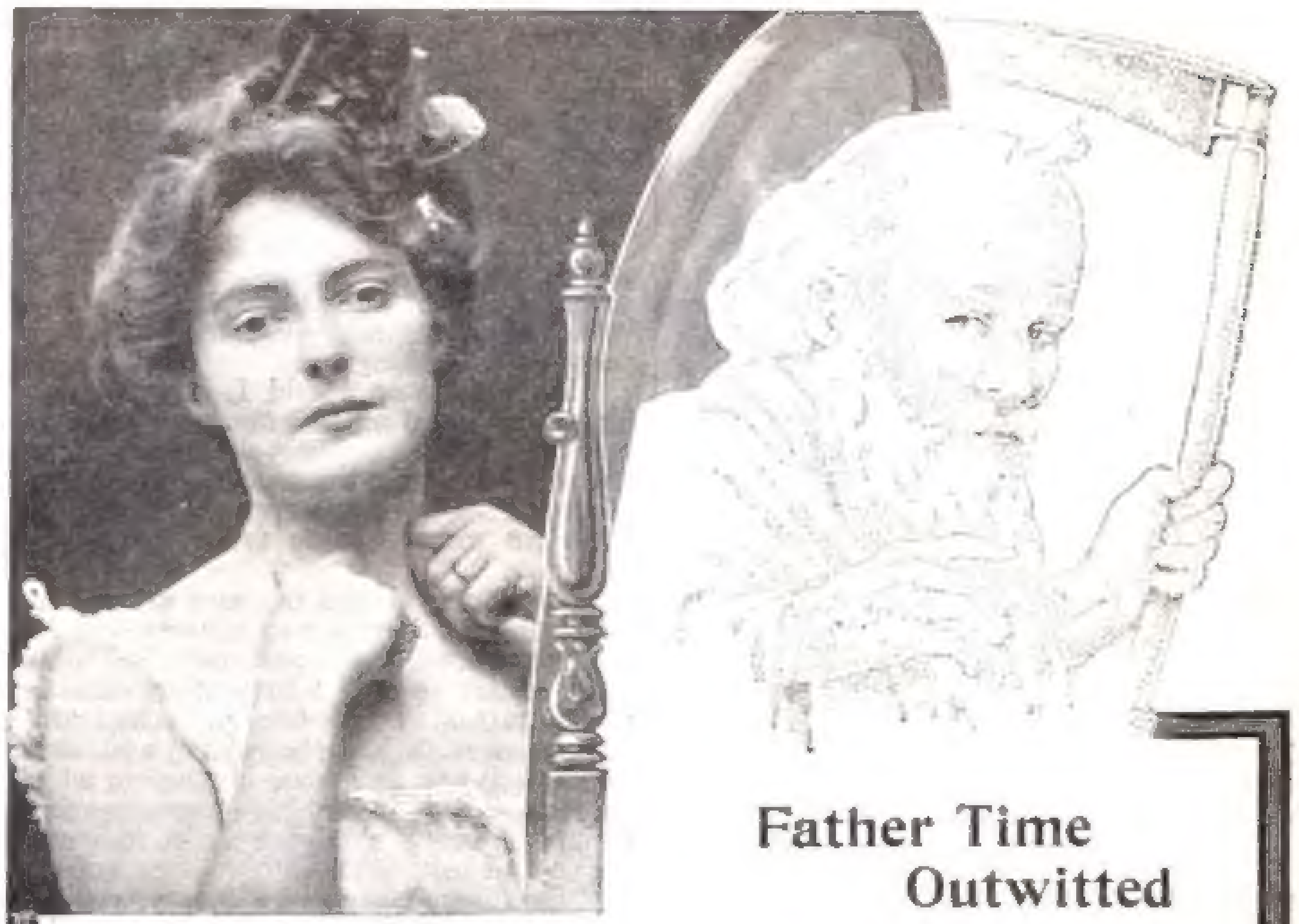
Walter uncrossed his legs, threw his cigar into the grate, and, rising ponderously to his feet, stammered out that he would—yes, by Jingo, he would! Then, turning to Simpson, he curtly told him he did not want his money.

"I'm not doing this for a hundred a week," he said. "Nor for the sake of your wretched books," he added to Mears. "Nor for the bummest regiment in the National Guard," he went on to Barkington. "But what has caught me under the fifth rib is Fister's slashing way of putting it. That kind of giant-powder eloquence hoists a fellow in the air so he don't care if he ever comes down. Yes, Fister has shown me that I'm in the hero business to stay, and, by gum, none of you here shall ever call me a quitter!"

Such superb self-abnegation was inexpressibly moving. Standing there in our midst, stern and bulky, the light of an immense resolve, of an immense martyrdom, shining like fire in his mild blue eyes, Walter uttered the words that dedicated the rest of his life to mankind. Nothing could be heard but our beating hearts and the faint rustle of Simpson's time-table. The intrusion of the editor's voice was almost like sacrilege, jarring as it did the silence that mantled our profound emotion.

"You can easily catch the six-ten express," he drawled, "and there seem to be very good connections to-morrow morning at Montreal for the Polar Pacific. I hope I am not hurrying you, old man, but ——"

The last word fell like a guillotine on any lurking hopes that Walter might have had left. He evidently had expected some



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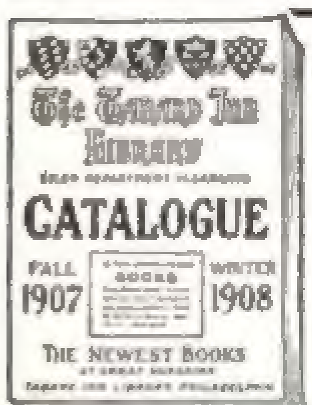

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delay—a day or two of grace to pull himself together for the plunge—a night at least of talk and good-fellowship before being shot into oblivion. The shocking suddenness of the six-ten fairly unmanned him, and a look of consternation spread slowly over his chubby features.

"It's always unwise to put off things," said Mears.

"Risky, too," added Simpson.

"No sense in prolonging the agony," expostulated Barkington.

"Dear old man," said I, affectionately laying my hand on his shoulder, "remember, it will be harder to-morrow—much harder. Go, while the mood is in you; go, while the heroic impulse is at the flood; go, while an ungovernable ardor drives you on!"

It was lucky I had my arm about him, for he showed alarming symptoms of wanting to sit down again, and muttered something about needing a little more time for consideration. I kept him on his legs while the others rallied to the rescue, and, after an anxious and animated interval in which we managed to revive his staggering resolution, he was prevailed upon to leave the house and mount the automobile outside. Not that he did so very willingly, yielding in a confused sort of way and with a noticeable backwardness of limb and inclination. But still he yielded—that was the great thing—and settled himself dismally on the cushions of the tonneau.

The world will naturally ask how he bore himself during those last sad moments. If he be no longer a hero in its eyes, if this confession has toppled him to the dust, there remains, I am sure, in the public heart a sympathy for this sorely-tried man, a tenderness and good-will that demand the completest revelation of the facts. I am sorry to have to say, then, that a certain torpor was the most marked characteristic of those fleeting minutes when he was still among us. Yes, torpor, of a dull and unfriendly description, as though thinly glazed with ice and lined inside by despair. One sought in vain for that former geniality; for that loud and contagious laugh; for that warm, quick responsiveness that we used to regard as his greatest charm. I can chronicle instead nothing but groans, averted looks, and a sombre aloofness of manner which, whether intentional or not, was calculated to wound the feelings of those who loved him.

Not a word of thanks did he utter as Simpson pressed the ticket into his hands; not a smile rewarded *me* as I bought him an armful of the latest magazines; he accepted his drawing-room, paid through to the sub-Arctic, in the same ungracious and benumbing silence.

He would not let us sit with him till the train started.

"Gentlemen," he said in a voice that left us with no alternative but to obey—"Gentlemen, I should be obliged if you would leave me to myself."

No extended hand went with this request; no desire that we should write soon; none of those cordial commonplaces that would have softened the eternal farewell. With that simple sentence he dismissed us, and, standing before the dark and shining woodwork of his Pullman, he saw us file out of his life forever.

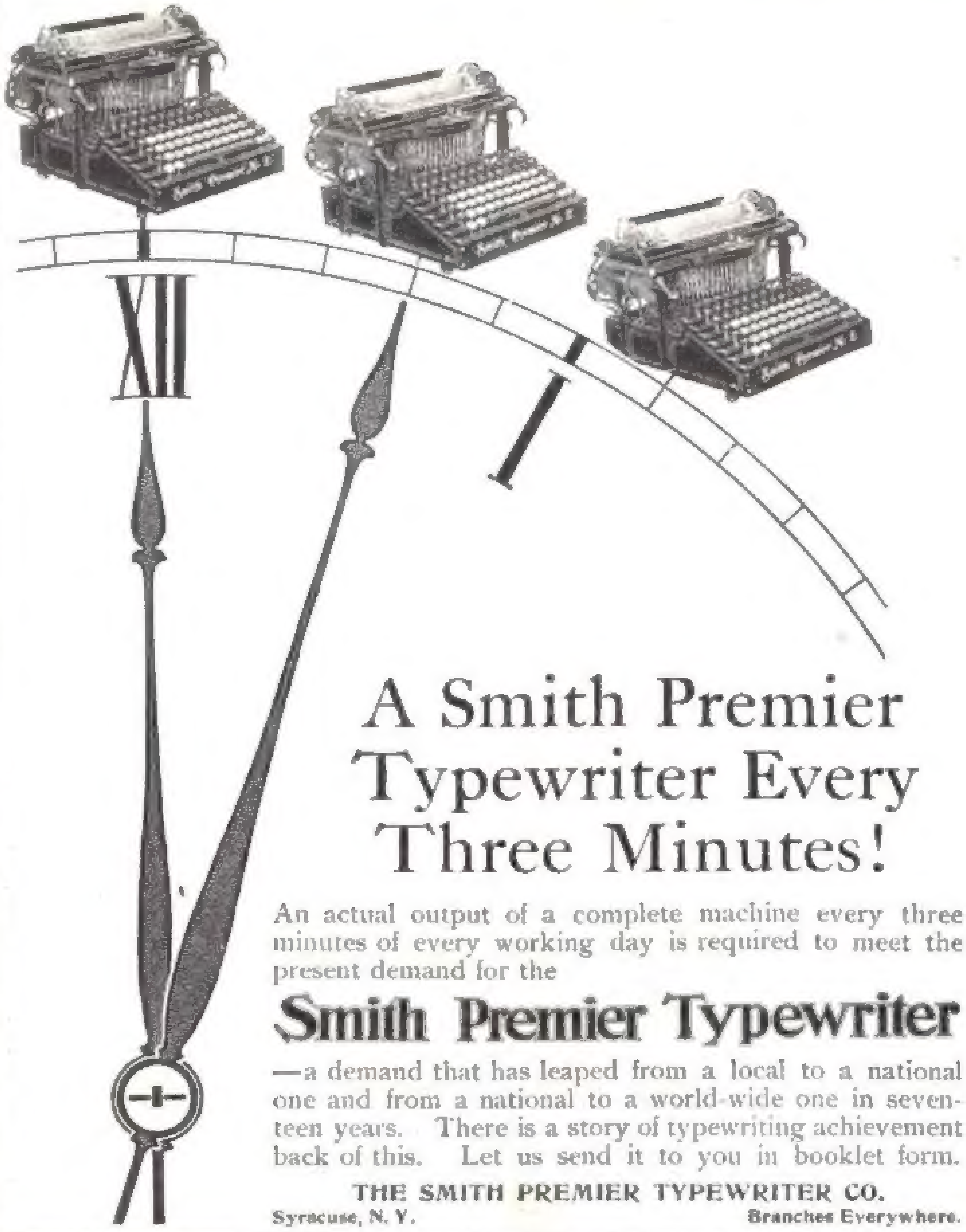
As we stood irresolute on the platform, hardly knowing what to do next, yet fearful of leaving the line of retreat too open, I happened to catch one last glimpse of him through the window. He was leaning forward on the seat, his hands covering his face, his huge shoulders shaking with convulsive sobs. His fortitude had given way, and the realization of his Fate had utterly overwhelmed him.

Yes, grotesque though it may sound, Walter Waling was weeping over his own death—for death it was in a new and hitherto undreamed-of form. Name, friends, career, all were gone, leaving nothing but an anonymous mass of flesh that was confronted with the problem of having to be born again. Of all bereavements, surely there never was one more personal, more terrible, more devastating!

Behind him was a bronze tablet to be unveiled by a bishop with sorrowful ceremonies; before him gaped the Canadian void into which his friends were forcing his unwilling ghost. No wonder he shrank; no wonder the hot tears gushed; for, in the very flower of his age, he realized that he had been *murdered.*

And it was I who had murdered him!

(THE END)



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THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.
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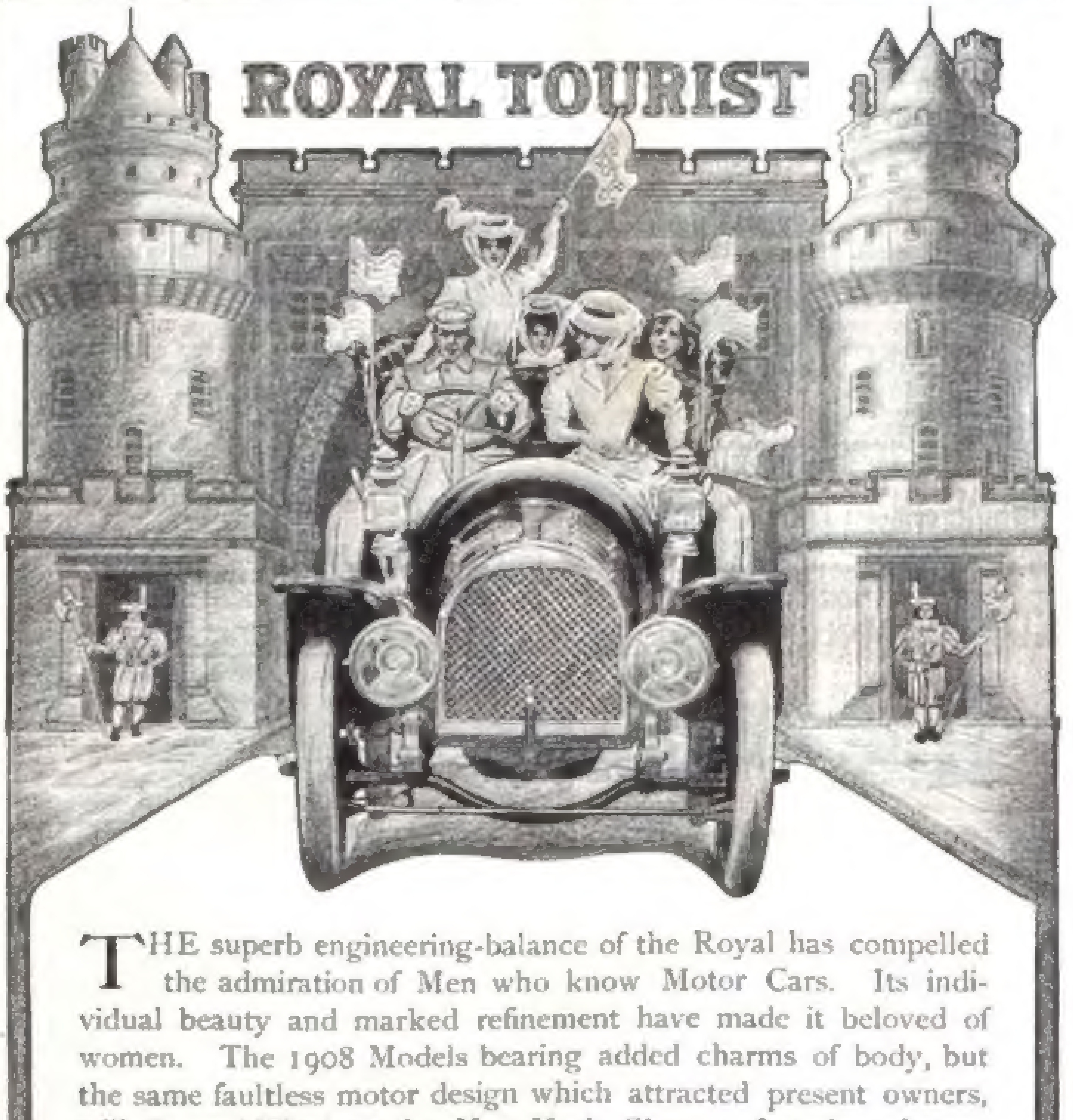

THE superb engineering-balance of the Royal has compelled the admiration of Men who know Motor Cars. Its individual beauty and marked refinement have made it beloved of women. The 1908 Models bearing added charms of body, but the same faultless motor design which attracted present owners, will be exhibited at the New York Show a few days hence.

Send for illustrated catalog containing photographs and blue prints of detail.

ROYAL MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio
Members A. L. A. M.

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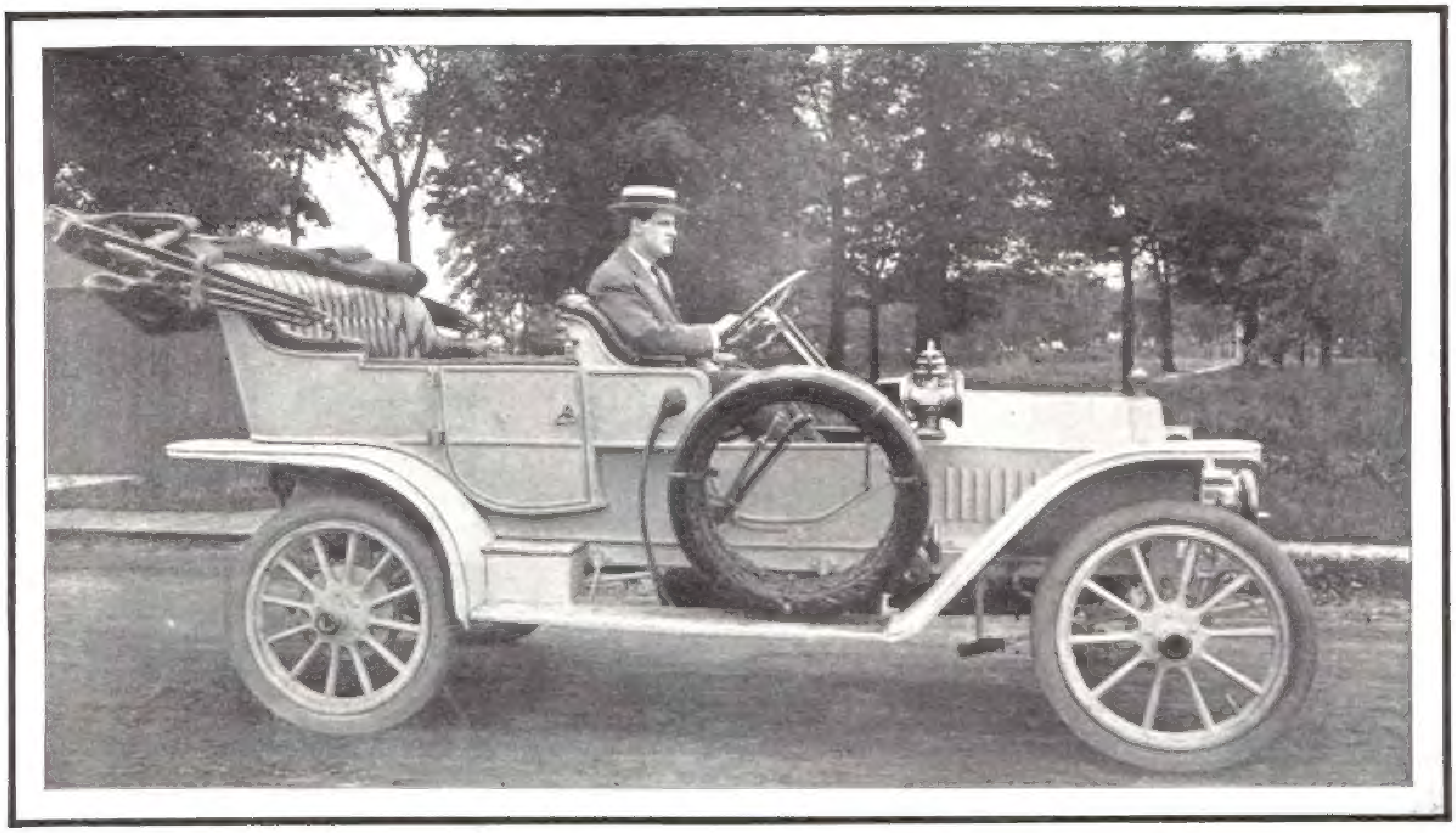
1908



Model	M.	Oldsmobile	Palace Touring Car,	4	cylinder,	$2750
"	M. R.	"	Flying Roadster,	4	"	2750
"	M.	"	Limousine,	4	"	3800
"	M.	"	Landaulet,	4	"	4000
"	Z.	"	Sixty,	6	"	4200

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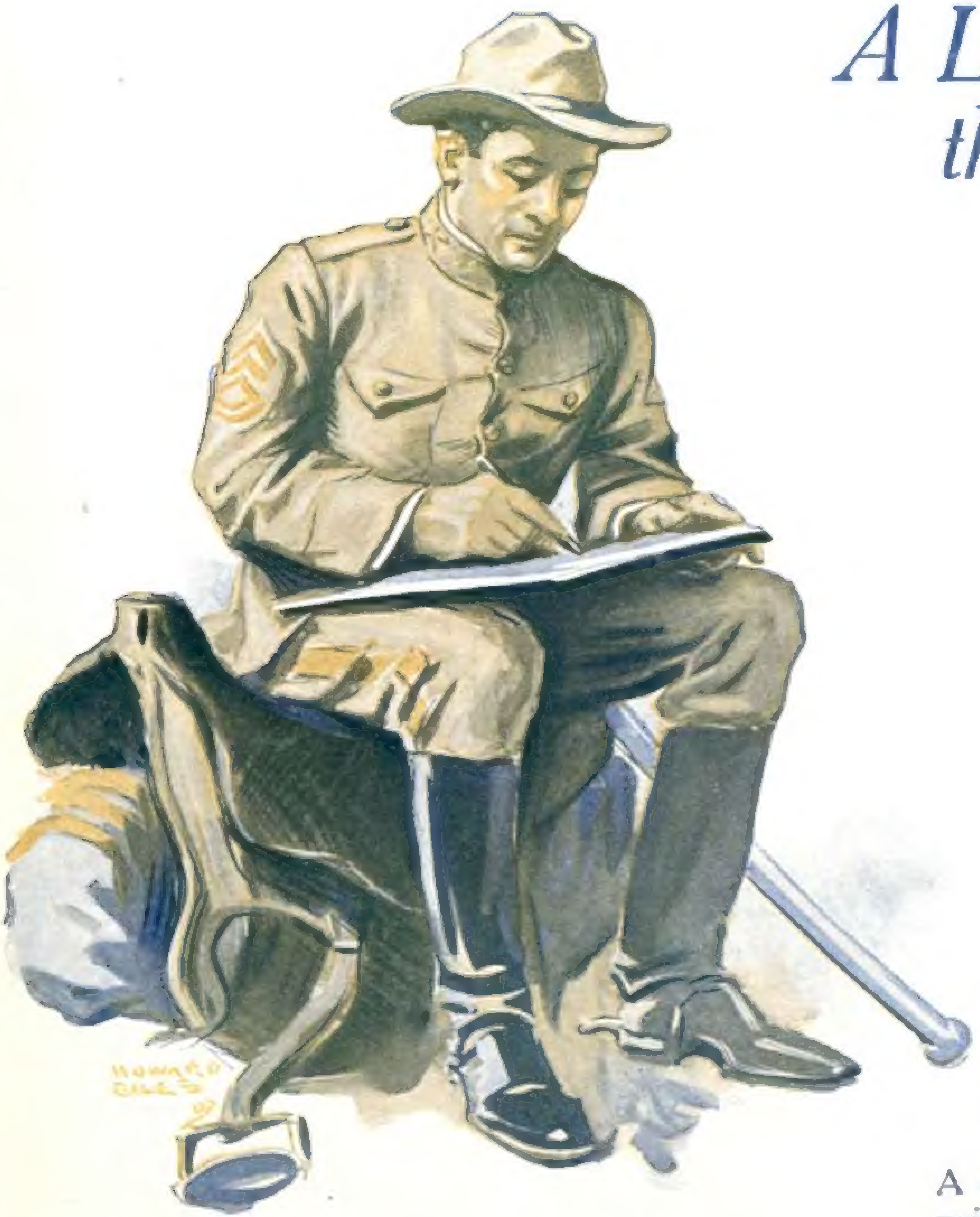
COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK



A Letter from the Sergeant

Fort Walla Walla,
Washington.

COLGATE & CO.,
55 John St., N. Y.

Gentlemen:

The enclosed is the remains of a Shaving Stick that I purchased in Seattle, Washington, March 16th, 1906, and was used until the 27th of April, 1907, in the following manner:

Two Shaves a Day	**98**
One Shave " "	**407**
	505

Have you a record that can beat it?

Colgate and I enlisted ten years ago and have followed the flag in many foreign countries.

With my heavy beard and tender skin, and having to shave sometimes twice a day, I have often wondered what I'd do if there was no Colgate.

Very respectfully,
R. M. PALMER,
Squadron Sergeant Major,
14th U. S. Cavalry.

A trial will prove conclusively that in all other points as well as economy, Colgate's is better than the soap you thought was best.

Trial stick in nickeled box (enough for a month's shaving) sent for 4 cts. in stamps. Write Colgate & Co., Dept. P, 55 John St., New York.

Will not smart or dry on the face
(The truth needs no quotation marks)